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CONFESSIONS OF A "BEST-SELLER"

THAT my name has adorned best-selling lists is more of a joke than my harshest critics can imagine. I had dallied a while at the law; I had given ten full years to journalism; I had written criticism, and not a little verse; two or three short stories of the slightest had been my only adventure in fiction; and I had spent a year writing an essay in history, which, from the publisher's reports, no one but my neighbor and my neighbor's wife ever read. My frugal output of poems had pleased no one half so much as myself; and having reached years of discretion I carefully analyzed samples of the ore that remained in my bins, decided that I had exhausted my poetical vein, and thereupon turned rather soberly to the field of fiction.

In order to qualify myself to speak to my text, I will say that in a period of six years, that closed in January, 1909, my titles were included fifteen times in the *Bookman* list of best-selling books. Two of my titles appeared five times each; one of them headed the list three months successively. I do not presume to speak for others with whom I have crossed swords in the best-selling lists, but I beg to express my strong conviction that the compilation of such statistics is quite as injurious as it is helpful to authors. There may have been a time, when the "six best-selling" phrase was new, when the monthly statement carried some weight; but for several years it has really had little significance. Critical purchasers are likely to be wary of books so listed. It is my impression, based on talks with retail dealers in many parts of the country, that they often report as

VOL. 104 - NO. 5

"best-sellers" books of which they may have made large advance purchases but which are selling slowly. Their aim is, of course, to force the book into the list, and thereby create a false impression of its popularity.

I think that most publishers, and many authors who, like myself, have profited by the making of these lists, would gladly see them discontinued. The fact remains, however, that the best novels by the best English and American writers have generally been included in these lists. Mrs. Wharton, Mrs. Ward, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Wister, "Kate Douglas Wiggin," Miss Johnston, and Mr. William de Morgan have, for example, shared with inferior writers the ignominy of popular success. I do not believe that my American fellow citizens prefer trash to sound literature. There are not enough novels of the first order, not enough books of the style and solidity of *The House of Mirth* and *Joseph Vance*, to satisfy the popular demand for fiction; and while the people wait, they take inferior books, like several bearing my own name, which have no aim but to amuse. I know of nothing more encouraging to those who wish to see the American novel go high and far than the immediate acceptance among us of the writings of Mr. William de Morgan, who makes no concession, not even of brevity, to the ever-increasing demand for fiction.

I spent the greater part of two years on my first novel, which dealt with aspects of life in an urban community which interested me; and the gravest fault of the book, if I am entitled to an opinion, is its self-consciousness. — I was too anxious,

too painstaking, with the result that those pages seem frightfully stiff to me now. The book was launched auspiciously; my publisher advertised it generously, and it landed safely among the "six best-sellers." The critical reception of the book was cordial and friendly, not only in the newspaper press but in the more cautious weekly journals. My severest critic dealt far more amiably with my book than I should have done myself, if I had sat in judgment upon it. I have been surprised to find the book still remembered, and its quality has been flung in my face by critics who have deplored my later performances.

I now wrote another novel, to which I gave even greater care, and into it I put, I think, the best characterizations I have ever done; but the soupçon of melodrama with which I flavored the first novel was lacking in the second, and it went dead a little short of fifteen thousand—the poorest sale any of my books has had.

A number of my friends were, at this time, rather annoyingly directing my attention to the great popular successes of several other American writers, whose tales were, I felt, the most contemptible pastiche, without the slightest pretense to originality, and having neither form nor style. It was in some bitterness of spirit that I resolved to try my hand at a story that should be a story and nothing else. Nor should I storm the capitals of imaginary kingdoms, but set the scene on my own soil. Most, it was clear, could grow the flowers of Zenda when once the seed had been scattered by Mr. Hawkins. Whether Mr. Hawkins got his inspiration from the flora of Prince Otto's gardens, and whether the Prince was indebted in his turn to Harry Richmond, is not my affair. I am, no doubt, indebted to all three of these creations; but I set my scene in an American commonwealth, a spot that derived nothing from historical association, and sent my hero on his adventures armed with nothing more deadly than a suit-case and an umbrella. The idea is not original with me that you can

make anything interesting if you know how. It was Stevenson, I believe, who said that a kitchen table is a fair enough subject for any writer who knows his trade. I do not cite myself as a person capable of proving this; but I am satisfied that the chief fun of story-telling lies in trying, by all the means in a writer's power, to make plausible the seemingly impossible. And here, of course, I am referring to the story for the story's sake,—not to the novel of life and manners.

My two earliest books were clearly too deliberate. They were deficient in incident, and I was prone to wander into blind alleys, and not always ingenious enough to emerge again upon the main thoroughfare. I felt that while I might fail in my attempt to produce a romantic yarn, the experience might help me to a better understanding of the mechanics of the novel,—that I might gain directness, movement, and ease.

For my third venture, I hit upon a device that took strong hold upon my imagination. The idea of laying a trap for the reader tickled me; and when once I had written the first chapter and outlined the last, I yielded myself to the story and bade it run its own course. I was never more honestly astonished in my life than to find my half-dozen characters taking matters in their own hands, and leaving me the merest spectator and reporter. I had made notes for the story, but in looking them over to-day, I find that I made practically no use of them. I never expect to experience again the delight of the winter I spent over that tale. The sight of white paper had no terrors for me. The hero, constantly cornered, had always in his pocket the key to his successive dilemmas; the heroine, misunderstood and misjudged, was struck at proper intervals by the spot-light that revealed her charm and reëstablished faith in her honorable motives. No other girl in my little gallery of heroines exerts upon me the spell of that young lady, who, on the day I began the story, as I waited for the ink to thaw in my work-shop, passed

under my window, by one of those kindly orderings of providence that keep alive the superstition of inspiration in the hearts of all fiction-writers. She never came my way again, — but she need not! She was the bright particular star of my stage, — its *dea ex machina*. She is of the sisterhood of radiant goddesses who are visible from any window, even though its prospect be only a commonplace city street. Always, and everywhere, the essential woman for any tale is passing by with grave mien, if the tale be sober; with upturned chin and a saucy twinkle in the eye, if such be the seeker's need!

I think I must have begun every morning's work with a grin on my face, for it was all fun, and I entered with zest into all the changes and chances of the story. I was embarrassed, not by any paucity of incident, but by my own fecundity and dexterity. The audacity of my project used sometimes to give me pause; it was almost too bold a thing to carry through; but my curiosity as to just how the ultimate goal would be reached kept my interest keyed high. At times, feeling that I was going too fast, I used to pause and write a purple patch or two for my own satisfaction, — a harmless diversion to which I am prone, and which no one could be cruel enough to deny me. There are pages in that book over which I daltied for a week, and in looking at them now I find that I still think them — as Mr. James would say — "rather nice." And once, while thus amusing myself, a phrase slipped from the pen which I saw at once had been, from all time, ordained to be the title of my book.

When I had completed the first draft, I began retouching. I liked my tale so much that I was reluctant to part with it; I enjoyed playing with it, and I think I rewrote the most of it three times. Con-tumelious critics have spoken of me as one of the typewriter school of fictionists, picturing me as lightly flinging off a few chapters before breakfast, and spending the rest of the day on the golf links; but I have never in my life written in a first

draft more than a thousand words a day, and I have frequently thrown away a day's work when I came to look it over. I have refused enough offers for short stories, serials, and book rights, to have kept half a dozen typewriters busy, and my output has not been large, considering that writing has been, for nearly ten years, my only occupation. I can say, with my hand on my heart, that I have written for my own pleasure first and last, and that those of my books that have enjoyed the greatest popularity were written really in a spirit of play, without any illusions as to their importance or their quick and final passing into the void.

When I had finished my story, I still had a few incidents and scenes in my ink-pot; but I could not for the life of me get the curtain up, once it was down. My little drama had put itself together as tight as wax, and even when I had written an additional incident that pleased me particularly, I could find no place to thrust it in. I was interested chiefly in amusing myself, and I never troubled myself in the least as to whether any one else would care for the story. I was astonished by its sale, which exceeded a quarter of a million copies in this country; it has been translated into French, Italian, German, Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian. I have heard of it all the way from Tokyo to Teheran. It was dramatized, and an actor of distinction appeared in the stage version; and stock companies have lately presented the play in Boston and San Francisco. It was subsequently serialized by newspapers, and later appeared in "patent" supplements. The title was paraphrased by advertisers, several of whom continue to pay me this flattering tribute.

I have speculated a good deal as to the success of this book. The title had, no doubt, much to do with it; clever advertising helped it further; the cover was a lure to the eye. The name of a popular illustrator may have helped, but it is certain that his pictures did not! I think I am safe in saying that

the book received no helpful reviews in any newspapers of the first class, and I may add that I am skeptical as to the value of favorable notices in stimulating the sale of such books. Serious novels are undoubtedly helped by favorable reviews; stories of the kind I describe depend primarily upon persistent and ingenious advertising, in which a single striking line from the *Gem City Evening Gazette* is just as valuable as the opinion of the most scholarly review. Nor am I unmindful of the publisher's labors and risks, — the courage, confidence, and genius essential to a successful campaign with a book from a new hand, with no prestige of established reputation to command instant recognition. The self-selling book may become a "best-seller;" it may appear mysteriously, a "dark horse" in the eternal battle of the books; but miracles are as rare in the book trade as in other lines of commerce. The man behind the counter is another important factor. The retail dealer, when he finds the publisher supporting him with advertising, can do much to prolong a sale. A publisher of long experience in promoting large sales has told me that advertising is valuable chiefly for its moral effect on the retailer, who, feeling that the publisher is strongly backing a book, bends his own energies toward keeping it alive.

It would be absurd for me to pretend that the leap from a mild *succès d'estime* with sales of forty and fourteen thousand, to a delirious gallop into six figures is not without its effect on an author, unless he be much less human than I am. Those gentle friends who had intimated that I could not do it once, were equally sanguine that I could not do it again. The temptation to try a second throw of the dice after a success, is strong, but I debated long whether I should try my hand at a second romance. I resolved finally to do a better book in the same kind, and with even more labor I produced a yarn whose title — and the gods have several times favored me in the matter of titles

— adorned the best-selling lists for an even longer period, though the total sales aggregated less.

The second romance was, I think, better than the first, and its dramatic situations were more picturesque. The reviews averaged better in better places, and may have aroused the prejudices of those who shun books that are countenanced or praised by the literary "high brows." It sold largely; it enjoyed the glory and the shame of a "best-seller;" but here, I pondered, was the time to quit. Not to shock my "audience," to use the term of the trade, I resolved to try for more solid ground by paying more attention to characterizations, and cutting down the allowance of blood and thunder. I expected to lose heavily with the public, and I was not disappointed. I crept into the best-selling list, but my sojourn there was brief. It is manifest that people who like shots in the dark will not tamely acquiesce in the mild placing of the villain's hand upon his hip pocket on the moon-washed terrace. The difference between the actual shot and the mere menace, I could, from personal knowledge, compute in the coin of the republic.

When your name on the bill-board suggests battle, murder, and sudden death, hair-breadth 'scapes, the imminent deadly breach, and that sort of thing, you need not be chagrined if, once inside, the eager throng resents bitterly your perfidy in offering nothing more blood-curdling than the heroine's demand (the scene being set for five o'clock tea) for another lump of sugar. You may, and you will, leave Hamlet out of his own play; but do not, on peril of your fame, cut out your ghost, or neglect to provide some one to stick a sword into Polonius behind the arras. I can take up that particular book now and prove to any fair-minded man how prettily I could, by injecting a little paprika into my villains, have quadrupled its sale.

Having, I hope, some sense of humor, I resolved to bid farewell to cloak and

pistols in a farce-comedy, which should be a take-off on my own popular performances. Humor being something that no one should tamper with who is not ready for the gibbet, I was not surprised that many hasty samplers of the book should entirely miss the joke, or that a number of joyless critics should have dismissed it hastily as merely another machine-made romance written for boarding-school girls and the weary commercial traveler yawning in the smoking-car. Yet this book also has been a "best-seller"! I have seen it, within a few weeks, prominently displayed in bookshop windows in half a dozen cities.

It was, I think, Mr. Clyde Fitch who complained, a few years ago, that the current drama is seriously affected by the demand of "the tired business man" to be amused at the theatre. The same may be said of fiction. A very considerable number of our toiling millions sit down wearily at night, and if the evening paper does not fully satisfy or social diversion offer, a story that will hold the attention without too great a tax upon the mind is welcomed. I have myself had some experience of business of the most exacting sort, and I must confess that my sympathies go out to the tired man, who, after standing on the firing-line all day, wants to yield himself to forgetfulness before he goes to bed. It is indisputably true that this tired man might derive greater benefit by reading biography or poetry or disquisitions on government; but I do not know of any means by which men may be compelled to read things for which they have no taste at any time, and which only bore and vex them when they are tired. I should be happy to think that our eighty millions sit down at the close of every day with zest for "improving" literature; but the tired brain follows the line of least resistance, which unfortunately does not lead to alcoves where the one hundred best books wear their purple in solemn pomp. Even in my present mood of contrition, I am not, behind the mask of anonymity, sneer-

ing at that considerable body of my countrymen who have laid one dollar and eighteen cents upon the counter and borne home my little fictions. They took grave chances of my boring them; and when they rapped a second time on the counter and murmured another of my titles, they were expressing a confidence in me which I strove hard never to betray.

No one will, I am sure, deny me the satisfaction I have in the reflection that I put a good deal of sincere work into those stories, — for they are stories, not novels, and were written frankly to entertain; that they are not wholly ill-written; that they contain pages that are not without their grace; or that there is nothing prurient or morbid in any of them. And no matter how jejune stories of the popular romantic type may be, — a fact, O haughty critic, of which I am well aware, — I take some satisfaction as a good American in the knowledge that, in spite of their worthlessness as literature, they are essentially clean. The heroes may be too handsome, and too sure of themselves; the heroines too adorable in their sweet distress, as they wave the white handkerchief from the grated window of the ivied tower, — but their adventures are, in the very nature of things, *in usum Delphini*.

Some of my friends of the writing guild boast that they never read criticisms of their work. I have read and filed all the notices of my stories that bore any marks of honesty or intelligence. Having served my own day as reviewer for a newspaper, I know the dreary drudgery of such work. I recall, with shame, having averaged a dozen books an afternoon; and some of my critics have clearly averaged two dozen, with my poor candidates for oblivion on the bottom of the heap! Much American criticism is stupid or ignorant; but the most depressing, from my standpoint, is the flippant sort of thing which many newspapers print habitually. The stage, also, suffers like treatment, even in some of the more decent metropolitan journals.

Unless your book affords a text for a cynical newspaper "story," it is quite likely to be ignored. I cannot imagine that any writer who takes his calling seriously ever resents a sincere, intelligent, adverse notice. I have never written a book in less than a year, devoting all my time to it; and I resent being dismissed in a line, and called a writer of drivel, by some one who did not take the trouble to say why. A newspaper which is particularly jealous of its good name once pointed out with elaborate care that an incident, described in one of my stories as occurring in broad daylight, could not have been observed in moonlight by one of the characters at the distance I had indicated. The same reviewer transferred the scene of this story halfway across the continent, in order to make another point against its plausibility. If the aim of criticism be to aid the public in its choice of books, then the press should deal fairly with both author and public. And if the critics wish to point out to authors their failures and weaknesses, then it should be done in a spirit of justice. The best-selling of my books caused a number of critics to remark that it had clearly been inspired by a number of old romances — which I had not only never read, but of several of them I had never even heard.

A Boston newspaper, which I greatly admire, published within the year an editorial in which I was pilloried as a type of writer who basely commercializes his talent. It was a cruel stab; for, unlike my heroes, I do not wear a mail-shirt under my dress-coat. Once, wandering into a church in my own city, at a time when a dramatized version of one of my stories was offered at a local theatre, I listened to a sermon that dealt in the harshest terms with such fiction and drama.

Extravagant or ignorant praise is, to most of us, as disheartening as stupid and unjust criticism. The common practice of invoking great names to praise some new arrival at the portal of fame cannot fail to depress the subject of it. When my

first venture in fiction was flatteringly spoken of by a journal — which takes its criticisms seriously — as evidencing the qualities that distinguish Mr. Howells, I shuddered at the hideous injustice to a gentleman for whom I have the greatest love and reverence; and when, in my subsequent experiments, a critic somewhere gravely (it seemed, at least, to be in a spirit of sobriety!) asked whether a fold of Stevenson's mantle had not wrapped itself about me, the awfulness of the thing made me ill, and I fled from felicity until my publisher had dropped the heart-breaking phrase from his advertisements. For I may be the worst living author, and at times I am convinced of it; but I hope I am not an immitigable and irreclaimable ass.

American book reviewers, I am convinced from a study of my returns from the clipping bureaus for ten years, dealing with my offerings in two kinds of fiction, are a solid phalanx of realists where they are anything at all. This attitude is due, I imagine, to the fact that journalism deals, or is supposed to deal, with facts. Realism is certainly more favorably received than romance. I personally subscribe to the doctrine that fiction that lays strong hands upon aspects of life as we are living it, is a nobler achievement than tales that provide merely an evening's entertainment. Mr. James has, however, simplified this whole matter. He says, "The only classification of the novel that I can understand is into that which has life, and that which has not;" and if we must reduce this matter of fiction to law, his dictum might well be accepted as the first and last canon.

I will say, of myself, that I value style beyond most things; and that if I could command it, I should be glad to write for so small an audience, "the fit though few," that the best-selling lists should never know me again; but with style go many of the requisites of great fiction, — fineness and sureness of feeling, and a power over language by which characters cease to be bobbing marionettes and be-

come veritable beings, no matter whether they are Beatrix Esmonds, or strutting D'Artagnans, or rascally Bartley Hubbards, or luckless Lily Barts. To toss a ball into the air, and keep it there, as Stevenson did so charmingly in such pieces as "Providence and the Guitar,"—this is a respectable achievement; to mount Roy Richmond as an equestrian statue,—that, too, is something we would not have had Mr. Meredith leave undone. Mr. Rassendyll, an English gentleman playing at being king, thrills the surviving drop of mediævalism that is in all of us. "The tired business man" yields himself to the belief that the staccato of hoofs on the asphalt street, which steals in to him faintly at his fireside, really marks the hero's mad ride to save the king. The joy in kings dies hard in us.

Given a sprightly tale with a lost message to recover, throw in a fight on the stair, scatter here and there pretty dialogues between the lover and the princess he serves, and we are all, as we breathlessly follow, the rankest royalists. Tales of real Americans, kodaked "in the sun's hot eye," much as they refresh me,—and I speak of myself now, not as a writer or critic, but as the man in the street,—never so completely detach the weary spirit from mundane things as tales of events that never were on sea or land. Why should I read of Silas Lapham to-night, when only an hour ago I was his competitor in the mineral-paint business? The greatest fiction must be a criticism of life; but there are times when we crave forgetfulness, and lift our eyes confidently to the flag of Zenda.

But the creator of Zenda, it is whispered, is not an author of the first or even of the second rank, and the adventure story, at its best, is only for the second table. I am quite aware of this. But pause a moment, O cheerless one! Surely Homer is respectable; and the Iliad, the most strenuous, the most glorious and sublime of fictions, with the very gods drawn into the moving scenes, has, by reason of its tremendous energy and its

tumultuous drama, not less than for its majesty as literature, established its right to be called the longest-selling fiction of the ages.

All the world loves a story; the regret is that the great novelists—great in penetration and sincerity and style—do not always have the story-telling knack. Mr. Marion Crawford was, I should say, a far better story-teller than Mr. James or Mr. Howells; but I should not call him a better novelist. A lady of my acquaintance makes a point of bestowing copies of Mr. Meredith's novels upon young working-women whom she seeks to uplift. I am myself the most ardent of Meredithians, and yet I must confess to a lack of sympathy with this lady's high purpose. I will not press the point, but a tired working-girl would, I think be much happier with one of my own heribbioned confections than with even Diana the delectable.

Pleasant it is, I must confess, to hear your wares cried by the train-boy; to bend a sympathetic ear to his recital of your merits, as he appraises them; and to watch him beguile your fellow travelers with the promise of felicity contained between the covers of the book which you yourself have devised, pondered, and committed to paper. The train-boy's ideas of the essentials of entertaining fiction are radically unacademic, but he is apt in hitting off the commercial requirements. A good book, one of the guild told me, should always begin with "talking." He was particularly contemptuous of novels that open upon landscape and moonlight,—these, in the bright lexicon of his youthful experience, are well-nigh unsalable. And he was equally scornful of the unhappy ending. The sale of a book that did not, as he put it, "come out right," that is, with the merry jingle of wedding-bells, was no less than a fraud upon the purchaser. Sitting in the secret confessional afforded by these pages, a cloaked and masked figure, I frankly admit that, on one well-remembered occasion, dating back three or four

years, my vanity was gorged by the sight of many copies of my latest offering in the hands of my fellow travelers, as I sped from Washington to New York. A poster, announcing my new tale, greeted me at the station as I took flight; four copies of my book were within comfortable range of my eye in the chair-car. Before the train started, I was given every opportunity to add my own book to my impedimenta.

The sensation awakened by the sight of utter strangers taking up your story, tasting it warily, clinging to it if it be to their liking, or dropping it wearily or contemptuously if it fail to please, is one of the most interesting of the experiences of popular authorship. On the journey mentioned, one man slept sweetly through what I judged to be the most intense passage in the book; others paid me the tribute of absorbed attention. On the ferry-boat at Jersey City, several copies of the book were interposed between seemingly enchanted readers and the towers and citadels of the metropolis. No one, I am sure, will deny to such a poor worm as I the petty joys of popular recognition. To see one's tale on many counters, to hear one's name and titles recited on boats and trains, to find in mid-ocean that your works go with you down to the sea in ships, to see the familiar cover smiling welcome on the table of an obscure foreign inn, — surely the most grudging critic would not deprive a writer of these rewards and delights.

There is also that considerable army of readers who write to an author in various keys of condemnation or praise. I have found my correspondence considerably augmented by the large sales of a book. There are persons who rejoice to hold before your eyes your inconsistencies; or who test you, to your detriment, in the relentless scale of fact. Some one in the Connecticut hills once criticised severely my use of "that" and "which," — a case where an effort at precision was the offense, — and I was involved, before I knew it, in a long correspond-

ence. I have several times been taken severely to task by foes of tobacco for permitting my characters to smoke. Wine, I have found, should be administered to one's characters sparingly, and one's hero must never produce a flask except for restorative uses — after, let us say, a wild gallop, by night, in the teeth of a storm to relieve a beleaguered citadel, or when the heroine has been rescued at great peril from the clutch of the multitudinous sea. Those strange spirits who pour out their souls in anonymous letters have not ignored me. I salute them with much courtesy, and wish them well of the gods. Young ladies, whose names I have inadvertently applied to my heroines, have usually dealt with me in agreeable fashion. The impression that authors have an unlimited supply of their own wares to give away is responsible for the importunity of managers of church fairs, philanthropic institutions, and the like, who assail one cheerfully through the mails. Before autograph-hunters I have always been humble: I have felt myself honored by their attentions; and in spite of their dread phrase, "Thanking you in advance" — which might be the shibboleth of their fraternity, from its prevalence — I greet them joyfully, and never filch their stamps.

Now, after all, could anything be less harmful than my tales? The casual meeting of my hero and heroine in the first chapter has always been marked by the gravest circumspection. My melodrama has never been offensively gory, — in fact, I have been ridiculed for my bloodless combats. My villains have been the sort that any one with any kind of decent bringing-up would hiss. A girl in white, walking beside a lake, with a blue parasol swinging back of her head, need offend no one. That the young man emerging from the neighboring wood should not recognize her at once as the young woman ordained in his grandfather's will as the person he must marry to secure the estate, seems utterly banal,

I confess; but it is the business of romance to maintain illusions. Realism, with the same agreed state of facts, recognizes the girl immediately — and spoils the story. Or I might put it thus: in realism, much or all is obvious in the first act; in romance, nothing is quite clear until the third. This is why romance is more popular than realism, for we are all children and want to be surprised. Why villains should always be so stupid, and why heroines should so perversely misunderstand the noble motives of heroes, are questions I cannot answer. Likewise before dear old *Mistaken Identity* — the most ancient of devices — I stand dumbly grateful.

On the stage, where a plot is most severely tested, but where the audience must, we are told, always be in the secret, we see constantly how flimsy a mask the true prince need wear. And the reason for this lies in the primal and — let us hope — eternal childlikeness of the race. The *Zeitgeist* will not grind us underfoot so long as we are capable of joy in make-believe, and can renew our youth in the frolics of Peter Pan.

You, sir, who re-read *The Newcomes* every year, and you, madam, reverently dusting your Jane Austen, — I am sadder than you can be that my talent is so slender; but is it not a fact that you have watched me at my little tricks on the mimic stage, and been just a little astonished when the sparrow, and not the dove, emerged from the handkerchief?

But you prefer the old writers; and so, dear friends, do I!

Having, as I have confessed, deliberately tried my hand at romance merely to see whether I could swim the moat under a cloud of the enemy's arrows, and to gain experience in the mechanism of story-writing, I now declare (though with no feeling that the statement is important) that I have hung my sword over the fireplace; that I shall not again thunder upon the tavern door at midnight; that not much fine gold could tempt me to seek, by means however praiseworthy, to bring that girl with the blue parasol to a proper appreciation of the young gentleman with the suit-case, who even now is pursuing her through the wood to restore her lost handkerchief. It has been pleasant to follow the bright guidon of romance; even now, from the window of the tall office-building in which I close these reflections, I can hear the bugles blowing and look upon

Strangest skies and unbeholden seas.

But I feel reasonably safe from temptation. Little that men do is, I hope, alien to me; and the life that surges round me, and whose sounds rise from the asphalt below, or the hurrying feet on the tiles in my own corridor of this steel-boned tower, — the faint tinkle of telephones, the click of elevator doors, — these things, and the things they stand for, speak with deep and thrilling eloquence; and he who would serve best the literature of his time and country will not ignore them.

THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES¹

X

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

Friday, [April] 14, [1865].

LAST night there was a general illumination in Washington, fireworks, etc. To-day is [celebrated] the anniversary of the surrender of Sumter, and the flag is to be raised by General Anderson.

General Grant was present at the meeting of the Cabinet to-day, and remained during the session. The subject was the relations of the rebels, communications, trade, etc. Stanton proposed that intercourse should be opened by his issuing an order, that the Treasury would give permits to all, who wished them, to trade, excluding contraband, and [that] he, Stanton, would order the vessels to be received into any port. I suggested that it would be better that the President should issue a proclamation stating and enjoining the course to be pursued by the several Departments.

McCulloch expressed a willingness to be relieved of the Treasury agents. General Grant expressed himself very decidedly against them, thought them demoralizing, etc. The President said we, *i. e.*, the Secretaries of Treasury, War, and Navy, had given the subject more attention than he had, and he would be satisfied with any conclusion we would unite upon. I proposed to open the whole coast to any one who wished to trade, and who had a regular clearance and manifest, and was entitled to a coast license. Stanton thought it should not extend beyond the military lines, [which] General Grant thought might embrace all this side of the Mississippi.

Secretary Stanton requested the Cabinet to hear some remarks which he de-

sired to make, and to listen to a proposition or ordinance which he [had] prepared with much care and after a great deal of reflection for reconstruction in the rebel states. The plan or ordinance embraced two distinct heads, one for asserting the federal authority in Virginia, — the other for re-establishing a state government. The first struck me favorably with some slight emendations — the second seemed to me objectionable in several essentials, and especially as in conflict with the principles of self-government, which I deem essential. There was little said on the subject, for the understanding was that we should each be furnished with a copy for criticism and suggestion, and in the mean time we were requested by the President to deliberate and carefully consider the proposition. He remarked that this was the great question now before us, and we must soon begin to act. Was glad Congress was not in session.

I objected that Virginia occupied a different position from that of any other state in rebellion; that while regular state governments were to be established in other states, whose secession governments were nullities and would not be recognized, Virginia had a skeleton organization which she had maintained through the war, which government we had recognised and still recognised; that we to-day acknowledged Pierpont as the legitimate Governor of Virginia. He had been elected by only a few border counties it was true, had never been able to enforce his authority over but a small portion of the territory or population;

nevertheless we had recognised and sustained him.

The President said the point was well taken. Governor Dennison said he thought we should experience little difficulty from Pierpont. Stanton said none whatever.

I remarked [that] the fact was not to be controverted, that we had treated with the existing government and could not ignore our own acts. The President and a portion of the Cabinet had, in establishing the new state of West Virginia, recognised the validity of the government of Virginia, and of Pierpont's administration which had given its assent to that division. Without that consent, no division could legally have taken place. I had differed with others in that matter, but consistency and the validity of our own acts required us to continue to acknowledge the existing government. It was proper we should enforce the federal authority, and it was proper we should aid Governor Pierpont, whose government was recognised and established. In North Carolina a legal government was now to be organised and the state re-established in her proper relations to the Union.

Enquiry had been made as to army news on the first meeting of the Cabinet, and especially if any information had been received from Sherman. None of the members had heard anything, and Stanton, who makes it a point to be late, and who has the telegraph in his department, had not arrived. General Grant, who was present, said he was hourly expecting word. The President remarked it would, he had no doubt, come soon, and come favorably, for he had last night the usual dream which he had preceding nearly every great and important event of the war. Generally the news had been favorable which succeeded this dream, and the dream itself was always the same. I enquired what this remarkable dream could be. He said it related to your (my) element — the water — that he seemed to be in some singular indescribable ves-

sel, and that he was moving with great rapidity towards an indefinite shore. That he had this dream preceding Sumter, Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, Vicksburg, Wilmington, etc. General Grant said Stone River was certainly no victory, and he knew of no great results which followed from it. The President said [that] however that might be, his dream preceded that fight.

"I had," the President remarked, "this strange dream again last night, and we shall, judging from the past, have great news very soon. I think it must be from Sherman. My thoughts are in that direction as are most of yours."

[Monday, April 17, 1865.]

I write this conversation three days after it occurred, in consequence of what took place Friday night, and but for which the mention of this dream would probably have never been noted. Great events did indeed follow, for within a few hours the good and gentle, as well as truly great man who narrated his dream, closed forever his earthly career.

I had retired to bed about half-past ten on the evening of the 14th of April, and was just getting asleep, when Mrs. Welles, my wife, said some one was at our door. Sitting up in bed, I heard a voice twice call to John, my son, whose sleeping room was on the second floor directly over the front entrance. I arose at once and raised a window, when my messenger, James Smith, called to me that Mr. Lincoln, the President, had been shot, and said Secretary Seward and his son, Assistant Secretary Frederick Seward, were assassinated. James was much alarmed and excited. I told him his story was very incoherent and improbable, that he was associating men who were not together and liable to attack at the same time. Where, I enquired, was the President when shot. James said he was at Ford's Theatre on Tenth Street. "Well," said I, "Secretary Seward is an invalid in bed in his house yonder on Fifteenth Street." James said he had

been there — stopped in at the house to make enquiry before alarming me.

I immediately dressed myself, and against the earnest remonstrance and appeals of my wife went directly to Mr. Seward's, whose residence was on the east side of the square, mine being on the north. James accompanied me. As we were crossing Fifteenth Street, I saw four or five men in earnest consultation, standing under the lamp on the corner by St. John's Church. Before I had got half across the street, the lamp was suddenly extinguished and the knot of persons rapidly dispersed. For a moment, and but [for] a moment, I was disconcerted to find myself in darkness; but recollecting that it was late and about time for the moon to rise, I proceeded on, not having lost five steps — merely making a pause without stopping. Hurrying forward into Fifteenth Street, I found it pretty full of people, — especially so, near the residence of Secretary Seward, where there were very many soldiers as well as citizens already gathered.

Entering the house, I found the lower hall and office full of persons, and among them most of the foreign legations, all anxiously enquiring what truth there was in the horrible rumors afloat. I replied that my object was to ascertain the facts. Proceeding through the hall to the stairs, I found one, and I think two, of the servants there holding the crowd in check. The servants were frightened and appeared relieved to see me. I hastily asked what truth there was in the story that an assassin or assassins had entered the house and assaulted the Secretary. They said it was true, and that Mr. Frederick was also badly injured. They wished me to go up, but no others. At the head of the first stairs I met the elder Mrs. Seward, who was scarcely able to speak but desired me to proceed up to Mr. Seward's room. I met Mrs. Frederick Seward on the third story who, although in extreme distress, was, under the circumstances, exceedingly composed. I asked for the Secretary's room, which

she pointed out — the south-west room. As I entered, I met Miss Fanny Seward, with whom I exchanged a single word, and proceeded to the foot of the bed. Dr. Verdi and, I think, two others were there.

The bed was saturated with blood. The Secretary was lying on his back, the upper part of his head covered by a cloth which extended down over his eyes. His mouth was open — the lower jaw dropping down. I exchanged a few whispered words with Dr. V[erdi]. Secretary Stanton, who came after but almost simultaneously with me, made enquiries in a louder tone till admonished by a word from one of the physicians. We almost immediately withdrew, and went into the adjoining front room where lay Frederick Seward. His eyes were open but he did not move them, nor a limb, nor did he speak. Doctor White, who was in attendance, told me he was unconscious and more dangerously injured than his father.

As we descended the stairs, I asked Stanton what he had heard in regard to the President, that was reliable. He said the President was shot at Ford's Theatre, — that he had seen a man who was present and witnessed the occurrence. I said I would go immediately to the White House. Stanton told me the President was not there. He said it was his intention [to go], and asked me if I had not a carriage to go with him. In the lower hall we met General Meigs,¹ whom he requested to take charge of the house, and to clear out all who did not belong there. General Meigs begged Stanton not to go down to Tenth Street, others also remonstrated against our going. Stanton, I thought, hesitated. Hurrying forward, I remarked that I should go immediately and I thought it his duty also. He said he should certainly go, but the remonstrants increased and gathered round him. I said we were wasting time, and pressing through the crowd, entered the

¹ Montgomery C. Meigs, Quartermaster-General.

carriage and urged Stanton, who was detained by others after he had placed his foot on the step. I was impatient. Stanton, as soon as he had seated himself, turned round, rose partly and said the carriage was not his. I said that was no objection. He invited Meigs to go with us, and Judge Carter of the Superior Court mounted with the driver. At this moment Major Eckert¹ rode up on horseback beside the carriage and protested vehemently against Stanton's going to Tenth Street; said he had just come from there, that there were thousands of people of all sorts there, and he considered it very unsafe for the Secretary of War to expose himself. I replied that I knew not where he would be more safe, and that the duty of both of us was to attend the President immediately. Stanton concurred. Meigs called to some soldiers to go with us, and there was one on each side of the carriage. The streets were full of people. Not only the sidewalk but the carriage-way was to some extent occupied, all or nearly all hurrying toward Tenth Street. When we entered that street, we found it pretty closely packed.

The President had been carried across the street from the theatre, to the house of a Mr. Peterson. We entered by ascending a flight of steps above the basement, and passing through a long hall to the rear, where the President lay extended on a bed, breathing heavily. Several surgeons were present; at least six, I should think more; among them I was glad to observe Doctor Hale, who, however, soon left. I enquired of Doctor H[ale] as I entered the true condition of the President. He replied the President was dead to all intents, although he might live three hours or perhaps longer.

The giant sufferer lay extended diagonally across the bed, which was not long enough for him. He had been stripped of his clothes. His large arms, which were occasionally exposed, were of

¹ Major T. T. Eckert, Assistant Superintendent of the Military Telegraph.

a size which one would scarce have expected from his spare appearance. His slow, full respiration lifted the clothes with each breath that he took. His features were calm and striking. I had never seen them appear to better advantage than for the first hour, perhaps, that I was there. After that, his right eye began to swell, and that part of his face became discolored.

Senator Sumner was there, I think, when I entered. If not, he came in soon after, as did Speaker Colfax, Mr. Secretary McCulloch, and the other members of the Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Seward. A double guard was stationed at the door and on the sidewalk, to repress the crowd, which was of course highly excited and anxious. The room was small and overcrowded. The surgeons and members of the Cabinet were as many as should have been in the room, but there were many more, and the hall and other rooms in the front or main house were full. One of these rooms was occupied by Mrs. Lincoln, and her attendants, with Mrs. Harris. Mrs. Dixon and Mrs. Kinney came to her about twelve o'clock. About once an hour Mrs. Lincoln would repair to the bedside of her dying husband, and with lamentation and tears remain until overcome by emotion.

A door which opened upon a porch or gallery, and also the windows, were kept open for fresh air. The night was dark, cloudy and damp, and about six it began to rain. I remained in the room without sitting or leaving it — when, there being a vacant chair which some one left at the foot of the bed, I occupied it for nearly two hours, listening to the heavy groans, and witnessing the wasting life of the good and great man who was expiring before me.

About six A. M. I experienced a feeling of faintness, and for the first time after entering the room, a little past eleven, I left it and the house, and took a short walk in the open air. It was a dark and gloomy morning, and rain set in before

I returned to the house, some fifteen minutes [later]. Large groups of people were gathered every few rods, all anxious and solicitous. Some one or more from each group stepped forward as I passed, to enquire into the condition of the President, and to ask if there was no hope. Intense grief was on every countenance when I replied that the President could survive but a short time. The colored people especially, and there were at this time more of these persons than of whites, were overwhelmed with grief.

Returning to the house, I seated myself in the back parlor where the Attorney-General and others had been engaged in taking evidence concerning the assassination. Stanton, and Speed, and Usher were there — the latter asleep on the bed. There were three or four others also in the room. While I did not feel inclined to sleep, as many did, I was somewhat indisposed — I had been so for several days. The excitement and bad atmosphere from the crowded rooms oppressed me physically.

A little before seven I went into the room where the dying President was rapidly drawing near the closing moments. His wife soon after made her last visit to him. The death struggle had begun. Robert, his son, stood with several others at the head of the bed. He bore himself well, but on two occasions gave way to overpowering grief and sobbed aloud, turning his head and leaning on the shoulder of Senator Sumner. The respiration of the President became suspended at intervals, and at last entirely ceased at twenty-two minutes past seven.

A prayer followed from Doctor Gurley; and the Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Seward and Mr. McCulloch, immediately thereafter assembled in the back parlor, from which all other persons were excluded, and there signed a letter which was prepared by Attorney-General Speed to the Vice-President, informing him of the event, and that the government devolved upon him.

Mr. Stanton proposed that Mr. Speed,

as the law officer, should communicate the letter to Mr. Johnson with some other member of the Cabinet. Mr. Dennison named me. I saw that, though all assented, it disconcerted Stanton, who had expected and intended to be the man, and to have Speed associated with him. I was disinclined personally to disturb an obvious arrangement, and therefore named Mr. McCulloch, as the first in order after the Secretary of State.

I arranged with Speed, with whom I rode home, for a Cabinet meeting at twelve meridian at the room of the Secretary of the Treasury, in order that the government should experience no detriment, and that prompt and necessary action might be taken to assist the new Chief Magistrate in preserving and promoting the public tranquillity. We accordingly met at noon. Mr. Speed reported that the President had taken the oath which was administered by the Chief Justice, and had expressed a desire that the affairs of the government should proceed without interruption. Some discussion took place as to the propriety of an inaugural address, but the general impression was that it would be imprudent. I was most decidedly of that opinion.

President Johnson, who was invited to be present, departed himself admirably, and on the subject of an inaugural said his acts would best disclose his policy. In all essentials it would, he said, be the same as that of the late President. He desired the members of the Cabinet to go forward with their duties without any change. Mr. Hunter, Chief Clerk of the State Department, was designated to act ad interim as Secretary of State. I suggested Mr. Speed, but I saw it was not acceptable in certain quarters. Stanton especially expressed a hope that Hunter should be assigned to the duty.

A room for the President as an office was proper, and Mr. McCulloch offered a room adjoining his own in the Treasury Building. I named the State Department as appropriate and proper, at least

until the Secretary of State recovered or so long as the President wished — but objections arose at once. The papers of Mr. Seward would, Stanton said, be disturbed — it would be better that he should be here, etc., etc. Stanton, I saw, had a purpose — among other things he feared papers would fall under Mr. Johnson's eye which he did not wish to be seen.

On returning to my house this [same] morning, Saturday, I found [that] Mrs. Welles, who had been ill and confined to the house from indisposition for a week, had been twice sent for by Mrs. Lincoln to come to her at once. The housekeeper, knowing the state of Mrs. W's health, had without consultation turned away the messenger, Major French; but Mrs. Welles, on learning the facts when he came the second time, had yielded, and imprudently gone, although the weather was inclement. She remained at the Executive Mansion through the day. For myself, [I was] wearied, shocked, exhausted, but not inclined to sleep. The day, when not actually and officially engaged, passed off strangely.

I went after breakfast to the Executive Mansion. There was a cheerless cold rain, and everything seemed gloomy. On the Avenue in front of the White House were several hundred colored people — mostly women and children — weeping and wailing their loss. This crowd did not appear to diminish through the whole of that cold, wet day — they seemed not to know what was to be their fate since their great benefactor was dead, and their hopeless grief affected me more than almost anything else, though strong and brave men wept when I met them.

At the White House all was silent and sad. Mrs. W[elles] was with Mrs. L[incoln] and came to meet me in the library. Speed came in and we soon left together. As we were descending the stairs, "Tad," who was looking from the window at the foot, turned, and seeing us cried aloud in his tears, "Oh, Mr. Welles, who killed my father?" Neither Speed nor myself

could restrain our tears, nor give the poor boy any satisfactory answer.

Sunday the 16th, the President and Cabinet met by agreement at 10 A. M. at the Treasury. The President was half an hour behind time. Stanton was more than an hour late. He brought with him papers, and had many suggestions relative to the measure before the Cabinet at our last meeting with President Lincoln. The general policy of the treatment of the rebels and the rebel states was discussed. President Johnson is not disposed to treat treason lightly, and the chief rebels he would punish with exemplary severity.

Stanton has divided his original plan and made the re-establishing of state government applicable to North Carolina, leaving Virginia, which has a loyal government and governor, to arrange that matter of election to which I had excepted.

Being at the War Department Sunday evening, I was detained conversing with Stanton. Finally Senator Sumner came in. He was soon followed by Gooch and Dawes of Massachusetts, and some two or three others — one or more general officers also came in. Stanton took from his table, in answer to an enquiry from Sumner, his documents which had been submitted to the Cabinet and which were still a Cabinet measure.

It was evident the gentlemen were there by appointment, and I considered myself an intruder or out of place. If so, Stanton did not know how to get rid of me and it seemed awkward for me to leave. The others doubtless supposed I was there by arrangement; perhaps I was, but I felt embarrassed and was very glad, after he had read to them his first programme for Virginia, and had got about half through with the other, [and] when Sumner [had] demanded to know what provision was made for the colored man to vote, [that] a line was brought me by the messenger which gave me an opportunity to leave.

On Monday the 17th I was actively

engaged in bringing forward business which had been interrupted and suspended, issuing orders, and arranging for the funeral solemnities of President Lincoln. Secretary Seward and his son continue in a low condition, and Mr. Fred. Seward's life is precarious.

Tuesday, April 18, 1865.

Details in regard to the funeral, which takes place on the 19th, occupied general attention, and little else than preliminary arrangements and conversation was done at the Cabinet meeting. From every part of the country comes lamentation. Every house, almost, has some drapery, especially the homes of the poor. Profuse exhibition is displayed on the public buildings and the dwellings of the wealthy, but the little black ribbon, or strip of black cloth from the hovel of the poor negro, or the impoverished white, is more touching.

I have tried to write something consecutively since the horrid transactions of Friday night, but I have no heart for it, and the jottings down are mere mementoes of a period, which I will try to fill up when more composed, and I have leisure, or time for the task. Sad and painful — wearied and irksome, the few preceding incoherent pages have been written for future use, for the incidents are fresh in my mind and may pass away with me, but cannot ever be by me forgotten.

[Saturday, April 22.]

The funeral on Wednesday the 19th was imposing, sad, and sorrowful. All felt the solemnity, and sorrowed as if they had lost one of their own household. By voluntary action business was everywhere suspended, and the people crowded the streets. The Cabinet met by arrangement in the room occupied by the President at the Treasury. We left a few minutes before meridian so as to be in the east room at precisely twelve o'clock, being the last to enter. Others will give the details.

I rode with Stanton in the procession

to the Capitol. The attendance was immense. The front reached the Capitol, it was said, before we started, and there were as many, or more who followed us. A brief prayer was made by Mr. Gurley in the rotunda where we left the remains of the good and great man we loved so well. Returning, I left Stanton, who was nervous and full of orders, and took in my carriage President Johnson and Preston King — their carriage having been crowded out of place. Coming down Pennsylvania Avenue after this long detention, we met the marching procession in broad platoons all the way to the Kirkwood House on Twelfth Street.

There were no truer mourners when all were sad, than the poor colored people who crowded the streets, joined the procession, and exhibited their woe, bewailing the loss of him whom they regarded as a benefactor and father. Women as well as men, with their little children, thronged the streets; sorrow, trouble and distress depicted on their countenances and in their bearing. The vacant holiday expression had given way to real grief. Seward, I am told, sat up in bed and viewed the procession and hearse of the President, and I know his emotion. Stanton, who rode with me, was uneasy and left the carriage four or five times.

On the morning of Friday the 21st I went by appointment or agreement to the Capitol at six A. M. Stanton had agreed to call for me before six and take me in his carriage, the object being to have but few present when the remains were taken from the rotunda where they had lain in state through Thursday, and were visited and seen by many thousands. As I knew Stanton to be uncertain and in some respects unreliable, I ordered my own carriage to be ready at an early hour. I wished also to take my sons with me to the obsequies — the last opportunity they or I would have to see the remains and to manifest our respect and regard for the man who had been the steady and abiding friend of their father. Stanton, as I expected, was late, and then

informed me he had not, as he agreed he would, informed Governor Dennison of our purpose. He said he had to go for another friend, and wished me to take up Governor D[ennison]. Not until I had got to Dennison's house, was I aware of Stanton's neglect. It was then about six. Governor D[ennison] who had not yet risen sent me word he would be ready in three minutes. I think he was not five. Stanton, I perceived, did not tell me the truth about another visitor. He moved in great haste himself, being escorted by the cavalry corps which had usually attended the President.

We hurried on, reached the Capitol and entered the rotunda just as Mr. Gurley was commencing an earnest and impressive prayer. When it was concluded, the remains were removed and taken to the depot where in waiting were a car and train prepared for the commencement of the long and circuitous journey of the illustrious dead to his last earthly resting-place in Springfield, in the great prairies of the West. We were, as we had intended, an hour in advance of the time, and thus avoided the crowd which before the train departed thronged the roads and depot.

(Secretary Welles remained in the Cabinet during the entire period of President Johnson's administration. His account of the personal and political factors in the reconstruction of the Union, and his story of the impeachment of the President by Congress, will appear in the ATLANTIC during 1910, beginning in February.)

THE COMING O' THE KING

BY RUTH SAWYER

WHEN summer goes over the hills of Ireland, she plucks the purple of the heather, and snatches the blue of the sky, to carry southward with her. It is the sweeping of her garments that turns the meadows brown. The echo of her laughter among the hills makes the throstles leave their hedges and whirl into the sky after her. When she has passed, the rains come, beating and insistent for days, over the land. Brown, bare-limbed herd-boys hurry up to the pastures to drive their cattle back to dry byres. The turf is stacked anew, under thicker thatch, to keep it ripe for a bright burning; and as the winter nights lengthen, the hill people gather closer round their hearths, to tell again those stories they love best, beginning, "Once on a time there was a King of Ireland."

No country is left more desolate by the
VOL. 104 - NO. 5

passing of summer than Ireland; no people feel that desolation more than her people of the hills. But with a deep courage born of weary, toilsome years, they drive out fear of hunger, failure, or great loneliness, with promises of better things to come. Nobody has so little that he cannot share with somebody who has less, and few hearts have grown so bitter that they cannot say, "God prosper ye well," as their hands give the dole of bread.

When summer has gone, then it is that the workhouse road is well traveled. From bogland or hill, aye, from every corner of the country, come the children of the third and fourth generations, eager for a winter's shelter, and three meals a day of black tea, stirabout, and soda bread. There are cripples, consumptives, drunkards, and tinkers, halt-wits and beggars, — the helplessly old and the helplessly

young. Some come from long habit — as a bear to its hole, or a bee to its hive. Some come to wait for better times, or a change of luck; and some — to die.

The gray of the sky is not more gray than the walls that shelter them. The open road holds as much of promise or good cheer; but there are benches here to sit on, and dry beds at night, and when the wind blows through the Gap it is well to be under cover. Moreover there is a turf fire on the coldest days, with occasional doles of snuff and whiskey; and for the sick, medicine and care from the gentle Sisters of St. Catherine.

It was December when Peter came. He had lain ill with the fever at McDiar-muid's since September, and could not be moved. Nora McDiar-muid had been loath to let him go. She had tended him with dumb patience, and cut down her allowance of food and Barney's that he might have enough. But hunger came upon them at last, and, with a philosophy born of eternal want, she sent for the parish doctor.

"I'd like to keep the lad for Barney's sake," she told him, "but what will feed two will no feed three, I'm thinkin'."

Thus Peter passed into the workhouse.

For a few days he kept apart from the others — the weakness and semi-delirium of the fever still on him. He found a bench somewhat sheltered from the wind that was blowing sharp from the north, and there, bit by bit, memories of what had happened came back to him. He pieced them together in his half-witted fashion. He had tramped from the harvest fair at Ardara, he remembered playing in the Diamond for the boys and girls to dance. Then it had rained — how many days he could not count: perhaps two, perhaps three; and tramp as hard as he might, he could not keep the warmth in his body, nor the pain out of his heart. He had forgotten where he slept. All he remembered was reaching the crossroads at last, and finding the gray stone under the Lazy Bush more than half-covered by water.

It certainly was good to get back to the crossroads, the gray stone, and the Lazy Bush. Peter's mind cleared, and the memory of ache and cold, which had made him huddle into the corner of the bench, left him; and he stretched his feet contentedly in the imaginary puddle by the gray stone. There was the road over the hill to take him to Barney's, there was the lower road leading to Michael McNeil's, — which would he be taking?

Here Peter's mind stopped piecing, and took up again the momentous decision concerning the road. This was ever the way with Peter; the half-witted lack initiative. Every other road swung open before him: he could choose intelligently between a wake at Killybegs and a market-day at Donegal, — and once on the road, he would follow it straight as a fox to its covert. But when the choice lay between the two friends dearest to his heart, Peter's mind was inadequate. Then he always left the decision to fate, who, in the form of the next passer-by, would carry him along on whichever road he was taking himself.

Peter had sat for an hour or more, while the rain beat the last leaves from the Lazy Bush, and the cold crept closer to his heart. Then fate came, — driving a gray donkey, — and Peter was carried up the hill and put to bed in Barney's bed; and Nora nursed him through days of burning fever, and nights of terrifying nightmare. It was a miracle that Peter fought through and came back at all to claim his scanty inheritance of brains and property. His strength had gone, the feebleness of old age had come at last.

Peter had never owned anything since the day he was born, except his fiddle and his dreams, — the dreams he had brought with him from that other country, the fiddle he had acquired through the caprice of a stranger and a bazaar lottery-ticket. He had lived his sixty years happily; and he had paid for every meal or night's lodging he had taken, either with service or with his music.

In planting-time, there was not a farmer

from Ballyshannon to Malin Head who would not care for him in return for his work. When the gardens were made, and the fields green with the new corn, he would take to the road again, and fiddle his way to the fairs and the county feis. Whoever wanted Peter for the planting time kept him through the winter, and he was free to come and go as he pleased, — spending long days with the two best comrades, Michael of the low road and Barney of the hills.

Now things were changed — and no one wanted him for a spring planting. He was eating the bread of charity for the first time, and it tasted very bitter. Peter hunched himself along the bench farther from the door. He pulled the ragged homespun coat closer about him, while he made and remade the story of those days.

A smile came into Peter's face, his eyes filled with the light of a great vision. There was something he had forgotten. Manus of Killybegs had said it, therefore it must be true, — for Manus was a knowledgeable man who spoke with authority. It was while he still lay ill in Barney's bed. Nora and Manus had drawn their chairs close to the turf, and Manus was talking. The words repeated themselves with slow precision in Peter's brain. "I tell ye, Nora, Ireland will be comin' into her own again. Her green fields will be ours to till, her laws will be ours to make. Her speech will be the sweet Gaelic tongue; and there will be plenty to keep our childher by us in our old age. There will be no heart-breakin's, no workhouses. And Ireland will be havin' her king back soon, aye, soon; do ye mind!"

Had not Peter heard tales of the King of Ireland since he could remember? Not a night was spent around the hearth-side that some one had not something wonderful to tell of him. And now that Manus had said the King was coming back, all would be well. Peter laughed contentedly. The workhouse walls were not so gray — and the chill wind blowing in through the cracks of the door felt mild.

"He'll be wantin' some one to fiddle for him; and I be's a powerful sthrong hand at shinin' a crown," said Peter.

The next day he joined the group of inmates round the deal table. Bitterness no longer dwelt with him. In one hand he carried his fiddle, in the other he held a bundle of dirty rags which he had begged from the housekeeper.

"Ye'll play us a tune?" asked Teig, another half-wit. But Peter shook his head.

"I have no time to play, the day. It's gettin' ready I am for some one — some one who be's comin' afther me soon — mortal soon, I'm thinkin'."

There was mystery in Peter's voice, and his eyes looked beyond them at something far away. He sat down with the fiddle across his knees and began polishing it. The inmates drew their chairs closer about him.

"I did not know ye had any childher, Peter," said one.

"Sure an' he has n't; he never married," said another.

"Maybe it be's a brother," suggested Teig.

"And it might be a sister," said Peter, "only I have n't the like. No, it be's some one much grander than any of them."

Teig pulled his coat with nervous, coaxing fingers. "Would ye be afther tellin' us?"

"Aye, I might. But ye must not be lettin' on to John-at-the-door-there, for he will no let him in. It's the King I am expectin'."

A loud guffaw followed this revelation, and one of the tinkers turned to Peter mockingly: —

"Shame on ye, Peter, an' ye a good Irishman, to be askin' help from the King of England!"

Anger blazed in Peter's eyes. He raised the fiddle threateningly above the tinker's head. There was a moment of stillness when every man drew in his breath, — hard, — then the fiddle dropped back gently on Peter's knee.

"I'll no sthrike ye wi' the Lad, it might be hurtin' him. If ye had any wits at all, ye would know it was the King of Ireland I was meanin'."

A louder guffaw followed this.

"Ye be's foolish entirely," said the tinker. "Don't ye know Ireland has n't any king?"

"Has n't she, just?" said Peter.

"No, she has n't," snapped the tinker.

But Peter tapped his head significantly. "Poor, foolish man, that's all ye know."

"Where's he comin' from?" somebody jeered.

"I'm no tellin' ye where he be's comin' from, or when he be's comin', — but he be's comin'!" And Peter went on with the polishing of his fiddle.

From that time on, Peter was the butt of the workhouse. The inmates teased and laughed at him, but he only smiled and tapped his head knowingly as before. "The poor, foolish childher," he would say; and his eyes would grow bright with the vision that was always with him.

He spent hours practicing on his fiddle. Each day the fingers grasped the bow less securely, and stumbled more often as they felt for the melodies on the strings. Every piece of brass or pewter that the workhouse owned he polished, making them bright with great patience. Each thing that shone he touched with loving hands. "I did them," he would whisper; "it was Pether that did them. He'll be lettin' me do the crown, I'm thinkin'."

Winter came early that year and stayed long after her time. Ice clung to the brooks, the frozen earth slept, the wind through the Gap blew biting and sharp, — and the hill people looked at their fast dwindling stacks of turf with fear, and heaped the sticks less bountifully on the fire. Day by day Peter's strength failed. The time came when he could not leave his room; but he sat all day facing the window that looked out on the open road. The children brought his bowl of stirabout and mug of black, unsweetened tea to him, in return for the stories he told them of the King. The children liked the

stories. Of the King they were as skeptical as their elders; that is — all but Aisleen. Aisleen believed. She had not been in the world long enough to grow far away from the heart of things; she was not going to stay very long, either; so visions were as real to her as to Peter. Long after the other children had carried the empty mug and bowl away, Aisleen would sit, hugged close to Peter's side, and listen to more intimate things concerning the King.

"Ye'll no forget me when he comes, Peter. I know where the four-leaved shamrock grows, and I can make soda bread wi' currants in it."

And Peter promised — promised by St. Anthony, who never broke his faith with little children — that the King should take her too.

Peter rallied with the first days of spring. The tinker and Teig helped him down the narrow stairs into the courtyard, and there he sat through one radiant day, feeling the warm sunshine steal into his blood again. Aisleen lay beside him. Her small face was full of the wonder of the coming of life to the earth, and the ebbing of life from her — the White Death stood very close to Aisleen. The eyes of both were keen and eager, as they watched for birds to cross the square above their heads.

"There's a throstle, — and there's the Devil's wran," Peter chuckled.

The next minute he clapped his hand gleefully, as a speck of black shot into the sky.

"Do ye mind him! do ye mind him, Aisleen. It be's a lark, an' him a-burst-in' his heart wi' singin'!"

Toward evening, he called some of the inmates to him: Teig the tinker and a few others. Holding out a shaking hand, he smiled lovingly, as a father might, on many helpless children.

"I'll be leavin' ye on the morrow. There's spring in the air, and I'll be takin' to the road again. Don't ye smell the thorn bushes blossomin'? Beannacht lib!"

That night they moved Peter into the men's infirmary, and Aisleen into the children's ward. All through the next day and night Sister Teresa watched beside Peter's bed. As the morning came the second day, he grew restless and threw off the covers many times, impatient to be dressed and off.

"I must be goin'," he muttered. "I must be goin' to meet the King."

Patiently, Sister Teresa forced him back again and again, until her fragile strength was spent. She could not call for the other sister — she was needed in the children's ward. What should she do? She sat and waited anxiously for the next struggle; already Peter's nerveless fingers were plucking at the blanket. Suddenly her mind conceived the old, old way of quieting a fever-wrought brain. Sitting beside his bed, Sister Teresa took his hands in hers and held them fast.

"Come," she said, "we will go together."

Bit by bit she dressed him, led him down the stairs, through the gray walls, and out upon the open road. And all the while Peter lay peacefully back on his bed and smiled. When they had reached the door he turned.

"We must be takin' Aisleen; I promised," he insisted.

Sister Teresa called her name. Peter reached across the coverlet and took a small hand in one of his; and in the children's ward the other sister was folding little lifeless fingers over a crucifix.

"Now we'll be goin'," said Peter.

Sister Teresa's voice went quietly on: "We are crossing the bridge, there's a sight of water in the river this year."

"Aye, the Marquis will be gettin' some fine salmon, I'm thinkin'."

"See, we are going by the chapel, now."

"We'll go in and say a Hail Mary," said Peter.

They went; Sister Teresa took the rosary from her belt and guided Peter's fingers over the beads.

They came back to the road and followed it for a mile. As Peter lay on the cot — his face growing paler, his breath coming fainter — he smelled again the fresh earth-smell of spring. He gathered his hands full of primroses, then gave them to the sister so that he might have the hand free to take Aisleen's again. He pointed out each thatched cabin he knew; and laughed at a pair of robins he saw quarreling over their nest-building. At last they came to the crossroads.

"We'll go no further," said Peter. "We had better sit down on the gray stone undther the Lazy Bush while I make up my mind will it be the road to Barney's or the one furninst Michael's we'll be takin'."

There was a long silence. The first yellow light of the new day crept into the room.

"I'm thinkin', just, I'd like to be tellin' Michael and the wife about the King, — they'd be proud to know it. But there be's Barney, — I must give him a song wi' the Lad before I go. Where is the Lad, did I no bring him wi' me?"

The sister took the fiddle and put it on the bed beside him. The hand that was not holding Aisleen's closed over it tightly.

"Pether would n't forget the Lad, no!"

The sunlight grew stronger in the room.

"Now I'm wondtherin', just, will it be Barney or Michael. The road is brighter over the hills — and the buds are crowded thicker on the thorn bushes — there be more than a hundhred larks in the sky, — an' look ye!"

Peter leaned forward and pointed to a golden shaft of sunlight on the coverlet. His eyes were vision-filled, his face content. The faintest sigh escaped him, — a spirit breath it was, — and then the sister heard him speak: —

"I be a powerful sthrong hand at shinin' a crown."

The King had come.

LEARN OF THE EARTH

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

I

Of our great Mother learn forgivingness.
Her groves of kingly pine, her hemlock-trees'
Dark massy clouds, man layeth low; the knees
Of oaks o'erthrown his mastery confess;

His biting axe, his fire, his foot, have made
A wreck of the glad fringes of the wood
Where blueberry, sumach, rose, and bracken stood,
And floods of small and starry flowers were laid,

Spring coming, wave-like on the sunny grass,
And through the dusky openings in the green; —
Yet Earth, as though no ravage she had seen,
Sends the sweet currents of her blood to pass

Into the sprouts of his new-planted corn,
Spreads gold for him where once were verdant things,
Labors in love to aid his harvestings,
And laughs to see the riches she has borne.

And when in after years he passes by,
Leaving forlorn the stripped and waiting field,
Forcing again the virgin lands to yield,
Again the Earth forgives ungrudgingly,

Takes back the desolate acres for her own
Fair wilding aims and methods of increase,
Hides them with herbage, ranks her seedling trees,
And smiles to see the beauty she has sown.

II

And of our Mother learn remembrance. See,
As infant Spring now kisses her from sleep,
How do her stirring looms the patterns keep
Of all her children's wants — how faithfully!

The shadbush breaks to snow before, almost,
The snows are gone; the fleecy baccharis
Shall wait, for so its own desiring is,
To greet the asters on the autumn coast.

The maple of the rock in green will blow;
His brother of the swampland shall not lack
The tasseled red. The rose-tint will come back
To dogwoods that were pink last year, although

Their many brethren spread their white anew.
On wings of painted moths there alters not
The fairy marvel of the smallest spot,
Nor in the robin's nest the delicate blue.

The selfsame odor haunts the flowering grape
That Pliny called the sweetest on the wind.
As once it found in Hellas, so shall find
The purple iris here its perfect shape.

Again the pines wear tips like pallid flame,
The mosses have their scarlet cups or gray,
This bird bright eyes for night and that for day; —
T was so of eld and ever is the same.

III

Yet shall Earth teach a wise forgetfulness.
The past is past, the dead lie still, says she,
And spends her soul to tend the budding tree,
The brooding bird, the fern's uncurling tress.

LEARN OF THE EARTH

She loves to hide the witnesses of graves:
The carven monument she pulls awry,
Drags down amid the brambled grass to lie,
Though year by year, intact, unstirred, she saves

The boulder hollowed by her unseen hand
To squirrel's drinking-cup; the pious mound
Heaped o'er the dead she levels with the ground
The while her own green hillocks safely stand.

See how she fills from death the founts of life:
Heeds not the sparrow when it falls, but grows,
For that its wings are dust, a rosier rose;
Ignores the victims of the fish-hawks' strife

With wind and wave because the tall nests hold
Young beaks a-clamor for their food; mourns not
That scarlet lilies fail, but clothes the spot
With all September's purple and its gold.

And when the last leaves die, her garmenting
Crystalline, white, she draweth close; so sleeps,
Forgetting seasons gone and lost, and keeps
Warm at her heart of hearts the unborn Spring.

THE CITY'S NOISE

BY HOLLIS GODFREY

Now loud, now low, now sounding in musical, humming rhythm, now clanging in sharp staccato or rising in plangent, shrieking chords, the song of the city comes to the listening ear. The low, beating throb of the midnight hours, broken by the abrupt sounds of early morning, changes, as morning turns to afternoon, through the various measures of a full-throated chorus whose instruments are those of trade: the whistle, the rushing car, the noise of commerce. The theme passes, with the fall of night, into the hurrying allegro of returning thousands, threads to its web through the clatter of the evening hours, and returns at last to the low throb of twenty-four hours before. Never does it cease.

Stimulus to the morning toiler entering the city gates, the city's noise may be. To the strong, it seems the call of battle-trumpets summoning to the rush and hurry of the busy morning. As the long day wears on, inevitable reaction sets in, the wearing grind of city-labor bears heavily on hand and brain; and the noise, growing more and more an irritant, beats at last on the wearied ear with whips of strident steel. Another factor has been added to increase the nerve-exhaustion which is drawing so heavily on the forces of the city. A constant, if unperceived, drain upon the strong, the noise of the city may be an almost intolerable torture to the weak.

Quixotic tilting against windmills will do little more in a noise crusade than it will elsewhere. No city can be carried on without a very considerable amount of necessary noise. A really silent city is impossible. But the unnecessary noise of recent years, the escapable noise, so to speak, has increased to a point beyond all

reasonable tolerance. It is just this part of the whole that we wish to stop. Muirhead once said, "Among the most searching tests of the state of civilization reached by any country are the character of its roads, its minimizing of noise, and the position of its women. If the United States does not stand very high on the application of the first two tests, its name assuredly leads all the rest in the third." It is well worth our while to see what we can do toward obtaining a higher percentage on the second test.

Of all the manifestations of the world about us, which our senses can perceive, sound alone cannot be escaped. The eyelids shut out light from the eyes, the lips keep taste from the tongue, the hand may be voluntarily withheld from touching, the nose may cease to smell. The ear alone remains open day and night to receive whatever impressions, be they pleasant or unpleasant, the outer world may send to it. Where Mother Nature has failed to protect her children, man must step in to aid.

In his consideration of the physiological effects of noise, Dr. Richard Olding Beard once made the statement that "Noise is fast becoming a neurotic habit with the American people." Speaking of the separation of sound-waves into two great classes, "noises and musical sounds, the one class characterized by the absence, the other by the presence, of the quality of rhythm," he went on to explain that the one is an irritant, the other a solace to the normal ear; and remarked that these different types of vibration not only act differently upon the ear, but actually act upon different parts of the ear's mechanism. Noise, acting upon the nervous system of the nervously-worn city-dweller,

produces so real and constant an irritation that quiet becomes an abnormal state to which exhausted nerves find great difficulty in responding.

A personal experience first showed the writer the possibility of a state of affairs, where the habit of noise could become as fixed as the habit of a drug. Waking one night in the quiet of a country-house far from other habitations, I suddenly heard the starting of the hot-air engine which pumped the water, chug-chug-chug-chug. I lay listening to its monotonous vibrations, and wondering at the unusual hour for pumping, until I fell asleep. The next night the sound was repeated. On mentioning the matter to my host, he confessed that he could not sleep in the quiet of the country, that the sudden change from the roar of a great city to the silence of the woods was so great as to cause him real suffering. As his only way to rest, he would leave the house in the middle of the night, start up the pump, and, lying down in a nearby hammock, find sleep brought him by the lullaby of the hot-air engine. That man recognized that he had the noise habit, and finally conquered it. How about the many who are never far enough away from the incessant tumult to know that the habit has formed? The incessant din of hammer upon iron in the boiler-shop creates a disease of the ear among the workers, known as "boiler-maker's ear." Little by little their finely attuned sensory nerves become dull and indifferent to all sound. Far more continuous than the clamor of the boiler-shop, the noise of the city is, at times, almost as deafening. The boiler-maker commonly resides far from his scene of labor, and may have thirteen or fourteen hours of rest from the sounds of his vocation. The city-dweller is never free from the surrounding din. The passage to his ear is open, sleeping and waking. More than one expert believes that a dulling of the ear to the finer gradations of sound must result in time from life spent in the midst of such surroundings. The aggregate of city noise has increased so greatly

in recent years that we have hardly, as yet, sufficient data to prove this theorem. It is, at least, extremely probable.

When we come to consider the effect of noise in the sick-room, the records of the doctors appear in screed after screed, testimonial after testimonial. Officers of hospitals for the insane consider the increasing noise of the city a potent factor in the recent increase of insanity, citing case after case where their attempts to cure these unfortunates have been hampered or nullified by sudden or continued noises. Dr. Hyslop of London says, in his monograph on *Noise in its Sanitary Aspect*, "There is in city life no factor more apt to produce brain unrest, and its sequel of neurotism, than the incessant stimulation of the brain through the auditory organs."

From an article in *Le Figaro* on the same general subject, I clip and translate the following: "Noise has a daughter whose ravages extend in all directions: neurasthenia. I have seen in a little village a strong peasant girl lying on her poor couch and suffering from a sickness from which her forces were slowly ebbing. The doctors all agreed in declaring that she had neurasthenia. She was absolutely illiterate, knew neither how to read nor how to write. It was not books, nor meditation, nor sensibility of soul, which had brought her to that diseased state. No; leaving her country home, she had worked in a great city whose noise had constantly alarmed her. At last, she returned to the fields; she came back too late."

Dr. Gregory of Bellevue Hospital, in a statement made at the time of the first struggle in New York to suppress unnecessary steam-whistling on the rivers, wrote in part, "Many patients suffering from typhoid, meningitis, and other serious illness, will become annoyed by the least noise or disturbance. To these, restful sleep is of paramount importance, and frequently such disturbances may cause a relapse or turn the scale against them. In many delirious patients an hour's

rest or sleep may mean life. You can readily imagine the disappointment of the doctor and nurse, who have struggled to bring about the much-desired quiet and sleep, when suddenly all their efforts are frustrated as a result of the disturbing whistles."

In the quotation just cited, Dr. Gregory spoke especially of the steam-whistle. In any catalogue of the causes of noise, that type must stand preëminent. Sudden, discordant, terrific in its intensity, few are the ears that can bear its sudden attack unmoved. As used in cities, it is an outworn relic of a former time, of the day when every crossing bore upon its pointing finger the inscription, "Look out for the engine when the bell rings;" when watches and clocks were high in price or low in accuracy; when such modern substitutes for the voice as the electric bell were generally quite unknown. Of the whistle of the steamboats we shall have occasion to speak later, in our discussion of conditions in New York. It is sufficient here to bring up those twin banes of the city, the factory and the train whistle, specialized forms of noise which have been fought valiantly for years by Professor Edward S. Morse of Salem. No statement of this subject would be complete without reference to his labors.

A few decades ago, the locomotive whistle had its undoubted use in signaling, and in the warning of travelers on roads crossed at grade. To-day on country roads it may still serve a purpose. Its city use is ended. Compulsory gates are now placed at important city-crossings. The tendency toward compelling crossings to be above or below grade is growing rapidly. Block-systems of control and automatic methods of signaling have come into being. Every city crossing is guarded. But the whistling continues, the strength of the noise has increased as engines have grown more modern in other ways, and the delight of employees in the use of the whistle seldom fails. Here and there, cities and towns have passed ordinances aimed at this annoyance.

Some have been successful in carrying them through. In the majority of places, however, through lack of concerted action, the trains passing gated crossings at midnight wake every light sleeper, and every sick and weary soul, for long distances around, by their long-continued blasts.

The use of the locomotive whistle in signaling train-crews, in switching and shunting, makes life in the vicinity of a station-yard a twenty-four-hour nightmare, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. I shall not soon forget my first sight of a European freight-yard, where all the signals were given by bugle calls, whose clear musical notes governed the easily-moving trains and minimized the attendant noise. If the American railroad man scorns the use of a bugle, there is still the megaphone and the boat-swain's whistle. Much could be done by signals read by the eye. If the engineer can back his engine to the required point on the signal of the brakeman's waving arm or lantern, is there any reason why he should not respond in turn by arm or light instead of by use of the whistle? While railroad men with whom I have talked are not all agreed on this point, no small number believe that the continual whistling of the yards confuses the men at work, renders their labors more difficult, and increases the awful yearly total of maimed and injured railroad employees.

Whatever excuse the locomotive whistle may yet have for a curtailed existence, the right of the factory whistle to continue has ceased. In the old days when workmen of city factories lived grouped around their individual places of employment, it may have been necessary to summon workmen by a whistle. To-day, with the multiplication of timepieces of all sorts, with the nightly departure of the city workman to his home far from the factory section, that need has disappeared. The land about city factories is too valuable for workmen's houses. The modern corporation has no use for the man who cannot get to his work on time. The six-

o'clock whistle can no longer rouse its workmen, for they, as a mass, no longer live within its call; and the workman who is at the factory on time will enter no more rapidly on the call of a seven-o'clock whistle than he will on that of an electric gong. As a matter of fact, the moment of starting work is determined by the starting of the machinery in the vast majority of factories, those which run only in the day. Since tens and hundreds of thousands of the workmen's children reach school on the stroke of nine on every school-day in the year, since they are able to enter on the call of an electric gong and pass from room to room on the pulsation of electric bells, is there any reason why the father should be unable to do as much as the children? Factory after factory has abolished its whistle with complete success, yet custom holds good with thousands of others whose shrill cry brings torment to the innocent victims around.

The whole problem of whistling has been dealt with in a systematic manner by the city of Cleveland. So brief and simple are the provisions of its law, made some years ago and still in force, that I venture to quote them:—

“Ordinance of the City of Cleveland.
Sub-Division, N. 1.

“Section 841. Engine Whistle. No whistles connected with any railway engine shall be sounded within the limits of the city of Cleveland except as a signal to apply the brakes in case of immediate or impending danger.

“Section 842. Vessel Whistles. No person shall blow or cause to be blown the steam whistle of any vessel propelled by steam, while lying at any wharf in the city of Cleveland, or when approaching or leaving such wharf or navigating the Cuyahoga River in said city, except when absolutely necessary as a signal of danger, or in cases and under the circumstances prescribed by the rules of navigation or the laws and regulations of the United States requiring the use of such whistles.

“Section 843. Stationary Engines.

No person shall blow or cause to be blown within the limits of the city of Cleveland the steam whistle of any stationary engine as a signal for commencing, or suspending work, or for any other purpose except as specified in the following section.

“Section 844. Nothing in this subdivision contained shall be construed as forbidding the use of steam whistles as alarm signals in case of fire or collision, or other imminent danger, nor for the necessary signals by the steam engines of the fire department of the city.

“Section 845. Any person violating or failing to comply with any of the provisions of the sub-division shall be fined not less than ten dollars, nor more than fifty dollars.”

A section also prescribes the signals that shall be sounded for steam-tugs.

The construction of the pavements of a city, important from the side of the cleanliness of the air, needs serious consideration from the standpoint of noise. Stop in Times Square, New York, some evening when the rush of theatre traffic is crossing the pavement, and listen to the sound. The asphalt gives back comparatively little reverberation from the rolling wheels, whose sound is continuous, regular, and rhythmical. Separate out the sound of horses' hoofs from the general clatter. First in steady clicks like clock-beats, now it slows, now hastens, now stops, now quickens. Ever changing, the broken series of sounds comes at irregular intervals and produces a particularly trying type of sound-injury. The reason for such differences in speed becomes evident as we turn and walk down Broadway. On a clear space of sidewalk our pace becomes regular, moving with precision; when a crowd blocks the way, our movement is checked; if a crossing intervenes, it stops. Corners, car-tracks, and blockades are constantly changing the speed of even a single horse crossing the city pavements, thereby producing noise instead of regularity of

sound. Add to the noise of a single horse, passing on the asphalt, the many sounds of different horses passing at various speeds, and you have a tumult. Stone-block pavements, with their irregular junctions and broken edges, are much worse than asphalt. Macadam is comparatively quiet. Wooden blocks, such as are found on the London streets, are the best from a standpoint of noiselessness. Cobble-stones are the worst of all.

Horse-transportation is but one factor in the total passing of the city. Cable and trolley-cars, rattling from side to side, motors with their fiendish variety of whistles, thread their way in and out; while the overhead trolley-wires, like the strings of some huge, discordant violin, never cease their vibrations. Thoreau speaks of the sounding of the telegraph wires, "that winter harmony of the open road and snow-clad field." Grateful as that song may be in the quiet of the country, in the city the noise of the racked trolley-wire above adds a peculiarly trying factor to the pounding from the rocking cars below. When corporate officials desire to economize on traction lines, they not uncommonly equip the service with poor rails and wheels. The rails soon wear away. The wheels assume the shape of polygons instead of circles, and, as they turn, strike flattened angles against the irregularities of the iron rail. This is a particularly effective method of adding to the total noise. Fortunately, there is one way of relief in sight. Few devices in transportation have done more for the quiet of the city than has the increasing use of subways. Though the reverberation within the subway proper may be greatly increased, the relief on the street is marked. Only in our greater cities and along main trunk-lines, however, does the subway yet exist. The elevated, so far as noise is concerned, gives practically little advantage over the surface-car, save for the intermittence of stopping and starting, and the absence of the sound of the bell.

Pleasant as is the mental picture of chiming bells pealing from out the spire

of quiet, white-walled church or Gothic tower, many of our church bells are quite out of place in the crowded concourse of men. No longer limiting its service to the brief call to prayers on the quietest day of the week, the resonant metal sends forth its summons each day and night throughout the year. Chimes tell the quarter, long peals mark each passing hour; periods of tolling ring the requiem, not only of the dead of the individual church, but of each notable man who passes away. The last necessity of the clock's telling the time audibly, disappeared with the coming of the illuminated dial. The tolling of one bell among the many in a great city ceases to have significance in its honor of the dead. Yet with the multiplication of church bells, each hour brings a dozen chimes mingling, prolonging, clashing as they send forth their voices from their lofty spires. Intended as messengers of the doctrine of mercy, they are merciless indeed to the weak and sick within sound of their voices.

The sounding of a general fire-alarm by the use of whistles or bells serves as another reminder of a tradition quite outworn. The wild clang of the village bell, which summons every able-bodied man within reach to fight the flames, is still a necessity of the country. City fires, on the other hand, are fought by highly trained specialists who have no use for amateur help. The silent electric fire-alarm answers every purpose of the fire-fighters. The telephone can notify the individuals especially interested. A general alarm from bells and whistles, which calls a horde of curious gazers, is a decidedly mixed blessing as regards the fire. It is an unmixed evil in its increase of the general noise.

The barking of stray dogs, and the howling of wandering cats, furnishes another proof of the finding of good things in the wrong place. No real lover of animals can feel anything but pity for most of the ranging dogs and cats of the city alleys and back-yards, starved, pitiable spectacles as they are. A false humanity

has kept these companions of man in an environment wholly unsuited to their nature, and the wrong which men have done in prisoning these creatures of the open in the brick-walled city has produced its appropriate punishment to mankind in the resulting annoyance from their cries.

For real malignant power, none of the individual offenders against repose surpass the milkman. Others raise their voices in the midst of an awakened city. He assumes the rôle of the waker of the early morning. There can surely be few of us who have not been aroused by the rumbling of the milk-wagon, the running feet of the milkman, the peculiarly sharp clatter of the exchange of empty bottles for the full quarts, the lengthy and animated discussions of drivers meeting in the early morning. Some of the largest milk companies in New York have taken up this problem with gratifying results. Rubber tires and rubber-shod horses, instructions to drivers to avoid unnecessary disturbance, and inspection to see that these instructions are carried out, has been more than a public-spirited move. It has been a commercial success. The average citizen much prefers his own milk delivered by a noiseless milkman, other things being equal.

It is hard indeed utterly to condemn the music of hurdy-gurdy and barrel organ, of street-band and of itinerant musician. The little dancing feet of the children of the poor are too seldom stirred by melody to shut this solace wholly from their lives. Stop for a space and follow the music up the crowded slum street, and you will see an eagerness of appreciation such as symphonies do not receive. There are some quarters of the city where the organ-grinder is welcome. There are others where his coming spells torture to every musical ear. He is certainly out of place near hospitals, or schools. A limitation of street music to certain definite areas has proved possible. It would seem as if even more than this might be done. There are music

commissioners in many cities. Why not turn the licensing of street music over to them, with the requirement that with the license shall go some inspection of the quality of the music. It is said, though of this I have no definite proof, that the experiment has already been tried under the direction of a city department of police. If this elevation of the police to a censorship of the Muses continues, we may yet achieve marvels of harmony. On the whole, however, I cannot but think the music commission might prove more satisfactory.

Last, but not least, in our catalogue of noises comes the call of the street peddler. "Street cries." That phrase, like certain chords of music, certain fragrances of flowers, brings up a medley of delightful reminiscences. Early morning in the "Quartier," where one listened drowsily to the ancient calls of charcoal-seller and baker, of venders of merchandise who cried their wares with the very intonation of their ancestors of decades, even of centuries, ago. Afternoons in dingy London streets, hunting down the rare prints of the brilliantly colored "Street Cries of London." The roaring tide of Whitechapel, and an old church with its vivid oasis of green where we turned to the quiet of the Thames. Always the pleasant memories are of foreign lands; never of America. In their attempt to overcome the general din our own itinerant merchants have taken to every possible means of making their presence known. Bugle-calls, rattles, bells, and horns; even, in the case of one ingenious soul, the mounting upon his cart of a monster phonograph which declared in doggerel the virtues of his wares. Each strives to outdo the other, producing a general level of sound, in whose presence, as in the presence of a shouting mob, no individual voice can be perceived. In the interest of the huckster, as well as of the community, a reform already suggested should be gladly received. It has been proposed that the principle of the common ice placard be greatly extended.

The ice-man comes at the call of the card. There is no reason why all other sellers of the street should not be called by the same sign. Differently colored cards are proposed for every trade, and the housewife, should her community establish such an ordinance, may call her butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker by the use of signal cards which represent an extension of one of the underlying principles of noise-reform, the use of the eye instead of the ear.

Arverne-by-the-Sea has put into execution a successful plan for doing away with the extraneous noise of hucksters. In this case, an ordinance was passed which charged junkmen a license fee of five dollars unless the licensee cry, shout, or employ one or more bells or other noisy devices. If such devices are employed, the fee is fifty dollars. Five dollars each is charged other types of wagon, two dollars each to pack, handcart, or basket-peddler, if they are quiet. If they shout or use noisy devices, the fee is trebled. If you enter Arverne by any route you may pass hucksters beside the road, busily engaged in removing the bells from their carts. The appeal to the pocket-book has been successful.

Newark attacked the problem by means of a direct law which forbade the use of bells, gongs, horns, whistles, or similar noise-makers, and went on to regulate the phonograph, a source of noise which few municipalities have been so hardy as to assail. This section of the ordinance follows:—

"Section 3. It shall be unlawful for any person, persons, company, corporation or other body of individuals, to permit or cause any sound such as that emitted by phonographs and other similar sound-producing instruments to be directed through open doors or windows into the streets or other public places within the corporate limits of the city of Newark, or permit or cause such sounds to be produced so as to be diffused in public places, within the corporate limits of the city."

Many as were the sources of noise, the

general movement against the evil was slow in starting. Recognition of the necessity of general cleanliness in the city, of control of food-supplies and water-supply, began much earlier and progressed more rapidly. Citizens could recognize that deaths resulted from lack of cleanliness. They were far slower in realizing that constant drains upon the city's forces caused by unnecessary noise might prove a serious handicap to the total efficiency of a community. Many men, hardened to noise, scornfully repudiated the conception that it could be in any way harmful, considered objectors weak sentimentalists, refused to believe that noise could be in any way harmful to the sick, and even gloried in the increasing tumult of the city as a sign of material growth. Here and there a scattered sufferer complained. Now and then some man, wiser than his generation, protested publicly. In recent years several men, Hyslop, Kempster, Lederle, Girdner, and Morse, among others, published papers and did valiant work. The American's habit of inertia in the presence of an evil suffered by all his neighbors equally with himself, hindered concerted action. Only in the last few years has the movement, which originated in New York, risen to large proportions.

Hemmed in by the North and East rivers, the long narrow strip of land which holds the crowded buildings of New York long suffered from the continual torment of resounding whistles which came from tugs and steam craft of every type. If you were a riparian New Yorker, it mattered little whether you lived in a palatial residence on Riverside Drive or in a crowded tenement on the East Side; in either case, you were haunted day and night by the continual shrieking. So confusing was the din that it was difficult for boats to make proper use of signals for meeting and passing. Tugs coming to wharves to take scows up or down the river would begin whistling two miles and more away, in order to waken sleepy watchmen on the docks. Boats sounded

their screaming call for half hours to call their crews from river-bank saloons. Pilots on river-steamers exchanged greetings with their friends on other boats by means of the whistle's cord, or gave salutes in honor of the servant girls in apartment houses that front the Drive. It was a saturnalia of sound.

Revolutions and conspiracies have a habit of springing up and flourishing where tyranny is most extreme. Russia is still a hot-bed of conspiracy; the Turkish provinces are still the stamping-ground of revolution. The tyranny of noise on the New York rivers made Riverside Drive a natural place for the beginnings of the league against noise. To one who suffered from that frenzied tumult it was a natural step to think of other sufferers, especially of the long lines of sick in hospital, helpless before its fury. From those conditions arose a leader whose single-minded devotion to the cause and singular ability of organization have produced far-reaching results. That leader is Mrs. Isaac L. Rice.

Mrs. Rice began her campaign four years ago, with an investigation of the relation between health and noise, as exemplified by the conditions in the New York hospitals. From preliminary queries sent to the officials of those institutions, the almost universal response came back that noise was injurious to patients suffering with many different types of disease. Her data once obtained, Mrs. Rice started a systematic campaign through bureau and commission, council and legislature, aimed at the abolition of the evil of unnecessary noise.

From the Department of Health to the Dock Commissioners, from the Wardens of the Port to the United States Local Steamboat Inspectors, from the Collectors' office to the Law Division, from the Police Department back to the Department of Health again, through all the mazes of the Municipal Circumlocution Office, Mrs. Rice traveled over and over again. Each and all, like their famous protemporaries, finally "gave it up,"

deciding that the reason why they did so was because the Hudson was a Federal waterway. Its noise could not be controlled by the municipality.

If genius is the capacity for "eternally pegging away at a thing," genius was surely shown in this case. Undaunted by her experiences, Mrs. Rice took her case to the Federal government: first to the Department of the Treasury, thence to the Department of Commerce and Labor, thence to the Board of Supervising Inspectors of Steam Vessels. The workings of the Federal Circumlocution Office seemed as devious as those of the municipal one. One by one, those officials "gave it up." They decided that there was no law under which the Federal government could act. Fortunately, however, even if circumlocution offices were labyrinths which ended where they began, multitudes in the world outside were becoming interested in the success of the cause. Unable though Mrs. Rice had been to secure the cessation of the noise by governmental action, private individuals by the hundreds, a great body of the press, the owners of steamboat lines, the American Association of Masters, Mates, and Pilots, had expressed their sympathy with the work and offered their aid. Influenced to some degree by this exhibition of public sentiment, the whistling stopped in part. It was but a temporary cessation. Soon it was on the increase once more.

Here, as elsewhere, legislation proved the only permanent safeguard. There was no law which governed steamboat whistling, and the only way to reach it was by a congressional bill. Congressman William S. Bennett of New York brought forward and secured the passage of a bill giving to the supervising inspectors of steamboats the right to regulate the whistling done by boats on water under their jurisdiction. This was the first bill ever passed by Congress having for its ultimate object the suppression of noise. The bill once passed, interpretation was secured, and eighty-five per cent of the

unnecessary noise due to this cause was eliminated.

The passage of the Bennett bill marked a decisive victory. Partial legislation had been secured, and the way was open to a continuance. But there was an ever-present necessity that enforcement follow legislation, and that a strong public sentiment back up enforcement, if the statutes against noise were to become effective, and not a part of the dead, useless lumber that crowds our statute-books. Legislation, enforcement, public opinion, these are three links of a chain that breaks if any one of the three be severed. To sustain all three, "to awaken public sentiment in favor of our cause, and to aid our hospitals by diminishing unnecessary noises in their immediate vicinity," the "Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise" was formed. Mrs. Rice was made president, and many distinguished Americans offered their services to the advisory board. Most important of all, fifty-nine hospitals, representing eighteen thousand and eighteen beds, had representatives on the directorate. The work of this society on the "Quiet Zone" ordinance and the "Children's Hospital Branch" deserves the imitation of other cities.

The "Quiet Zone" law in particular marked a great advance. For years an old law of New York had forbidden organ-grinders to ply their trade or hucksters to cry their wares within one block of church, hospital, or school, between the hours of nine and four. That law had been a dead letter almost from the day of its passage. It failed lamentably at three points. It was effective only in school and church hours, leaving the hospitals during the many other hours of the day at the mercy of the passers-by. It gave no public definition of the space which was to represent the vicinity, thereby making enforcement at any time extremely difficult. It did not include the manifold unnecessary noises of transportation. The new "Quiet Zone" ordinance, passed last year by the Board of Aldermen, includes all

VOL. 104 - NO. 5

noises caused by transportation, whether from horse-drawn or motor vehicles (this latter a most important point), requires the placing of conspicuous signs of "Hospital Zone," or "Hospital Street," one block away from the hospitals on all approaching streets, and enables the police to arrest any persons making unnecessary noise near a hospital.

If there is one quality of which most of us who are striving for the city's welfare need to be long, and of which we are likely to be short, it is never-failing tact. How many of us have no occasion to cry *mea culpa*! when charged with its lack? There seems to be so much to be done, so little time in which to do it. It is all the more refreshing on that account to relate the singularly happy manner in which the difficult problem of the noise of playing children about the hospitals — a serious evil because of the unfortunate fascination which ambulance cases have for the city child — was attacked. Watch the craning of necks and scampering of feet among the children as the ambulance hurries by, and you will understand that hospitals readily become gathering-places for all the children within reach. Arrest, imprisonment, or fine, even restriction of their brief rights in the playground of the streets, is a crime against the city child's starved nature, save in cases of real extremity. Recognizing this, and recognizing at the same time the need of the sick, Mrs. Rice, with the help of Mark Twain and the New York Board of Education, started the Children's Hospital Branch in the schools of New York.

From room to room, from building to building, Mrs. Rice pursued her quest, asking the children not only to be quiet themselves near the hospitals, but to use their influence to keep others quiet. In thousands they responded. I quote from Mrs. Rice's own story of the founding of the Branch, a few of the children's pledges, each written in the child's own words:—

"I offer up this sacrifice, so as to comfort the sick near hospital and any place

I know where sick persons are, and to prevent all sorts of noises that are not necessary."

"I promise just the way a president promises to be true to his country, to stop other people from making a noise, and I also will not make a noise in front of a hospital."

"My dear Miss Rice, I promise that I will never make a noise near a hospital. Positively know."

"I promise not to play near or around any hospital. When I do pass I will keep my mouth shut tight, because there are many invalids there. Nor will I make myself a perfect NUISANCE."

"With all my heart I promise you,
Just what you advised us to do,
I am willing to obey your plan,
To make the least noise as I can,
Before a hospital."

It would be hardly right to close this article without at least a word concerning the day which marks the culmination of the year's burden of noise. The Fourth of July, like the more local festivals similarly celebrated, has stood declared in recent years as a Moloch which claims its yearly toll of maimed and dying human sacrifice. Its sins lie open and declared. It has been shown again and again that the change from the red cracker of the day before to the smoke and noise of the Fourth itself, produces lists of killed and wounded greater than those of many battles. Those sorrowful lists tell but a part of the story. If we could estimate the death and suffering from the noise of that day, who doubts that they would stretch to

appalling proportions. Three hundred and sixty-odd days in the year we shield our population from the use of dangerous weapons by rigorous law and ordinance. On two or three days we allow, not only men and women, but even little children, to buy explosives of known and deadly violence without let or hindrance. The critics who call the United States "the land of inconsistencies" can scarcely point to a more notable example than this.

It is written that among the various schools of Grecian philosophy existed one known as "The Academy of Silence," composed of one hundred men, each member pledged to the purpose of the school. To them came one seeking admission. Their list of membership was closed, and their head, calling the would-be neophyte before the assembled audience, showed him without a word an urn so filled with water that not a single drop could be added. The neophyte, reading the message, bowed silently, started to withdraw, but hesitated and returned. Picking a petal from a flower, he dropped it on the brimming bowl so dexterously that it floated without dislodging the slightest particle of the liquid. The membership of the Academy of Silence became one hundred and one.

Like that ancient member of the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise, we, who wish to give quiet and rest to the sick in crowded ward and sick-room, to little children and wearied workers, must work tactfully, steadily effectively. Then will quiet come.

THE MAKING OF A PROFESSOR

BY GRANT SHOWERMAN

THE Professor's study was a single cube of brightness in the midst of the almost universal darkness of the little college town; and the Professor himself, silent and solitary, was sitting at his study table, — books to the right of him, books to the left of him, books in front of him, — hard at work on Terminations in T, while all the world slumbered.

The Professor's dissertation on Sundry Suffixes in S, written for the degree of doctor of philosophy and published five years before, had won such golden opinions that he had launched into further investigation with eye single to the glory of scholarship, scorning delights, and living days so laborious that at thirty he already displayed signs of the silvery livery of advised age. Terminations in T was to be chapter xii in his book on Consonantal Terminations in the Comedies of Terence, which was to be followed by another volume on Prefixes in P in the Plays of Plautus. Hence his apparition among the many books with no end.

But something was amiss with the Professor. It was not the lateness of the hour, though it was long after midnight. Something more permanent than mere weariness was manifest in his countenance. His features wore a wondering, worrying, harried expression. You could see that he was unsettled.

The fact is that the Professor had for some time been wavering in his faith. Not his religious faith, — I don't mean that, for Consonantal Terminations had so far crowded that out that it claimed small share in the Professor's cogitations, — but his faith in the importance of terminations in general, and particularly of Consonantal Terminations in the Comedies of Terence. He had been losing —

indeed, had lost — the reposeful sense of equilibrium and stability which had been to him the peace that passeth understanding so long as he had entertained absolutely no question as to the claim of Terminations to be his mission in life. And now a crisis was at hand.

For you must know that the Professor was, or had been when he came home from Europe to occupy his chair, a strictly approved product of the Great Graduate System of Scholarship. The appreciation of that fact, and of the process of its achievement, will help you to understand his present frame of mind.

He had been an eager student of the classics even in the secondary school, and his enthusiasm had grown during the college course. He thought he knew why men had for nineteen centuries loved Virgil's lay and Livy's pictured page, he was deeply stirred by the sentiment of Rome's least mortal mind on Old Age and Friendship, and felt all the glowing delight of genial association with the wise and kindly heathen of the Sabine Farm. "The wisdom of the ancients" was to him no idle phrase; their words seemed to him golden. Of form, he had less appreciation; but there were rare moments when he thought that he too could hear the surge and thunder of the Odyssey, and feel the reposeful progress of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.

And so, under the double impulse of his enthusiasm for literature and his admiration for the genial and pure-hearted old professor who was also his friend and inspirer, he determined to spend his life in teaching the subject he loved. He had drunk of the waters freely, and longed to direct others to the fountain. To have

young men and women sit at his feet and partake of the wisdom that giveth life to them that have it, to know that they felt toward their interpreter of the ancient masterpieces as he himself felt toward the venerable friend who illumined the page of antiquity for him, seemed to him the prize of a high calling abundantly worth pressing toward.

This was at the end of his junior year. By the end of the senior year he had decided to prepare for a college career, and arranged to spend three years in graduate study. He must be a scholar *sans peur et sans reproche*, and to insure against the possible failure of the world to recognize his genuineness, he must be approved by the System, and be stamped Ph. D.; and because the value of the stamp depended very much upon the *imprimeur*, he must go to a university which enjoyed an unassailable reputation for Scholarship.

He had always felt helpless before the immensity of knowledge, and nobly discontented with his own achievement, and had been sustained only by the conviction that he really saw the light, and saw it increasingly; but now that he was in the presence of Real Scholarship, he was aghast at the depth of his ignorance. Gross darkness covered him, and he groped in it. He despaired. What he knew about Latin seemed to count for nothing here; he was made to feel that the accuracy and thoroughness which he had been taught so well were pitifully inadequate. He knew his forms and syntax perfectly, and his translation was rich in idiom and spirit as a result, and he had supposed that it was to insure this end that his old preceptor had been so insistent upon the mastery of linguistic mechanism; but now, because he knew nothing of the theories of the subjunctive, and had never heard of rhotacism and vowel-weakening, he was of all men most miserable. He could read hexameter with ease, declaim Cicero with real effect, and was saturated with Socratic discourse, but no one seemed to

value those accomplishments here; they went for naught because he was ignorant on the subject of rhythmical clausulæ, and unacquainted with the last seven articles in the *Journal of Metrology* on the comparative merits of the quantitative and accentual theories. His appreciation of the difference between the streaming eloquence of Ciceronianism and the jolting gravity of Tacitus, the smiling satire of Horace and the wrathful lashings of Juvenal, — of what avail, when he was unable to enumerate in order the annalists, or define the relationship between Lucilius and the Old Comedy? Of what consequence, too, that he was intimately acquainted with Pliny and Martial, and their manner of life and thought, when he knew only one theory of the cut of the Roman toga, and was unable to state whether sandals were removed in the vestibule or the atrium? What virtue in his English versions of Catullus? Clearly the important thing there was to know the derivation of the manuscripts in class P'.

His disappointment was great. It seemed as if everything he had learned was of minor importance. What he had been taught to magnify he now had to minimize; instead of being carried along in the current of his enthusiasm, he found himself compelled to row against it.

At first, he bordered on rebellion. He had expected to continue the study of the Latin classics, — to read, interpret, criticise, and enjoy; but what he was actually occupied with was a variety of things no one of which was essential to literary enjoyment or appreciation, and whose sum total might almost as well have been called mathematics, or statistics, as classical literature. When he thought of his college instruction, he wondered whether the end and the means had not in some way got interchanged. He felt that now he was dealing with the husk instead of the kernel, with the penumbra rather than the nucleus, with the roots and branches, and not the flower. In his gloomier moments, he suspected that

his preceptors and companions were actually ignorant that there was a flower; if they were aware of it, they were at least strangely indifferent to its color and perfume. In his more cheerful moments, it made him laugh to see the gravity with which, *omnia magna loquentes*, they considered the momentous questions, whether a poet wrote Jupiter with two *p*'s or one, Virgil with an *i* or an *e*, and how many knots were in the big stick of Hercules. It all seemed to him monstrous and distorted. He found himself thinking of five-legged calves, two-headed babies, and other side-show curiosities.

But he had always been docile, and did not fail to reflect that scholars of reputation surely knew better than he what stuff scholarship was made of. He put aside his own inclinations, and dutifully submitted to the System; its products were to be found in prominent positions throughout the land, and what better proof of its righteousness than that? Under the direction of one professor, he filled a note-book with fragmentary data about Fescennine Verses, Varro Atacinus, and Furius Bibaculus; another book was devoted to *membra* of dramatists scattered from Susarion and Thespis to Decimus Laberius and Pseudo-Seneca; still another to the location, exact measurements (metric system), and history (dates), of every ruin of ancient Rome; others to statistics of the use of copulative coördinates, the historical present, and diphthongal *i*. In the seminar he presented compilations of text criticism, and numerical comparisons of subjunctives and ablatives with imperatives and genitives, and spent weeks in preparing for a two-hours' lead on six lines of text, treating them syntactically, epigraphically, paleographically, archæologically, philologically, — and finally, if time permitted, æsthetically. He could not, indeed, escape the reflection that, in half the time which he was obliged to consume in these activities, he might have gone far on the road to those powers of literary appreciation and that richness of intellectual

equipment which he had always coveted: the study of things about literature left him no time to study literature itself. He was athirst and famished: literature, literature everywhere, and not a moment for it. But he was in pursuit of Scholarship, and though it should slay him, yet would he trust in it. He settled to his work.

He was not long in learning the lesson. He was to be accurate, he was to be thorough, and he was to employ *method*. That is, he was to be scientific, — which, he soon found out, meant to treat his material as the mathematicians and chemists treated theirs. The seminar, he was told, was the laboratory of the classical student; and he gathered from the tone and manner in which the information was conveyed, that this was meant to dispose of a possible argument against the study of the classics. Why literature, which was an art, a thing of the spirit, should be treated as if it were composed of chemicals, or fossils, or mathematical symbols, or a quarry, he was not told, and did not audibly inquire, at least after the first month. He went on his way, trying hard to convince himself that it mattered, as greatly as his associates seemed to think, whether the battle of the Allia was fought in 390 or 388; whether the ratio of perfect subjunctives of prohibition in Plautus to present subjunctives expressing the same idea was 7 : 6 or 6.98 : 6; and whether the student of the Georgics knew the fragments of Junius Nipsus or not. It was a trifle tedious at times, and he found himself wondering what there was about learning that it should be so stupid. He was the least bit surprised to find that it seemed expected that he *would* wonder; for it was explained to him more than once that it was all for the best, and he would soon get used to it. Every fragment of truth was important, he was told, and the slightest contribution to knowledge a legacy of inestimable value, whatever its apparent insignificance; and besides, this was the way it was done in Germany. He

soon learned that the appeal to Germany was considered final, and even made use of it himself when it came handy.

But atmosphere and association work wonders. In time, he began to understand better the ideal which inspired his comrades and instructors. By the end of the first year, he was in a fair way to sympathize with them as well. During the second year he woke to the error of his ways, and became almost regenerate. There was, after all, something enthusing about accuracy, whatever the value of the material concerned; to do a thing absolutely right, to be able to defy criticism, was supremely satisfying. He conceded to his associates that mathematical accuracy in literary study as such was impossible: there was some excuse for their calling literary criticism "blue smoke." To be thorough, too, to do a thing once for all, was equally gratifying; and to possess a method which could be applied to knowledge as a lever to dead matter, or as a machine to raw material, was surely a triumph. That he was foregoing his own pleasure, and in a way sacrificing himself by slighting the literary side of his subject, may also have contributed in no slight degree to his change of attitude. To be one of the glorious company of martyrs to the cause of truth, avaricious of nothing except praise, was a blessed thought. He began rather to like the sight of his pallor, and, consciously or unconsciously, to cultivate the incipient stoop of his shoulders. The zeal of his house was soon eating him up.

It was at this point that he laid the foundations of *Sundry Suffixes in S*. He did n't more than half like the subject at first, but he had to have one which could be scientifically developed, — something which admitted of exhaustive treatment; something which had numerals in it and could therefore be definitely settled and disposed of; something, above all, which had not been written of before, in his own or any other language.

The last condition was the hardest to fulfill, and was really what determined

his choice; for everything which seemed worth while had already been done, and he had to take what was available, regardless of his own tastes or of the value of the expected result. He was consoled, however, by his associates, who cheerfully told him to have no concern on that point, that not more than one in a thousand doctor's dissertations contained anything worth while, and that the main thing was to display method, thoroughness, and accuracy. To be sure, that sounded very much like saying that it made no difference what the material of your house was, so long as the carpenter proved that he was master of his trade; but he could not afford to turn back, now that he had set his hand to the plough.

The two years following the taking of his degree he spent in Germany. His professors would not hear of his stopping with his present equipment. There he got new light, made addenda to *Suffixes in S*, which he sent home to be published in his absence, and became interested in *Consonantal Terminations*. To make my story short, what with long association with men of scholarly ideals, continual application in the effort to satisfy them and himself, and, above all, the impressiveness of German achievement in scholarship, he had gradually become imbued with scholarly ideals himself, and had even become enthusiastic. He was another triumph of the System.

Fame had preceded him on the way home: his dissertation had been published, and the comments of reviewers were all that could be desired. As he had hoped, they praised his method, his thoroughness, and his accuracy. That they said nothing of the intrinsic value of his work, he hardly noticed. He was full of the pride of scholarly achievement, and when his beloved Alma Mater extended a call to him, he tasted the joys of success, sweeter to him than honey in the honeycomb. His long period of labor had been rewarded, and he was about to enter upon the life-work of which he had so long dreamed. He accepted the call,

stipulating, of course, that he be given the work in Terence. If his mission in the world was to be fulfilled, Consonantal Terminations must have every encouragement.

The Professor felt keenly the responsibility of his position. As he remembered it, the atmosphere of his Alma Mater had not been scholarly. His venerable friend the Latin professor he had gradually come to think of as lacking in accuracy and thoroughness. The Professor could not remember ever having been taught about the Atellanæ or Togatæ when he read comedy with him, or having heard him refer to Ribbeck's *Fragmenta*. He was plainly behind the times, though perhaps useful in certain ways. The institution and the department needed a standard-bearer of Scholarship.

So the Professor had raised the standard and begun his march. He set out to cultivate the scientific temper among his students, and to set an example to his colleagues. His accuracy was wonderful, his conciseness a marvel, his deliberation unflinching, his thoroughness halted before no obstacle, his method was faultless. His recitations were grave and serious in manner and content. He never stooped to humor, for Scholarship was a jealous goddess. On one occasion, after the first of two public lectures on Latin Comedy, when some one very deferentially suggested that the next lecture would perhaps prove more attractive if he livened it up with a joke or a story now and then, "What!" cried the Professor, "do you mean that I am to lend myself to the prostitution of Scholarship?"

In class, he prescribed note-books and topics, and set his students to counting and classifying terminations. He also had them collect material to aid him on his new theory of the Subjunctive of Suggestibility, and required them to prepare abstracts of articles in the *Journals of Metrology, Archæology, and Philology*. He advocated and carried in Faculty meeting a measure providing for a thesis

requirement, and brought about many other changes inspired by his love for the System.

The Professor did not realize it for some time, but the fact was that his bearing was dignified to the point of ponderosity, and his classroom utterances on even those subjects which most roused his enthusiasm were measured and formal to the extent of frigidity. His students were compliant, and executed his commands,—they were Western students,—but they did so wonderingly, and on the basis of faith rather than reason.

Absorbed in his consonantal chase, the Professor for a long time took it for granted that his students were as much inspired as he himself by the ideals set before them. He was not stupid, however: it was only five years since he had sat in those same seats, and after several months he could not fail to note the look of bland wonder on the faces of the girls, and the incipient expression of weariness on the faces of the boys, whenever he mentioned his favorite subject. The former were possessed by a kind of child-like amazement that one small head could carry all he knew, the latter by an indifference which was saved from being disgust only by a mild conviction that the Professor was something less than absolutely right in his mentality. Among themselves they referred to him as Terminations, occasionally lengthened to Interminable Terminations.

Being really sympathetic and sensitive, the Professor noticed more and more the glances of his students. Once he detected two of them simultaneously touching their foreheads, and passing a significant wink. This came as a shock, and set him vigorously to thinking. It began to suggest itself to him increasingly that what was so fascinating to him might not be even mildly interesting to younger people who had not enjoyed his advantages of study and association. He could not help harking back to his own undergraduate days, the memory of which had been obscured by his experiences of the

past years. He remembered the uplift he had received, and yet he recalled from his courses in Sophocles and Terence nothing about terminations or constitutional antiquities or codexes. The plays themselves had been the thing, and his teacher's method had been merely, first, to see that he could translate his lessons, and then to illumine them by drawing on the wealth of his own rich garner of knowledge and experience. The effect had been spiritual, not mechanical; literature had seemed to be translated into life.

The Professor did not abate his zeal, however. He persisted in his course to the end of the year; for, was he not fostering Scholarship, and was not that his mission? Whether students were interested or enthused was not his immediate concern; his duty was to serve his mistress, and to trust her to make her own appeal. He dismissed with disdain a budding inclination to popularize. Of all things that were in heaven above, or that were in the earth beneath, or that were in the water under the earth, the System had impressed him that the worst was to be popular.

But he thought a great deal during the summer vacation, nevertheless. It is true, he did not allow himself to debate: that would have been treason to Scholarship; but not even the all-absorbing Terminations kept him from being disturbed by a vague and undefined unrest. The result was that, with some little hurt to his conscience, — his Scholarly conscience, I mean, — he set fewer and simpler tasks during the following year, and obtruded Terminations with less frequency.

During the next summer he was engaged on M, and his progress was slower. His unrest was no longer vague and undefined, but vivid and insistent, a factor in every day's experience. By the time he reached R, the following year, the serpent of doubt reared its ugly head and not only attacked the Professor's scientific method in the classroom, but laid siege to Consonantal Terminations in their very citadel. He spoke of it to no

one, of course. The only manifestation of his waywardness was in the gradual encroachment of geniality and humor upon the domain of the scientific method in his lectures and recitations. He came to the classroom with fewer notes and more smiles and spontaneity, talked more *with* his students, and less *to* them. Once or twice he was thrilled by the realization of an ancient ambition: he saw faces light up with the divine fire of enthusiasm for great art, just as he knew his had once lighted up, and he felt the joy of having put something rich into human life.

But Guilt followed him when he left the classroom. He was on the road to treason, against his will. He fought off doubt again and again, unwilling to part with the Olympian calm that sprang from the assurance that in holding to his course he was doing the supremely worth while. Often, indeed, he succeeded in reconvincing himself. The sight of his name in the learned periodicals, letters from his colleagues in other institutions, the coming of some *eruditissimus Romanorum* to deliver a lecture in his community, revived his spirit, and cast the old glamour once more over Terminations.

It must have occurred to you before this that the Professor was really a duality. He himself recognized the fact in time. He was Mr. Homo and Dr. Scholarship: the natural man with genuine and wholesome impulses, and the artificial product of a System; and Mr. Homo, long browbeaten into subjection, and venturing only now and then to reassert himself, was now clamoring aloud for full measure of recognition. The Professor saw that the day was near in the valley of decision, and that there could be no peace of mind for him until he should have entered into and emerged therefrom.

This was his state of mind on the particular evening on which we caught our first glimpse of him in his room. Mr. Homo was rebellious in the extreme, and insisted on debate and decision once for

all, threatening to fly in the face of Dr. Scholarship. The Professor threw down his pen in despair, leaned back and put his feet on the table in the midst of the sacred manuscript, and invited them to have it out. It was the first time he had really surrendered to the demands of his natural self for an impartial consideration of the question.

"Confound him, anyway, with his solemn-faced ways!" impetuously began Mr. Homo, who, not having had the benefit of the System, was less self-controlled than his enemy. "Who or what is he that you make so much fuss over him? What good is he to any one? Tell me, will you? — if you can!" Mr. Homo addressed himself directly to the Professor; for Dr. Scholarship, he knew, considered himself above argument.

The Professor consequently answered for his learned protégé. Of course, he felt bound to manifest some indignation, especially as he was secretly fond of Mr. Homo, whose genial and direct ways he had always liked, and was guiltily conscious that he was inclined to agree with him.

"What!" he exclaimed irritably. "Don't you believe in Scholarship at all?"

"That is n't what I said," replied Mr. Homo. "What I'm talking about is your version of it — your darling Terminations over there. I want to know what excuse they have for existence. Come now, who's the better for them? Your students, I suppose!" There was irony in his voice.

The Professor had to concede that five years' experience had taught him that it was better for Terminations to keep away from his classroom.

"Well, then," went on Mr. Homo, "if not *your* students, whose?"

The Professor considered a moment; he could see no reason why what was repellant and useless when set before his own students should be of benefit to the students of any one else; and he was, to tell the truth, possessed of a lively

doubt that Terminations would ever be introduced to the notice of other students. He was thinking of certain pet theories of his learned friends which *his* students had never heard of. He was silent.

"Then whom do they benefit, and whom will they benefit? The people at large? Nonsense! Whom then?"

"The Scholars of the country," said the Professor proudly, with letters and reviews in mind; and added haughtily, "You know I don't pretend to write for the common run of mankind."

Mr. Homo looked him squarely in the eye. "Very well. How many scholars are you writing for?" he queried.

The Professor was honest. He considered a while, and did not dare to place the number of those interested in his line of investigation at more than two score.

"And how many of the two score," broke in Mr. Homo eagerly, "are you sure will read your work through, or ever refer to it again if they do?"

Here the Professor's glance happened to fall on the heap of uncut books, dissertations, and reprints, lying in the corner. He reflected that his knowledge of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the products of Scholarship was limited to what he read in reviews of them, and that the reviews themselves usually paid more attention to misprints and technical errors than to really significant qualities. He saw that it was easily possible that Terminations would never be read by any one except the friends who would "kindly consent" to read the proof in return for his gratitude, which he would manifest by giving them advertising space in the preface. Possibly there might be added a reviewer or two; though he knew something of their methods, and did n't feel sure of them.

He confessed his thoughts like a man.

"Then see what you are doing," pursued Mr. Homo, with merciless logic. "Here you have spent five years in becoming a scholar, and five more in a professor's chair. During all the first

five, you neglected the much coveted privilege of enriching your mind and soul for the sake of learning how to be accurate, exhaustive, and methodical in the treatment of mere lumber; and during most of the last five, you have been robbing yourself of physical, intellectual, and spiritual growth, and cheating your classes out of the inspiration which your institution meant you to give them, and which you yourself are secretly convinced is worth more than anything else they can get. And for what? To write something for a half-dozen men to glance at and consign to a dusty heap like that of yours in the corner. Whatever good it does stops right there with those few individuals — without reaching either students or people, or contributing one iota toward making life more abundant. Waste, waste, absolute waste!" Mr. Homo's temperature was rising.

"But, my dear man," remonstrated the Professor, "you are unreasonable. There is waste in all production. Think of manufacturing processes. Think of the countless pages of scribbling and the scant body of real literature. Why, even Nature herself is wasteful!" The System had taught him this argument.

"All of which may be true," replied Mr. Homo, "without proving that waste is desirable, or that it is justifiable when it may be avoided."

"But my work is not waste! I insist on it," said the Professor. "It is a model of scholarly method, and will contribute to the spirit of scholarly activity. The nation needs it. Think of Germany! If every one should take your advice, there would be no scholarship at all!" This was the best argument the System possessed.

But Mr. Homo knew little of the arguments of the System. "That's where you're way off," he said. His language was not always Systematically dignified. "I am not objecting to effort over something worth while, nor even to a reasonable amount of training as a means to an end. But I *am* objecting to the confusion of

means and end, to the publication of books and articles on trivial subjects which have interest for few people, and value for none at all. I am objecting to the sham of writing merely for the sake of writing, and to the pretense of scholarship for the sake of gratifying personal vanity, receiving calls to coveted positions, or ministering to the greed of book concerns. I am objecting to the fraud of a system which treats the most important of the humanities as if it were the most material instead of the most spiritual of subjects; and, by inordinately emphasizing the trivial unknown, encourages the neglect of the great field of the known and approved. Here are hundreds of graduate students spending nine-tenths of their time in learned trifling over unliterary detail, and calling it scholarship; while not one out of ten of them has yet read all of his Horace or Virgil, or could give an intelligent account of their significance in universal literary history, to say nothing of making them attractive to a class. Have *you* read your Virgil within the past five years? Have you *ever* read Homer through, or Tasso, or Dante, or Milton? There, never mind, I don't want to embarrass you!"

"Am I then to contribute nothing to scholarship?" cried the Professor. "Is my life to be fruitless in the great cause?"

"Oh, dear me, no! Not at all!" Mr. Homo reassured him. "You may be a scholar yet, but don't think that you must do it right away. You are not ripe for it now. What are you about, anyway, trying to write books at thirty? One might think you had some great message for the world! Bless your heart, you don't know enough yet to write anything worth putting into print! You have n't lived enough or thought enough to possess real knowledge. The beginning and source of good writing is to know! What you have on those sheets there [the Professor had involuntarily glanced at Terminations in T] is n't *knowledge* — any more than a neat pile of bricks is

architecture. Shall I give you some good advice?"

The Professor nodded assent, and tried to frown as he did so. He liked Mr. Homo's sincerity and fearlessness, but the System was still strong enough with him to restrain him from open confession.

"Well then," continued his mentor, "drop this nonsense!" He pointed toward Terminations. "Don't write books until you have something to write about. And don't fancy that the writing of books on such subjects as that of yours is the only form of scholarship, or is necessarily scholarship at all. To be able to commune with the souls of the world's great poets,—who are, after all, the world's greatest creative scholars,—and to interpret their message to humanity, is a higher form of scholarship than the capacity for collection and arrangement of data about them. *That* is the work of a mechanic, and requires ingenuity rather than intellect. It does n't really take brains to do that. Remember that you are a teacher of literature, and that the very highest form of creative scholarship in literature is to produce new combinations in thought and language, just as in chemistry it is to discover new combinations of chemicals. If you cannot create, the next best is to interpret and transmit. Don't fancy, too, that there is no scholarship except what appears in print. If there can be sermons in stones and books in the running brooks, all the more can there be scholarship in human personality. Harken to my commandments, and your peace shall be as a river. Fill your head and your heart with the riches of our literary heritage, so that out of the abundance of the heart your mouth shall speak, so that virtue

shall go out from you to those who touch the hem of your garment, and transmute for them life's leaden metal into gold. *Inspire, and point the way!* Your old teacher was one of that kind—and to think that for a time you thought you knew more than he! He will be dead and gone years before you know as much as he knew ten years ago."

The Professor himself had for some time gradually been coming to that conclusion, and felt no resentment at the words. Nor was this his only change of opinion. The truth was, Mr. Homo had only summed up in convincing manner the Professor's most intimate cogitations for the past year or two. His conviction and conversion were only the natural result of a long process. The trammels of the System should no longer be on him. Nature, the good friend whom the pitchfork of the System had expelled, should henceforth be allowed a voice in the direction of his effort. He would know more of great books, of men, of life; his tongue and pen should flow from inspiration as well as industry; he would tell not only what was, but what it meant.

He rose and gathered together his material on Consonantal Terminations, carried it over to the corner of the room, and deposited it with the heap of reprints. Then he turned out the light and started to leave the room, but on second thought went back and picked up the sheets again, and put them in the fireplace. By the cheerful light they gave, he removed to the dusty shelves of his closet all the apparatus on Terminations which covered the table, and loaded the revolving case, and set in its place his favorite poets, novelists, historians, and essayists, glowing with pleasure at the promise of the future.

TRIMMER IN OUR CHAMBERS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

It was the same story all over again. I wanted a servant. Only, this time I wanted an elderly woman who never drank anything stronger than tea, for I had just got rid of a young person who seldom drank anything weaker than brandy, and I was still sore from the experience. Until then I had supposed it was the old who could find nobody to give them work, but my trouble was to find somebody old enough to give mine to. The "superior domestics" at the registry offices were much too well trained to confess even to middle age, and probably I should be looking for my elderly woman to this day, had not chance led Trimmer one afternoon to an office which I had left without hope in the morning; and, as her years could supply no possible demand save mine, she was sent at once to our chambers.

To tell the truth, as soon as I saw her, I began to doubt my own wisdom. I had never imagined anybody quite so respectable. In her neat but rusty black dress and cape, her hair parted and brought carefully down over her ears, her bonnet like a cap tied under her chin, her reticule hanging on her arm, she was the incarnation of British respectability; "the very type," the "old Master Rembrandt van Rijn, with three Baedeker stars." I could almost hear Mr. Henry James describing her, and all she wanted was to belong "beautifully" to me. But then she looked as old as she looked respectable, — so much older than I meant her to look, — old to the point of fragility. She admitted to fifty-five, and when mentally I added four or five years more, I am sure I was not over-generous. Her face was filled with wrinkles, her skin was curiously delicate, and she had the

pallor that comes from a steady diet of tea and bread and sometimes butter. The hands through the large, carefully-mended black gloves showed twisted and stiff, and it was not easy to fancy them making our beds and our fires, cooking our dinners, dusting our rooms, opening our front door. We needed some one to take care of us, and it was plain that she was far more in need of some one to take care of her, — all the plainer because of her anxiety to prove her capacity for work. There was nothing she could not do, nothing she would not do if I were but to name it. "I can cut about, mum, you'll see. Oh, I'm bonny!" And the longer she talked, the better I knew that during weeks, and perhaps months, she had been hunting for a place; which, at the best, is wearier work than hunting for a servant, and, at the worst, then led straight to the workhouse — all that was left for the honest poor who could not get a chance to earn their living, and who, by the irony of things, had come to dread it worse than death.

With my first doubt, I ought to have sent her away. But I kept putting off the uncomfortable duty by asking her questions, only to find that she was irreproachable on the subject of alcohol, that she preferred "beer money" to beer, that there was no excuse not to take her except her age, and this, in the face of her eagerness to remain, I had not the heart to make. My hesitation cost me the proverbial price. Before the interview was over, I had engaged her on the condition that her references were good, as of course they were; though she sent me for them to the most unexpected place in the world, a corset and petticoat shop not far from Leicester Square. Through

the quarter to which all that is disreputable in Europe drifts, where any sort of virtue is exposed to damage beyond repair, she had carried her respectability and emerged more respectable than ever.

She came to us with so little delay that I knew better than ever how urgent was her case. Except for the providentially short interval with the young "general," this was my first experience of the British servant, and it was enough to make me tremble. It was impossible to conceive of anything more British. Her print dress, changed for a black one in the afternoon, her white apron and white cap became in my eyes symbolic. I seemed, in her, to face the entire caste of British servants, who are so determined never to be slaves that they would rather fight for their freedom to be as slavish as they always have been. She knew her place, and what is more, she knew ours, and meant to keep us in it, no matter whether we liked or did not like to be kept there. I was the Mistress and J. was the Master, and if, with our American notions, we forgot it, she never did, but on our slightest forgetfulness brought us up with a round turn. So correct, indeed, was her conduct, and so respectable and venerable was her appearance, that she produced the effect in our chambers of an old family retainer. Friends would have had us train her to address me as "Miss Elizabeth," or J. as "Master J," and pass her off for the faithful old nurse who is now so seldom met out of fiction.

For all her deference, however, she clung obstinately to her prejudices. We might be as American in our ways as we pleased, she would not let us off one little British bit in hers. She never presumed unbidden upon an observation, and if I forced one from her she invariably begged my pardon for the liberty. She thanked us for everything, for what we wanted as gratefully as for what we did not want. She saw that we had hot water for our hands at the appointed hours. She compelled us to eat Yorkshire pudding with our sirloin of beef, and bread-sauce

with our fowl — in this connection how can I bring myself to say chicken? She could never quite forgive us for our indifference to "sweets;" and for the daily bread-and-butter puddings and tarts we would not have, she made up by an orgy of tipsy cakes and creams when anybody came to dine. How she was reconciled to our persistent refusal of afternoon tea, I always wondered; though I sometimes thought that, by the stately function she made of it in the kitchen, she hoped to atone for this worst of our American heresies.

Whatever she might be as a type, there was no denying that as a servant she had all the qualities. She was an excellent cook, despite her flamboyant and florid taste in "sweets;" she was sober, she was obliging, she had by no means exaggerated her talent for "cutting about," and I never ceased to be astonished at the amount she accomplished. The fire was always burning when we got down in the morning, breakfast always ready. Beds were made, lunch served, the front door opened, dinner punctual. I do not know how she did it all, and I now remember with thankfulness our scruples when we saw her doing it, and the early date at which we supplied her with an assistant in the shape of a snuffy, frowzy old charwoman. The revelation of how much too much remained for her even then came only when we lost her and I was obliged to look below the surface. While she was with us, the necessity of looking below never occurred to me; and as our chambers had been done up from top to bottom just before she moved into them, they stood her method on the surface admirably.

This method perhaps struck me as the more complete because it left her the leisure for a frantic attempt to anticipate our every wish. She tried to help us with a perseverance that was exasperating, and, as her training had taught her the supremacy of the master in the house, it was upon J. that her efforts were chiefly spent. I could see him writhe under her

devotion until there were times when I dreaded to think what might come of it, all the more because my sympathies were so entirely with him. If he opened his door, she rushed to ask what he wanted. A spy could not have spied more diligently; and as in our tiny chambers the kitchen door was almost opposite his, he never went or came that she did not know it. He might be as short with her as he could, and in British fashion order her never to come into the studio, but it was no use: she could not keep out of it. Each new visitor, or letter, or message, was an excuse for her to flounder in among the portfolios on the floor and the bottles of acid in the corner, at the risk of his temper and her life. On the whole, he bore it with admirable patience. But there was one awful morning when he hurried into my room, slammed the door after him, and in a whisper said, — he who would not hurt a fly, — “If you don’t keep that woman out of my room, I’ll wring her neck for her!”

I might have spared myself any anxiety. Had J. offered to her face to wring her neck, she would have smiled and said, “That’s all right, sir! Thank you, sir!” For, with Trimmer, to be “bonny” meant to be cheerful under any and all conditions. So long as her cherished traditions were not imperiled, she had a smile for every emergency. It was characteristic of her to allow me to christen her anew the first day she was with us, and not once to protest. We could not bring ourselves to call her Lily, her Christian name, so inappropriate was it to her venerable appearance. Her surname was even more impossible, for she was the widow of a Mr. Trim. She herself — helpful from the beginning — suggested “cook.” But she was a number of things besides, and though I did not mind my friends knowing that she was as many persons in one as the cook of the Nancy Bell, it would have been superfluous to remind them of it on every occasion. When, at my wit’s end, I added a few letters and turned the impossible Trim into Trimmer, she

could not have been more pleased had I made her a present, and from that moment she answered to the new name as if born to it.

The same philosophy carried her through every trial and tribulation. It was sure to be all right if, before my eyes and driving me to tears, she broke the plates I could not replace without a journey to Central France, or if in the morning the kitchen was a wreck after the night Jimmy, our unspeakable black cat, had been making of it. Fortunately he went out as a rule for his sprees, realizing that our establishment could not stand the wear and tear. When he chanced to stay at home, I have come down to the kitchen in the morning to find the clock ticking upside down on the floor, oranges and apples rolling about, spoons and forks under the table, cups and saucers in pieces, and Jimmy on the table washing his face. But Trimmer would meet me with a radiant smile and would put things to rights, while Jimmy purred at her heels, as if both were rather proud of the exploit, certain that no other cat in the world could, “all by his lone” and in one night, work such ruin.

After all, it was a good deal Trimmer’s fault if we got into the habit of shifting disagreeable domestic details on to her shoulders, she had such a way of offering us her shoulders for the purpose. It was she who, when Jimmy’s orgies had at last undermined his health and the “vet” prescribed a dose of chloroform as the one remedy, went to see it administered, coming back to tell us of the “beautiful corpse” he made. It was she who took our complaints to the housekeeper downstairs, and met those the other tenants brought against us. It was she who bullied stupid tradesmen and stirred up idle workmen. It was she, in a word, who served as domestic scapegoat. And she never remonstrated. I am convinced that, if I had said, “Trimmer, there’s a lion roaring at the door,” she would have answered, “That’s all right, mum! thank you, mum!” and rushed to say

that we were not at home to him. As it happens, I know how she would have faced a burglar, for one late evening when I was alone in our chambers, I heard some one softly trying to turn the knob of the door of the box-room. What I did was to shut and bolt the door at the foot of our little narrow stairway, thankful that there was a door there that could be bolted. What Trimmer did, when she came home some ten minutes later and I told her, "There's a burglar in the box-room," was to say, "Oh, is there, mum? thank you, mum. That's all right. I'll just run up and see;" and then light a candle and walk right up to the box-room and unlock and open the door. Out flew William Penn, furious with us because he had let himself be shut in where nobody had seen him go, and where he had no business to have gone. He was only the cat, I admit. But he might have been the burglar for all Trimmer knew, and — what then?

As I look back and think of these things, I am afraid we imposed upon her. At the time, we had twinges of conscience, especially when we caught her "cutting about" with more than her usual zeal. She was not designed by nature to "cut about" at all. To grow old with her meant "to lose the glory of the form." She was short, she had an immense breadth of hip, and she waddled rather than walked. When, in her haste, her cap would get tilted to one side, and she would give a smudge to her nose or her cheek, she was really a grotesque little figure, and the twinges became acute. To see her "cutting about" so unbecomingly for us at an age when she should have been allowed, unburdened, to crawl towards death, was to shift the heaviest responsibility to our shoulders and to make of us the one barrier between her and the workhouse. We could not watch the tragedy of old age in our own household without playing a more important part in it than we liked.

Her cheerfulness was the greater marvel when I learned how little reason life

had given her for it. In her rare outbursts of confidence, with excuses for the liberty, she told me that she was London born and bred, that she had gone into service young, and that she had married before she was twenty. I fancy she must have been pretty as a girl. I know she was "bonny," and "a fine one" for work, and I am not surprised that Trim wanted to marry her. He was a skilled plasterer by trade, got good wages, and was seldom out of a job. They had a little house in some far-away mean street, and though the children who would have been welcome never came, there was little else to complain of.

Trim was good to her, that is, unless he was in liquor, which I gathered he mostly was. He was fond of his glass, sociable like, and, with his week's wage in his pocket, could not keep away from his pals in the public. Trimmer's objection to beer was accounted for when I discovered that Trim's fondness for it often kept the little house without bread and filled it with curses. There were never blows. Trim was good, she reminded me, and the liquor never made him wicked — only made him leave his wife to starve, and then curse her for starving. She was tearful with gratitude when she remembered his goodness in not beating her, but when her story reached the day of his tumbling off a high ladder — the beer was in his legs — and being brought back to her dead, it seemed to me a matter of rejoicing. Not to her, however, for she had to give up the little house and go into service again, and she missed Trim and his curses. She did not complain. She always found good places, and she adopted a little boy, a sweet little fellow, like a son to her, whom she sent to school and started in life, and had never seen since. But young men will be young men, and she loved him. She was very happy at the corset and petticoat shop where she lived while he was with her. After business hours she was free, for apparently the responsibility of being alone in a big house all night was as simple for

her as braving a burglar in our chambers. The young ladies were pleasant, she was well paid. Then her older brother's wife died and left him with six children. What could she do but go and look after them when he asked her?

He was well-to-do, and his house and firing and lighting were given him in addition to high wages. He did not pay her anything, of course, — she was his sister. But it was a comfortable home, the children were fond of her, — and also of her cakes and puddings, — and she looked forward to spending the rest of her days there. But at the end of two years he married again, and when the new wife came, the old sister went. This was how it came about that, without a penny in her pocket, — with nothing save her old twisted hands to keep her out of the work-house, — she was adrift again at an age which made her undesirable to everybody except foolish people like ourselves, fresh from the horrors of a young "general" with a taste for brandy. It never occurred to Trimmer that there was anything to complain of. For her, all had always been for the best in the best of all possible worlds. That she had now chanced upon a flat and two people and one dissipated cat to take care of, and more to do than ought to have been asked of her, was but another stroke of her invariable good luck.

She had an amazing faculty of turning all her little molehills into mountains of pleasure. I have never known anything like the joy she got from her family, though I never could quite make out why. She was inordinately proud of the brother who had been so ready to get rid of her; the sister-in-law who had replaced her was a paragon of virtue; the nieces were to her so many "infant phenomena;" and one Sunday when, with the South London world of fashion, they were walking in the Embankment Gardens, she presumed so far as to bring them up to our chambers to show them off to me, and the affectionate glances she cast upon their expansive lace collars

explained that she still had her uses in the family. There was also a cousin whom, to Trimmer's embarrassment, I often found in our kitchen; but much worse than frequent visits could be forgiven her, since it was she who, after Jimmy's inglorious end, brought us William Penn, a pussy then small enough to go into her coat-pocket, but already gay enough to dance his way straight into our hearts.

Trimmer's pride, however, reached high-water mark when it came to a younger brother who traveled in "notions" for a city firm. His proprietor was the personage the rich Jew always is in the city of London, and was made alderman and lord mayor, and knighted and baroneted, during the years Trimmer spent with us. She took enormous satisfaction in the splendor of this success, counting it another piece of her good luck to be connected, however remotely, with anybody so distinguished. She had almost an air of proprietorship on the ninth of November, when from our windows she watched his show passing along the Embankment; she could not have been happier if she herself had been seated in the gorgeous Cinderella coach, with the coachman in wig and cocked hat, and the powdered footmen perched up behind; and when J. went to the lord mayor's dinner that same evening at the Guildhall, it became for her quite a family affair. Indeed, I often fancied that she thought it reflected glory on us all to have the sister of a man who traveled in "notions" for a knight and a lord mayor, living in our chambers; though she would never have taken the liberty of showing it.

Trimmer's joy was only less in our friends than in her family, which was for long a puzzle to me. There was no question that they added considerably to her already heavy task, and, in her place, I should have hated them for it. It might amuse us to have them drop in to lunch or to dinner at any time, and to gather them together once a week, on Thursday

evening. But it could hardly amuse Trimmer, to whose share fell the problem of how to make a meal prepared for two go round among four or six, or how to get to the front door and dispose of hats and wraps in chambers so small that the weekly gathering filled even our little hall to overflowing. We had sufficient sense to see that there was some one to help her on Thursdays, and she had not much to do in the way of catering. "Plain living and high talking" was the principle upon which our evenings were run, and whoever wanted more than a sandwich or so could go elsewhere. But whatever had to be done, Trimmer insisted on doing, and, moreover, on doing it until the last pipe was out and the last word spoken; and as everybody almost was an artist or a writer, and as there is no subject so inexhaustible as "shop," I do not like to remember how late that often was. It made no difference. She refused to go to bed, and in her white cap and apron, with her air of old retainer or family nurse, she would waddle about through clouds of tobacco smoke, offering a box of cigarettes here, a plate of sandwiches there, radiant, benevolent, more often than not in the way, toward the end looking as if she would drop, but apparently enjoying herself more than anybody, until it seemed as if the unkindness would be not to let her stay up in it.

More puzzling to me than her interest in all our friends was her choice of a few for her special favor. I could not see the reason for her choice, unless I had suspected her of a sudden passion for literature and art. Certainly her chief attentions were lavished on the most distinguished among our friends, who were the very people most apt to put her devotion to the test. She adored Whistler, though when he was in London he had a way, not only of dropping in to dinner, but sometimes of dropping in so late that it had to be cooked all over again. She was so far from minding, that at the familiar sound of his knock and ring her face was wreathed in smiles, she seemed

VOL. 104 - NO. 5

to look upon the extra work as a privilege, and I have known her, without a word, to trot off to the butcher's or the green-grocer's, or even to the tobacconist's in the Strand for the little Algerian cigarettes he loved. She went so far as to abandon certain of her prejudices for his benefit, and I realized what a conquest he had made when she resigned herself to cooking a fowl in a casserole and serving it without bread-sauce. She discovered the daintiness of his appetite, and it was delightful to see her hovering over him at table and pointing out the choice bits in every dish she passed. She was forever finding an excuse to come into any room where he might be. Altogether, it was as complete a case of fascination as if she had known him to be the great master he was; and she was his slave long before he gave her the ten shillings, which was valued sentimentally, as I really believe a tip never was before or since by a British servant.

Henley was hardly second in her esteem, and this was the more inexplicable because he provided her with so many more chances to prove it. Whistler then lived in Paris, and appeared only now and then. Henley lived in London half the week, and rarely missed a Thursday. For it was on that evening that the *National Observer*, which he was editing, went to press, and the printers in Covent Garden were conveniently near to our chambers. His work done, about ten or eleven, the paper put to bed, he and the train of young men then in attendance upon him would come round; and to them, in the comfortable consciousness that the rest of the week was their own, time was of no consideration. Henley exulted in talk: if he had the right audience he would talk all night; and the right audience was willing to listen so long as he talked in our chambers. But Trimmer, in the kitchen, or handing round sandwiches, could not listen, and yet she lingered as long as anybody. It might be almost dawn before he got up to go, but she was there to fetch him his

crutch and his big black hat, and to shut the door after him. Whatever the indiscretion of the hour one Thursday, she welcomed him as cordially the next, or any day in between when inclination led him to toil up the three long flights of stairs to our dinner-table.

Phil May was no less in her good graces, and his hours, if anything, were worse than Henley's, since the length of his stay did not depend on his talk. I never knew a man of less conversation. "Have a drink," was its extent with many who thought themselves in his intimacy. This was a remark which he could scarcely offer to Trimmer at the front door, where Whistler and Henley never failed to exchange with her a friendly greeting. But all the same, she seemed to feel the charm which his admirers liked to attribute to him, and to find in his smile, when he balanced himself on the back of a chair, more than a substitute for conversation, however animated. The flaw in my enjoyment of his company on our Thursdays was the certainty of the length of time he would be pleased to bestow it upon us. Trimmer must have shared this certainty, but to her it never mattered. She never failed to return his smile, though when he got down to go, she might be nodding, and barely able to drag one tired old foot after the other.

She made as much of "Bob" Stevenson, whose hours were worse than anybody's. We would perhaps run across him at a press view of pictures in the morning and bring him back to lunch, he protesting that he must leave immediately after to get home to Kew and write his article before six o'clock. And then he would begin to talk, weaving a romance of any subject that came up, — the subject was nothing, it was always what he made of it, — and he would go on talking until Trimmer, overjoyed at the chance, came in with afternoon tea; and he would go on talking until she announced dinner; and he would go on talking until all hours the next morning, long after his last train and any possibility of

his article getting into yesterday afternoon's *Pall Mall*. But early as he might appear, late as he might stay, he was never too early or too late for Trimmer.

These were her favorites, though she was ready to "mother" Beardsley, who, she seemed to think, had just escaped from the schoolroom and ought to be sent back to it; though she had a protecting eye also for George Steevens, just up from Oxford, evidently mistaking the silence which was then his habit for shyness; though, indeed, she overflowed with kindness for everybody who came. It was astonishing how, at her age, she managed to adapt herself to people and ways so unlike any she could ever have known, without relaxing in the least from her own code of conduct.

Only twice can I remember seeing her really ruffled. Once was when Felix Buhot, who, during a long winter he spent in London, was often with us on Thursdays, went into the kitchen to teach her to make coffee. The inference that she could not make it hurt her feelings; but her real distress was to have him in the kitchen, which "ladies and gentlemen" should not enter. Between her desire to get him back to the dining-room and her fear lest he should discover it, she was terribly embarrassed. It was funny to watch them: Buhot, unconscious of wrong and of English, intent upon measuring the coffee and pouring out the boiling water; Trimmer fluttering about him with flushed and anxious face, talking very loud and with great deliberation, in the not uncommon conviction that the foreigner's ignorance of English is only a form of deafness.

On the other occasion she lost her temper, the only time in my experience. It was a Sunday afternoon, and Whistler, appearing while she was out and staying on to supper, got Constant, his man, to add an onion soup and an omelet to the cold meats she had prepared, for he would never reconcile himself to the English supper. She was furious when she got back and found that her pots and

pans had been meddled with, and her larder raided. She looked upon it as a reproach: as if she could n't serve Mr. Whistler as well as any foreign servant, — she had no use for foreign servants anyhow, — she would not have them making their foreign messes in any kitchen of hers! It took days and careful diplomacy to convince her that she had not been insulted.

I was the more impressed by this outbreak of temper because, as a rule, she gave no sign of seeing, or hearing, or understanding anything that went on in our chambers. She treated me as I believe royalty should be treated, leaving it to me to open the talk, or to originate a topic. I remember once, when we were involved in a rumpus which had been discussed over our dinner-table for months beforehand, and which at the time filled the newspapers and was such public property that everybody in our "quarter" — the milkman, the florist at the Temple of Pomona in the Strand, the housekeeper downstairs, the postman — congratulated us on our victory, Trimmer alone held her peace. I could not believe that she really did not know, and at last I asked her:—

"I suppose you have heard, Trimmer, what has been going on these days?"

"What, mum?" was her answer.

Then, exasperated, I explained.

"Why yes, mum," she said. "I beg your pardon, mum, I really could n't 'elp it. I 'ave been reading the pipers, and the 'ousekeeper she was a-talkin' to me about it before you come in, and the postman too, and I was sayin' as 'ow glad I was. I 'ope you and Master won't think it a liberty, mum. Thank you, mum!"

I remember another time, when some of our friends took to running away with other friends' wives, and things became so complicated for everybody that our Thursday evenings were brought to a sudden end: but Trimmer kept the same stolid countenance throughout, until, partly to prevent awkwardness, partly

out of curiosity, I asked her if she had seen the papers.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, mum," she hesitated, "thank you, mum, I'm sure. I know it's a liberty, but you know, mum, they've all been 'ere so often I could n't 'elp noticing there was somethink. And I'm very sorry, mum, if you'll excuse the liberty, they all was such lidies and gentlemen, mum."

And so, I should never have known there was another reason, besides the natural kindness of her heart, for her interest in our friends and her acceptance of their ways, if, long before this, I had not happened to say to her one Friday morning, —

"You seem, Trimmer, to have a very great admiration for Mr. Phil May?"

"I 'ope you and Master won't think it a liberty, mum," she answered, in an agony of embarrassment, "but I do like to see 'im, and they allus so like to 'ear about 'im at 'ome. They're allus asking me when I 'ave last seen 'im or Mr. Whistler."

Then it came out. Chance had bestowed upon her father and one of the great American magazines the same name, with the result that the magazine was looked upon by her brother and herself as belonging somehow to the family. The well-to-do brother subscribed to it, the other came to his house to see each new number. Through the illustrations and articles they had become as familiar with artists and authors as most people in England are with "the winners," and their education had reached at least the point of discovery that news does not begin and end in Sport. Judging from Trimmer, I doubt if at first their patronage of art and literature went much further, but this was far enough for them to know, and to feel flattered by the knowledge, that she was living among people who figured in the columns of art and literary gossip as prominently as "the winners" in the columns of the Sporting Prophets, though they would have been still more flattered had her lot been cast

among the Prophets. In a few cases, their interest soon became more personal.

It was their habit — why, I do not suppose they could have said themselves — to read any letter Whistler might write to the papers at a moment when he was given to writing, though what they made of the letter when read was more than Trimmer was able to explain; they also looked out for Phil May's drawings in *Punch*; they passed our articles round the family circle, a compliment hardly more astonishing to Trimmer than to us. As time went on, they began to follow the career of several of our other friends to whom Trimmer introduced them; and it was a gratification to them all, as well as a triumph for her, when on Sunday afternoon she could say, "Mr. Crockett or Mr. 'Arold Frederick was at Master's last Thursday." Thus, through us, she became for the first time a person of importance in her brother's house, and I suspect also quite an authority in Brixton on all questions of art and literature. Indeed, she may, for all I know, have started another Carnegie Library in South London.

It is a comfort now to think that her stay with us was pleasant to her; wages alone could not have paid our debt for the trouble she spared us during her five years in our chambers. I have an idea that, in every way, it was the most prosperous period of her life. When she came, she was not only without a penny in her pocket, but she owed pounds for her outfit of aprons and caps and dresses. Before she left, she was saving money. She opened a book at the Post Office Savings Bank; she subscribed to one of those societies which would assure her a "respectable funeral," for she had the ambition of all the self-respecting poor "to be put away decent," after having, by honest work, kept "off the parish" to the end. Her future provided for, she could make the most of whatever pleasures the present might throw in her way — the pantomime at Christmas, a good seat for the Queen's jubilee procession; above

all, the two weeks' summer holiday. No child got so much excitement out of the simplest treat. No journey was ever so full of adventure as hers to Margate, or Yarmouth, or Hastings, from the first preparation to the moment of return, when she would appear laden with presents of Yarmouth bloaters or Margate shrimps, to be divided between the old charwoman and ourselves.

If she had no desire to leave us, we had none to have her go; and, as the years passed, we did not see why she should. She was old, but she bore her age with vigor. She was hardly ever ill, and never with anything worse than a cold or an indigestion, though she had an inconvenient talent for accidents. The way she managed to cut her fingers was little short of genius. One or two were always wrapped in rags. But no matter how deep the gash, she was as cheerful as if it were an accomplishment. With the blood pouring from the wound, she would beam upon me: "You 'ave no idea, mum, what wonderful flesh I 'as fur 'ealin'." Her success in falling down our little narrow stairway was scarcely less remarkable. But the worst tumble of all was the one which J. had so long expected. He had just moved his portfolios to an unaccustomed place one morning when a letter, or a message, or something, sent her stumbling into the studio with her usual impetuosity, and over she tripped. It was so bad that we had to have the doctor, her arm was so seriously strained that he made her carry it in a sling for weeks. We were alarmed, but not Trimmer.

"You know, mum, it *is* lucky; it might 'ave been the right harm and that would 'ave been bad!"

She really thought it another piece of her extraordinary good luck.

Poor Trimmer! It needed so little to make her happy, and within five years of her coming to us that little was taken from her. All she asked of life was work, and a worse infirmity than age put a stop to her working for us, or for anybody

else, ever again. At the beginning of her trouble, she would not admit to us, nor I fancy to herself, that anything was wrong, and she was "bonny," though she went "cutting about" at snail's pace, and her cheerful old face grew haggard. Presently, there were days when she could not keep up the pretense, and then she said her head ached and she begged my pardon for the liberty. I consulted a doctor. He thought it might be neuralgia, and dosed her for it; she thought it her teeth, and had almost all the few still left to her pulled out. And the pain was worse than ever. Then, as we were on the point of leaving town for some weeks, we handed over our chambers to the frowzy old charwoman, and sent Trimmer down to the sea at Hastings. She was waiting to receive us when we returned, but she gave us only the ghost of her old smile in greeting, and her face was more haggard and drawn than ever. For a day she tottered about from one room to another, cooking, dusting, making beds, and looking all the while as if she were on the rack. She was a melancholy wreck of the old cheerful, bustling, exasperating Trimmer; and it was more than we could stand. I told her so. She forgot to beg my pardon for the liberty in her hurry to assure me that nothing was wrong, that she could work, that she wanted to work, that she was not happy when she did not work.

"Oh, I'm bonny, mum, I'm bonny!" she kept saying over and over again.

Her despair at the thought of stopping work was more cruel to see than her physical torture, and I knew, without her telling me, that her fear of the pain she might have still to suffer was nothing compared to her fear of the workhouse she had toiled all her life to keep out of. She had just seven pounds and fifteen shillings for her fortune; her family, being working people, would have no use for her once she was of no use to them; our chambers were her home only so long as she could do in them what she had agreed to do; there was no Work-

men's Compensation Act in those days, no old-age pensions, even if she had been old enough to get one. What was left for a poor woman, full of years and pain, save the one refuge which, all her life, she had been taught to look upon as scarcely less shameful than the prison or the scaffold?

Well, Trimmer had done her best for us; now we did our best for her, and, as it turned out, the best that could be done. Through a friend, we got her into St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Her case was hopeless from the first. A malignant growth so close to the brain that at her age an operation was too serious a risk, and without it she might linger in agony for months, — this was what life had been holding in store for Trimmer during those long years of incessant toil, and self-sacrifice, and obstinate belief that a drunken husband, a selfish brother, an empty purse, were all for the best in our best of all possible worlds.

She did not know how ill she was, and her first weeks at the hospital were happy. The violence of the pain was relieved, the poor tired old body was the better for the rest and the cool and the quiet, she who had spent her strength waiting on others enjoyed the novel experience of being waited on, herself. There were the visits of her family on visiting days, and mine in between, to look forward to; some of our friends, who had grown as fond of her as we, sent her fruit and flowers, and she liked the consequence all this gave her in the ward. Then, the hospital gossip was a distraction, perhaps because in supping so full of the horrors of others she could forget her own. My objection was that she would have me share the feast, sparing me not a single detail. But in some curious way I could not fathom, it seemed a help to Trimmer, and I had not the heart to cut her stories short.

After a month or so, the reaction came. Her head was no better, and what was the hospital good for if they could n't cure her? She grew suspicious, hinting

dark things to me about the doctors. They were keeping her there to try experiments on her, and she was a respectable woman and always had been, and she did not like to be stared at in her bed by a lot of young fellows. The nurses were as bad, and between them they would never let her go, though once out of their clutches she would be bonny again, she knew. Probably the doctors and nurses knew too, for the same suspicion is more often than not their reward; and indeed it was so unlike Trimmer that she must have picked it up in the ward. Anyway, in their kindness they had kept her far longer than is usual in such cases, and when they saw her grow restless and unhappy, it seemed best to let her go. At the end of four months, and to her infinite joy, Trimmer, five years older than when she came to us, in the advanced stage of an incurable disease, with a capital of seven pounds and fifteen shillings, was free to begin life again.

I pass quickly over the next weeks — I wish I could have passed over them as quickly at the time. My visits were now to a drab quarter on the outskirts of Camden Town, where Trimmer had set up as a capitalist. She boarded with her cousin, many shillings of her little store going to pay the weekly bill; she found a wonderful doctor who promised to cure her in no time, and into his pockets the rest of her poor savings flowed. There was no persuading her that he could not succeed where the doctors at the hospital had failed, and so long as she went to him, for us to help her would only have meant more shillings for an unscrupulous quack who traded on the ignorance and credulity of the poor. Week by week I saw her grow feebler, week by week I knew her little capital was dribbling fast away. She seemed haunted by the dread that her place would be taken in our chambers, and that, once cured, she would have to hunt for another. That she was "bonny" was the beginning and end of all she had to say. One morning, to prove it, she managed to drag herself

down to see us, arriving with just strength enough to stagger into my room, her arms outstretched to feel her way, for the disease, by this time, was affecting both eyes and brain. Nothing would satisfy her until she had gone into the studio, stumbling about among the portfolios, I on one side, on the other J., with no desire to wring her neck, for it was grim tragedy we were guiding between us, — tragedy in rusty black with a reticule hanging from one arm, — five years nearer the end than when first the curtain rose upon it in our chambers. We bundled her off as fast as we could in a cab with the cousin who had brought her. She stopped in the doorway.

"Oh, I'm bonny, mum. I can cut about, you'll see!" And she would have fallen, had not the cousin caught and steadied her.

After that, she had not the strength to drag herself anywhere, not even to see the quack. A week later she took to her bed, almost blind, her poor old wits scattered beyond recovery. I was glad of that: it spared her the weary waiting and watching for death while the shadow of the grim building she feared still more drew ever nearer. I hesitated to go and see her, for my mere presence stirred her into consciousness, and reminded her of her need to work and her danger if she could not. Then there was a day when she did not seem to know I was there, and she paid no attention to me, never spoke. But, just as I was going, of a sudden she sat bolt upright: —

"Oh, I'm bonny, mum, I'm bonny. You'll see!" she wailed, and sank back on her pillows.

These were Trimmer's last words to me, and I left her at death's door, still crying for work, as if in the next world, as in this, it was her only salvation. Very soon, the cousin came to tell me that the little capital had dribbled entirely away, and that she could not keep Trimmer without being paid for it. Could I blame her? She had her own fight against the shadow hanging all too close now over

Trimmer. Her 'usband worked 'ard, she said, and they could just live respectable, and Trimmer's brothers, they was for sending Trimmer to the workus. They might have sent her, and I doubt if she would have been the wiser. But could we see her go? It was of our comfort we were thinking, for our own peace of mind, that we interfered and arranged that Trimmer should board with her cousin until a bed was found in another hospital. It was found, mercifully, almost at once, but, before I had time to go there, the Great Release had come for her: and we heard with thankfulness that the old head was free from suffering, that the twisted hands were still, that fear of the work-house could trouble her no more. Life's one gift to Trimmer had been toil, pain her one reward, and it was good to know that she was at rest.

The cousin brought us the news. But I had a visit the same day from the sister-in-law, the paragon of virtue, a thin, sharp-faced woman of middle age. I said what I could in sympathy, telling her how much we missed her, how well we should always remember her. But this was not what she had come to hear. She let me get through. She drew the sigh appropriate for the occasion. Then she settled down to business. When did I propose to pay back the money Trimmer had spent on the doctor in Camden Town? I did n't propose to at all, I told her: he was a miserable quack and I had done my best to keep Trimmer from going to him; besides, fortunately for her, she was beyond the reach of money that was not owing to her. The sister-in-law was indignant. The family always understood I had promised, a promise was a promise, and now they depended on me for the funeral. I reminded her of the society to which Trimmer had subscribed solely to meet

that expense. But she quickly let me know that the funeral the society proposed to provide fell far short of the family's standard. To them it appeared scarcely better than a pauper's. The coffin would be plain, there would be no oak and brass handles, — worse, there would be no plumes for the horses and the hearse. To send their sister to her grave without plumes would disgrace them before their neighbors. Nor would there be a penny over for the family mourning — could I allow them, the chief mourners, to mourn without crape?

I remembered their willingness to let Trimmer die as a pauper in the work-house. After all, she would have the funeral she had provided for. She would lie no easier in her grave for oak and brass handles, for plumes and crape. Her family had made use of her all her life; I did not see why I should help them to make use of her after her death, that their grief might be trumpeted in Brixton and Camden Town. I brought the interview to an end. But sometimes I wonder if Trimmer would not have liked it better if I had helped them, if plumes had waved from the heads of the horses that drew her to her grave, if her family had followed swathed in crape. She would have looked upon it as another piece of her extraordinary good luck if, by dying, she had been of service to anybody.

I do not know where they buried her. Probably nobody save ourselves to-day has as much as a thought for her. But, if self-sacrifice counts for anything, if martyrdom is a passport to Heaven, then Trimmer should take her place up there by the side of St. Francis of Assisi, and Joan of Arc, and St. Vincent of Paul, and all those other blessed men and women whose life was given for others, and who thought it was "bonny."

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

VI

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

KIRKLAND's brigade was followed by Cooke's, also made up entirely of North Carolinians, and then came Walker's and Davis's brigade. Wilcox with his four brigades followed Heth, while Anderson's, the other division of Hill's corps, was far to the rear, having been left with Ramseur and Mahone to look after the trains and to guard the fords.

"We first struck cavalry dismounted, and one company after another added to the line till the entire regiment was engaged, and pushed them back over five miles," says the record of the Forty-seventh North Carolina. They did not push Hammond back quite so far; but the way he stood them off undoubtedly made it seem as long as that. Of course, had Lee wished to crowd them, Heth's men could and would have quickly brushed away those five hundred caval-rymen.

While Ewell was marshaling rather cautiously in front of Griffin, Heth kept on slowly down the Plank Road, and every once in a while from the south-west came the boom of Wilson's guns, who, three or four miles away, on the Catharpin Road, was engaging Fitz Lee and Rosser right valiantly. At last the North Carolinians were in reach of the Brock Road, but Wheaton's sudden appearance put a new aspect on affairs. Heth, having pushed his skirmish line hard up, and Wheaton not budging, notified Hill that he had reason to believe a strong force was in his front. Before this news could reach headquarters, Lee's mind being wholly taken up with what had just happened on

Ewell's right, namely, the overthrow of Jones's and Battle's brigades and the savage fighting inaugurated on the Pike, he had ordered Wilcox to move toward the danger point. Wilcox left McGowan and Scales to look after Crawford, and pressed northward through the woods with his other brigades, Lane's and Thomas's. Riding ahead of his troops, he found Gordon, and had barely spoken to him when a volley broke from where he had left his men. The musketry he had heard was between his people and McCandless, who, having failed to make any connection with Wadsworth, was moving forward by compass, and, as it proved, right into the arms of Wilcox's two brigades, which very soon disposed of him, capturing almost entire the Seventh Pennsylvania. His case illustrates well the chance collisions which marked the fighting in the Wilderness, owing to the density of the woods, where commands repeatedly lost their way to the positions to which they were directed.

After Warren's repulse, Sedgwick not threatening seriously, Ewell having intrenched himself firmly and apparently safely before both of them, Lee gave attention to the news sent by Heth in regard to our stubborn lines at the junction, and about half-past three he sent this message to him by Colonel Marshall, his chief of staff: "General Lee directs me to say that it is very important for him to have possession of Brock Road, and wishes you to take that position, provided you can do so without bringing on a general engagement." And here let me make this comment on Lee's message.

All authorities agree that his orders in every case to those in front that day were qualified by the caution not to bring on a general engagement. Orders of this kind are embarrassing; for a corps or division commander never knows how far to push his successes. Their evils had a good illustration at Gettysburg. There Lee used identically the same language on the first day; and when Trimble urged Ewell to take advantage of the complete overthrow of our First Corps and follow up our disordered troops and seize the Cemetery Ridge, he replied that he had orders from Lee not to bring on a general engagement. Lee's orders were indeterminate, and therefore hampering; and for that reason, and on that account, I believe, he lost the battle of Gettysburg.

Heth replied in effect that the only way to find out whether it would bring on a general engagement was to make the attempt; and while Marshall returned for a reply, he formed his division across the Plank Road in line of battle, ready to go ahead if that should be the command. Cooke's brigade was in the centre, the Fifteenth and Forty-sixth on the right (facing east), the Twenty-seventh and Forty-eighth North Carolina on the left of the road. Davis's brigade, the Second, Eleventh and Forty-second Mississippi, and the Fifty-fifth North Carolina, was on Cooke's left. Walker was on his right, Kirkland in reserve. The line on which Heth's troops were formed had not been chosen for the special advantages of defense it offered, but rather by chance, for he expected to be the assailant. A better one, however, as it turned out, could not have been selected. It conformed to the low, waving ridges between the morasses, offering splendid standing ground, and was almost invisible until within forty or fifty yards. Ready to go ahead or ready to hold, there they were when the quick, sharp, cracking fire of the skirmish line told them that the Union's defenders were coming.

Now let us turn to Getty, but let us yield for a moment to one of those soft

tones that Time now and then utters to woo us back from all the strife of life to the calm, sweet march of a summer day. The engagement on the Plank Road began about half after four — that hour when the elms in the northern meadows were beginning to lengthen, and the cows to feed toward the bars; the thrushes, in the thickets where the dog-tooth violet and the liverwort bloom, were beginning to strike their first clear ringing notes, and the benignant serenity of the day's old age was spreading over fields and pastures. It was then that the men from the North, from Pennsylvania, New York, and far-away Vermont, heard the expected order to advance. As they leap over the breastworks, for a moment their colors splash in the edge of the woods, but almost in the twinkling of an eye, the lines of men in blue, the guns, and the rippling flags, disappear. Soon crash after crash is heard, cheers, volleys, and wild cheers, and in a little while gray smoke begins to sift up through the treetops; and in a little while, too, pale wounded fellows, supported by comrades or borne on litters, begin to stream out of the woods.

Getty, the cool, intellectually broad-based man, moved forward with his men; between him and them and immediately in front of him was a section (2 guns) of Rickett's Pennsylvania battery. Within less than a half-mile his troops had met Heth's almost face to face, and in the deepening shadows they plunged at each other. Wheaton's men on the north side of the road encountered half of Cooke's and all of Davis's brigade posted on the hither side of the tangled morasses already mentioned, and in some places, at not more than one hundred and fifty feet apart, they poured volley after volley into each other. And so it was on the south side with the gallant Vermonters: they too met the enemy face to face; and I have no doubt that the traveling stars and roaming night-winds paused and listened as the peaks in the Green Mountains called to each other that night, in tearful pride of the boys from Vermont

who were lying under the sullen oaks of the Wilderness; for never, never had they shown more bravery or met with bloodier losses.

Hays, who had been sent just as the action began to Getty's right, after having double-quickened to his position, rested for a moment and then moved forward, the Seventeenth Maine on his extreme right. As Davis reached far beyond Wheaton's right, Hays soon came up against him and joined battle at once. Owing to the nature of the ground,—the zigzagging morass was between them,—continuous lines could not be maintained by either side, and the result was that wings of regiments became separated from each other; but together or apart, the fighting was desperate, and it is claimed that Hays's brigade lost more men than any other of our army in the Wilderness. Hays himself (a classmate of Hancock, both being in the class after Grant's) during a lull rode down the line of battle with his staff, and when he reached his old regiment, the Sixty-third Pennsylvania, he stopped. While he was speaking a kindly word, a bullet struck him just above the cord of his hat, crashing into his brain; he fell from his horse and died within a few hours.

When Birney sent Hays to Getty's right, he led his other brigade (Ward's) to Getty's left. As soon as Birney moved, Mott was ordered by Hancock to go directly forward with his two brigades from the Brock Road, which would bring him up on Birney's left. The fighting became so fierce at once and the musketry so deadly, that aide soon followed aide to Hancock, who was posted at the crossing, from Birney, Getty, Hays, and about every brigade commander, calling for help. At 4.30 Carroll was sent for and ordered to support Birney, who, as soon as he came up, advanced him to the right of the Plank Road. Owens's brigade of Gibbon's division followed, and was put in on the left and right. Brooke, who was back at Welford's Furnace on the road from Chancellorsville to Todd's Tavern,

made his way as fast as he could through the woods, his men quickening their steps as the volleys grew louder; he reached the Brock at 5.30 and at once pushed into the fight, joining Smyth who, being nearer, had proceeded with his gallant Irish brigade to the line of battle to take the place of one of Mott's brigades that had barely confronted the enemy when panic seized it and it broke badly, unsteady for a moment the troops on its right and left. This brigade did not stop till it crouched behind the breastworks it had left along the road. Miles's and Franks's brigades of Barlow's division had become engaged also.

At ten minutes of six—the sun dropping toward the treetops, and twilight, owing to the density of the woods, gathering fast—Lyman, who had stayed at Hancock's side to give Meade timely information as to the progress of events, reported, "We barely hold our own; on the right the pressure is heavy. General Hancock thinks he can hold the Plank and Brock roads, but he can't advance."

The battle raged on. Wheaton's men on the north, and the Vermonters on the other or south side of the road with Ward's brigade, were still standing up to it, although suffering terribly. The Confederates in front of them had the advantage of a slight swell in the ground, and every attempt to dislodge them had met with slaughter. Birney sent a couple of regiments to their support. About sundown the commanding officer of the Fifth Vermont was asked if he thought, with the help of Birney's men, he could break the enemy's line. "I think we can," replied the stout-hearted man. And when Birney's men were asked if they would give their support, they answered, "We will," with a cheer. And again they went at the enemy's line, which partially gave way; but, so dense were the woods that a break at one point had mighty little moral effect to the right or left, with troops as steady as theirs and ours.

Between half-past five and six o'clock

the enemy—McGowan's and Kirkland's brigades having come in to relieve Heth's exhausted troops in front of Getty—charged, and for a moment planted their colors beside one of the guns of Rickett's section, whose horses had been killed. But Grant's and Wheaton's lines, although thrust back momentarily by the sudden onslaught, braced and drove the Confederates away from the guns. A little later Carroll and Owens, Brooke and Smyth and Miles came up, extending the line southward, and relieved Grant, Wheaton, Hays, and Ward. Carroll, after relieving Wheaton, fought his way in the twilight fairly across the now riddled swamp, then sent the Eighth Ohio up the south and the Seventh West Virginia up the north side of the road, beyond the disabled section where Captain Butterworth of his staff and Lieutenant McKesson of the Eighth, by the aid of squads from the Eighth Ohio and Fourteenth Indiana, dragged back the guns, Lieutenant McKesson receiving a severe wound.

The sun having gone down, darkness soon settled around them all, but the struggle did not end. Never was better grit shown by any troops. They could not see each other and their positions were disclosed only by the red, angry flashes of their guns. Their line stretched from about two-thirds of a mile north of the Plank Road to a distance of a mile and a half south of it. And so, shrouded in the smoke, and standing or kneeling among their dead, both sides kept on. All other sounds having died away, the forest now at every rolling discharge roared deeply. At last, about eight o'clock or a little after, the volleys that had been so thundering and dreadful stopped almost suddenly, and Getty's and Birney's scarred and well-tried veterans were led back to the Brock Road; and there, beside its lonely, solemn way, they lay down and rested.

And what is this movement of mind and heart? It is imagination lifting the veil from the inner eye, and lo! we

see Honor proudly standing guard over them all. Getty's division on that day and the next met with the heaviest loss experienced by any division during the war, and his Vermont brigade of this division lost more men on that afternoon of the fifth than the entire Second Corps. Of the officers present for duty, three-fourths were killed or wounded.

As at the beginning, so now at the end, Hancock's lines were close up against Hill's, but in great irregularity and confusion; and Birney, Brooke, Miles, Carroll, and officers of Hancock's staff, were all busy to a late hour in straightening them out.

When the firing ceased on Hancock's front, to those of us around the Lacy house and at Grant's headquarters the silence was oppressive. But soon the stars were shining softly and the merciful quiet of night came on; and wheresoever a mortally wounded man could be reached who was crying for water and help,—some of them in high, wild delirious screams of despair and agony; others with just enough breath left to be heard, alas! too often, only by the bushes around them,—surgeons and friendly comrades, and sometimes their foes, stole to them and did all they could for them.

I wonder what was going on in the breast of the Spirit of the Wilderness as night deepened. I wonder, too, as the spirits of those youths—they averaged less than twenty years—rose all through that night above the treetops, I wonder if they asked which was right and which was wrong as they bore on, a great flight of them, toward Heaven's gate. On and on they go, following the road Christ made for us all, past moon and stars—the air is growing balmy, landscapes of eternal heavenly beauty are appearing; in the soft breezes that kiss their faces there is the faint odor of wild grapes in bloom, and lo! they hear a choir singing, "Peace on earth, good will toward men!" And two by two they lock arms like college boys and pass in together; and so may it be for all of us at last.

Well, well! But let us record somewhat of our antagonists' doings.

At an early hour in the afternoon, Richards's North Carolina battery of Poague's artillery battalion went into position between Widow Tapp's house and the woods, throwing little epaulements in front of their pieces. As soon as Heth became heavily engaged, Lee, who was close by, having established his headquarters in the old field, sent orders to Wilcox to return at once to the Plank Road,—for he could not mistake what the crashing volleys meant,—and directed Scales and McGowan to his support, Crawford meanwhile having been withdrawn from their front, back and down to within a mile of the Lacy house.

Wilcox, on receipt of the urgent orders, set his two brigades, Thomas's and Lane's, in quick motion, filed across the Chewning farm in sight of the signal officers on Crawford's line, and then took the wood-road—leaf-strewn and shadow-mottled—that joins Chewning's and Widow Tapp's, skirting the abrupt descents to Wilderness Run. Through the timber, and over the treetops in the valley, he caught distant views of the Lacy house, Grant's headquarters, and the old Wilderness Tavern. He caught sight, too, of Wadsworth moving past the Lacy house toward Getty. For, Grant and Meade being at Warren's headquarters at the Lacy house as our signal officers reported the march of Wilcox's column, Grant at once ordered a diversion to be made by Warren against Heth's flank and rear. Wadsworth, who was terribly chagrined over the conduct of his division in the attack up the Pike, was anxious to retrieve the reputation of his troops, and asked to be chosen to go. Accordingly Warren sent him, and Baxter's brigade of Robinson's division with him. It was nearly six o'clock as he filed down across the fields, Roebing leading the way.

Grant, inferring from Wilcox's march that Lee was detaching from Ewell to strike his left, ordered Warren and Sedg-

wick to renew the attack on their fronts immediately. When Wilcox reached Lee he reported to him what he had seen through the timber, and Lee sent the following despatch at once to Ewell:—

May 5, 1864, 6 P. M.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL EWELL,
Commanding, etc.

General: The commanding general directs me to repeat a message sent you at 6 P. M. The enemy persist in their attack on General Hill's right. Several efforts have been repulsed, and we hold our own as yet. The general wishes you to hurry up Ramseur, send back and care for your wounded, fill up your ammunition, and be ready to act by light in the morning. General Longstreet and General Anderson are expected up early, and unless you see some means of operating against their right, the general wishes you to be ready to support our right. It is reported that the enemy is massing against General Hill, and if an opportunity presents itself and you can get Wilderness Tavern ridge and cut the enemy off from the river, the general wishes it done. The attack on General Hill is still raging. Be ready to act as early as possible in the morning.

Yours, most respectfully,

C. MARSHALL,
Lieutenant-Colonel
and Aide-de-Camp.

Of all the despatches in the War Records relating to the battle, this one has for me more intrinsic interest than any other. It not only coördinates as to time the movements of Wilcox, Wadsworth, and Sedgwick, but it makes a still more enlightening disclosure, revealing at a flash the towering personalities and the workings of the minds of both Grant and Lee. Let us revert to the situation illuminated by the light it throws.

Grant and Meade, Grant mounted on Egypt, or Cincinnati, a black-pointed, velvety-eared, high-bred bay, Meade with drooping hat on his fox-walk, old

"Baldy," have come to the Lacy house and are grouped under the same old venerable trees that are there still, dreaming, swaying with the wind. They were accompanied by several of their staffs, of whom I remember Babcock and Dunn of Grant's, Edie and Cadwalader of Meade's. Grant and Meade at this time are told that a signal officer on Crawford's line has just seen a column of troops (it was Wilcox's) marching rapidly toward Heth. Locke's despatch to Humphreys confirming the news is dated 5.45 P. M. Grant with lightning speed catches the significance of the news, and moves Wadsworth toward Getty to fall on Heth's flank, and at the same time orders Warren and Sedgwick to strike at once at Ewell.

Wadsworth is hardly on his way before Wilcox reaches Lee and tells him what he saw through the timber. Lee's inferences, the converse of Grant's, flood in at once: Grant is weakening his line in front of Ewell, and, as the volleys come rolling up one after another from Heth and Getty, Lee tells Ewell to make a dash if he can for the ridge east of Wilderness Run.

Could we have anything better than this despatch with its accompanying evoking light to show the clear-sightedness, quick resolution, swift unhesitating grasp, and high mettle of both Grant and Lee? their instinctive discernment of the significance of the shifting phases of battle? Grant's indomitable will to take advantage of them; Lee's warrior blood boiling with the first whiff of the smell of battle, and his tendency then to throw his army like a thunderbolt out of a cloud at his adversary? That smell of battle always set Lee ablaze; and his sweeping comprehension of the immediate moves to be made, augmented by the warmth of his fiery spirit, I think, was the source of the influence he shed around him as he fought a battle.

Lee had some advantages over Grant that afternoon. He knew his army, and his army knew him; Grant was a stranger

to his. Lee was where he could see the field; Grant where he could not. Lee knew the country well; Grant had never before entered its fateful labyrinth. Moreover, Lee knew what he wanted to do; and the above despatch of Colonel Marshall's, ringing with its resolute purpose, tells how he hoped to do it.

But, Colonel Marshall, there is a quiet, modest, blue-eyed, medium-sized man down on that knoll near the Lacy house, — cut a short vista through these pines behind you, and you can see where he is in the distance, — whom at last at Appomattox you and Lee will meet; and, strangely enough, the ink-bottle you are now using will be used then to draw the terms of surrender; down on the knoll is a gentle-voiced man who has an undimayable heart in his breast, and he will meet you to-morrow morning when Longstreet, Anderson, and Ramseur have come, and every morning thereafter, to the end of the Rebellion, with blow for blow.

Wilcox's pregnant interview with Lee ended, he put Thomas's brigade on the left of the Plank Road, and, guided by the rattle of musketry, it moved forward toward Heth's battered lines. Lane's brigade was to form on Thomas's left, but just as it reached Hill, Scales, on Heth's right, was smashed in by Brooke or Birney, and Colonel Palmer of Hill's staff led it to their right. Colonel Palmer returned when the brigade was well under fire, and on reaching the road he met Stuart and Colonel Venable of Lee's staff sitting on their horses in the dusk, and told them that Lane had become engaged. Venable exclaimed, "Thank God, I'll go back and tell Lee that Lane has gone in, and the lines will be held."

Notwithstanding that these were fresh troops, the flower of his army, and went in under Lee's eye, they shook but did not break our lines. It may be said, however, that, upon the whole, victory rested with them. For they held their ground and saved the key of their battlefield.

But it had been saved with mighty sacrifice of life. "All during that terrible afternoon," wrote the historian of the Forty-sixth North Carolina, Cooke's brigade, "the regiment held its own, now gaining, now losing, resting at night on the ground over which it had fought, surrounded by the dead and wounded of both sides." The Fifty-fifth North Carolina in Davis's brigade that had fought Hays took into the action 340 men. At the end of the battle it is related in their history that "34 lay dead on the line where we fought, and 167 were wounded. They were on one side of a morass and we on the other." The historian asserts that the sergeant of the Confederate ambulance corps counted 157 dead Federals the following day along their brigade front. "The record of that day of butchery," says the same authority, "has often been written. A butchery pure and simple; it was unrelieved by any of the arts of war in which the exercise of military skill and tact robs war of some of its horrors."

"At one time during the fighting of the fifth," according to the historian of the Eleventh North Carolina, Kirkland's brigade, "the brigade lay down behind a line of dead Federals so thick as to form partial breastworks, showing how stubbornly they had fought and how severely they had suffered." This statement seems almost incredible, but it will not be forgotten that Kirkland was in reserve when the action began and was not called on till late, so that, as the brigade went in with McGowan, the men had a chance to see the death and destruction that had taken place. This brigade, out of 1753, lost 1080. The night before Lee's army was forced formally to lay down its arms and give up its colors at Appomattox, the survivors of the Eleventh North Carolina of the above-mentioned brigade took the old flag which they had borne at the Wilderness, into a clump of young pines, and there, collecting some fagots, gathered sadly about it in the darkness and burned it.

At the close of the battle this regiment and all the other regiments of Heth's and Wilcox's divisions were staggering, and it is highly probable that if the engagement had begun an hour or so earlier, defeat would have overtaken them. Or, had Wadsworth been sent earlier, the chances are that Heth could not have withstood his flank attack.

There is no occurrence of the day that I remember with more distinctness than the setting off of Wadsworth's command that afternoon. I can see the men now moving down the field in column to the road, and then following it up the run for a piece toward Parker's store. They formed in two lines of battle and entered the swampy, broken woods, guided by Colonel Roebing. Their progress, owing to the nature of the woods and ground, was slow; within a half mile or so they struck the skirmishers of Thomas's brigade of Wilcox's division, who had just been posted on Heth's left. Wadsworth pushed them steadily back, till darkness came on and he had to halt. The extreme right of his line was now in the basin of Wilderness Run at the foot of the abrupt slopes running down from the Widow Tapp's old field, his left perhaps three-quarters of a mile from the Brock Road. His front was parallel to the Plank Road, a half to five-eighths of a mile from it, the ground about him broken and the woods very dense, webbed with tangled thickets; and there, on the dead leaves and among spice bushes, spring beauties, violets and dogwoods in bloom, they passed the solemn night through. The men say, however, as well as those on Hancock's lines, that they were restless; their position had been reached practically in the dark and they were so close to the enemy that both spoke in whispers, and all realized the inevitable renewal of the struggle in the morning. Roebing got back to the Lacy house, his most valuable notes tell me, about nine o'clock.

When Wadsworth was moving toward Hancock, Russell's and Brown's brigade of the first division of the Sixth Corps,

on the extreme right of the line beyond Griffin and Upton, made and received counter and vigorous attacks on Ewell's left, the brigades commanded by Stafford, Pegram and Hayes. Stafford was mortally and Pegram very severely wounded, and the Twenty-fifth Virginia of Jones's brigade, which had been transferred to the extreme left along with Gordon's, lost its colors and over two hundred men to the Fifth Wisconsin of Russell's brigade.

And here may I be allowed to say that all the flags save one captured from the enemy in the Wilderness were taken by western regiments. The Twenty-fourth Michigan captured the colors of the Forty-eighth Virginia, the Fifth Wisconsin those of the Twenty-fifth, the Twentieth Indiana those of the Fifty-fifth, the Seventh Indiana those of the Fiftieth Virginia; the Fifth Michigan those of the Thirteenth North Carolina. The Eighth Ohio and the Fourteenth Indiana retook Rickett's guns. The men from the west were probably no braver, man for man, than those of the east; but I think their success was wholly because so many of the men were woods wise. From their youth up, both by day and by night, they had roamed through woods under all sorts of sky and in all sorts of weather, and so their depths had no terror for them; and so, like their enemies, they were at home in the timber, and could make their way through it almost as well by night as by day. And I have often thought that perhaps it was this common knowledge of the woods that gave our western armies so many victories. A Confederate line coming on, or rising up suddenly and breaking into their sharp, fierce yells, did not greatly surprise or set them quaking. And yet, although all my boyhood was passed in the grandly deep, primeval forests of Ohio, I am free to own that I never heard that "Rebel" yell in the woods of Virginia that its old fields behind us did not seem at once to become mightily attractive.

Reference should be made, as a part of the day's serious history, to the cavalry

engagements under Wilson and Gregg. The former's encounter with Rosser and Fitz Lee has been mentioned; it was severe, and Wilson, overpowered, had to make his way as best he could to Gregg at Todd's Tavern. Gregg bristled up, and with Davies's brigade, the First New Jersey and First Massachusetts Cavalry, met the confident pursuing enemy and drove them back to Corbin's bridge, but only after a loss of ninety-odd killed and wounded.

When night and exhaustion put an end to the fell struggle between Hancock and Hill, it may be said that the first day of the battle of the Wilderness was over. And what a day it had been! Where now were the conjectures and the roseate forecasts which the self-reliant natures of both Grant and Lee had made, as they were looking forward to it the night before? All transmuted into solemn, speechful reality. Grant had telegraphed Halleck as soon as he had crossed the Rappahannock safely, "Forty-eight hours now will demonstrate whether the enemy intends giving battle this side of Richmond." With his intuitive wisdom, he had predicted truly; yet, as a matter of fact, he did not know or care when or where the battle should begin. He meant to find Lee, clinch and have it out with him for good and all, wholly undisturbed as usual over possible results. And behold, the day had banished the uncertainties of the night before, and had brought him just where he had wanted to be, in conflict with his famous adversary.

But, imperturbable as he was, I feel sure it had brought some disappointment to him, not because Lee had obviously the best of it, but because he himself had discovered the Army of the Potomac's one weakness, the lack of springy formation, and audacious, self-reliant initiative. This organic weakness was entirely due to not having had in its youth skillfully aggressive leadership. Its early commanders had dissipated war's best elixir by training it into a life of caution, and the evil of that schooling it had shown

on more than one occasion, and unmistakably that day, and it had had to suffer for it. But never, on that day or any other, did an army carry its burdens of every kind, and it had many, with a steadier or a more steadfast heart.

But let all this lie at the bottom of the Past. Notwithstanding that Lee had repulsed Warren and had badly shaken the morale of his entire corps, and also that of Mott's division of Hancock's corps, had held Sedgwick in check, fought Hancock and Getty to a standstill, thrown Wilson back, and brought the formidable movement up with a sudden jarring stop, yet seemingly Grant at the close of the day — and I saw him once or twice — was not troubled, and he issued orders with the same even, softly warm voice, to attack Lee impetuously early the next morning all along his line.

If the day had brought some disappointment and anxious foreshadowings to him, it must have brought some disappointment to Lee also. For when Grant, enmeshed in the Wilderness, found him on his flank and ready to take the offensive, he had not, like Hooker, become confused and undecided, as Lee had hoped and forecast, thereby giving Longstreet and the rest of his forces time to join their chief to enable him to repeat Chancellorsville. The results of the day had put another face on the situation. Grant was neither undecided nor confused; and when, at eleven o'clock that night all the news had come in, Lee undoubtedly was duly thankful that he had held his own, as his despatch to the Confederate Secretary of War dated at that hour shows. He said in reporting the day's doings, —

"By the blessing of God, we maintained our position against every effort until night, when the contest closed. We have to mourn the loss of many brave officers and men. The gallant Brigadier-General J. M. Jones was killed, and Brig.-Gen. L. A. Stafford I fear mortally wounded while leading his command with conspicuous valor."

His greatest blessings, however, were that Warren was not allowed to wait till Wright came up, that Getty had not attacked an hour earlier, and that we had not seized and held the Chewning Farm.

But I had better leave the battle's tactics to those who make a special study of military campaigns, venturing the following personal incident for the consideration of those young, cocksure critics who have never been in a big or a little battle, and who are surprised at the mistakes that Grant and Lee made, and contemplate with supreme satisfaction what would have happened had they been there and in command of either army.

One night, some time in the winter before we started for the Wilderness, when I was dining with Duane, Turnbull, Michler, and Mackenzie of the engineers, in their spacious pine-bough-decorated mess room, they discussed Burnside's hesitation when Mr. Lincoln, having finally made up his mind to relieve McClellan, offered him the command of the Army of the Potomac. I listened a while, and then piped up that Burnside should not have had any such doubts of himself, that he had been educated for that business and kind of emergency, that it was n't very much of a job, etc., and wound up — the bottle had moved faithfully, yet with genteel moderation — that if I were offered the command I'd take it. Whereupon my astounded listeners flung themselves back in their chairs and there was something between a howl and a roar of laughter as they threw their eyes, filled with pity and humor, across and down the table at a mere snip of a thin-faced boy. Well, of course, I stuck to it — I should have taken command of the Army of the Potomac.

Now if, at the end of that first night, say at nine o'clock, Mr. Grant should have sent for me and said, "I'm thinking of assigning you to the independent command of one of the empty ambulances," — let alone turning the command of the Army of the Potomac over to me — "and want you to get it safely out of this,"

I think I should have said, "Mr. Grant, I'm not very experienced in handling ambulances, and if you can get anybody else I'll not object," so dark was the outlook and so deeply had I been impressed by the responsibilities that encompassed him. Dear military critics, however vast may be your knowledge of the art of war, and however boldly your youthful confidence may buckle on its sword and parade to the imaginary music of battle, let me tell you that if you are ever on a field where your country's life is hanging as ours hung on Grant's, or as the cause of the South hung on Lee's shoulders, I'll guarantee that you will not volunteer to take the command of anything, but will wonder that more mistakes are not made.

And here answer might be given to the inquiry which is often raised, coming sometimes from those who have been carried away by delving in the tactics of the battle, and sometimes from those who have become warmly interested in its history: namely, what did the officers at corps and army headquarters have to say about it among themselves during its progress, and at the close of that first day in the Wilderness. In the sense in which the question is asked by the former, nothing, absolutely nothing. For who could possibly have penetrated the rapidly evolving events and seen what the critic sees now so clearly? Who could have told us where the gaps lay between Ewell and Hill, where Longstreet was, what Sheridan with his cavalry might have been doing beyond Todd's Tavern, and the importance of bringing Burnside's two divisions up to the Lacy farm that afternoon so as to be ready for the next morning? Whom had nature endowed with such omniscience? Perhaps, if the critic will ask the Spirit of the Wilderness how it happened that no one saw what he sees now, she will explain it all to him.

It is hardly necessary to say that for officers or men to discuss or pass judgment upon the events and conduct of a

battle would be death to discipline, and instead of an army, the country would be relying for its life upon a mob. In all my service with the Army of the Potomac, from Chancellorsville to Petersburg, sometimes in the eclipse of defeat, sometimes in the very verge of yawning disaster, never did I hear discussion, or more than barely a word of criticism or protest over any feature of a campaign, except after Cold Harbor, and then only for a day. Soldiers and officers see so little of any field that they do not give weight to their immediate surroundings or experience.

The question of what the officers at headquarters said to each other about the battle in its progress, and how they felt, is a very natural one, and its answer may be a minor but essential part of the story itself. I do not know what Grant and Meade, Rawlins and Seth Williams said to each other; but whenever an aide came back from the front and had reported to the General or his chief of staff, he would take his place among his fellows, and their first question would be, "Where have you been, Bob, or Tom, or Mack," and "How is it going up there, old fellow?" For every one, from the time the first shot was fired, was keyed by the battle's progress. "Been up [or over] to — lines. They are holding their own mighty well. Colonel So-and-So [or our dear little 'Dad,' or Bill] has just been killed. Old General —'s command is catching perfect h—l. Say, fellers, where can I get something to eat [or drink], I'm hungry [or dry] as the dickens." That is about a fair sample of the conversation at headquarters while the battle is going on, so far as my experience goes.

For the information of those who have never been in battle, let me say, without seeming didactic, that the commanding general or his corps commanders are rarely where the artists have depicted them, on rearing horses, leading or directing amid a sheet of fire. There are times, however, when the artist is true to life: as when Sheridan, seeing Ayres and

his Regulars recoiling for a moment under terrific fire at Five Forks, dashed in; and there and then with those flashing eyes he might have been painted. Warren that same day seized the colors on another part of the field, and led on. But, as a rule, the corps commander chooses a position where he can see all the field and his troops as they engage. The test of his genius is in choosing the critical moment when he will join them. Suppose McClellan had shown himself and ridden his lines at Gaines's Mill, or Bragg at Chickamauga, the outcome might have been different. Owing to the character of the Wilderness, Grant had few chances to seize opportunities of that kind. At Spottsylvania, the night Upton was making his assault and breaking their lines temporarily, he was close up, and I sat my horse not far from him. He was mounted on Egypt; there were two or three lines of battle within thirty or forty paces of each other and of him. The fire that reached us was considerable; an orderly carrying the headquarter standard was killed, and a solid shot struck an oak five or six inches through squarely, not thirty feet from us, shivering it into broom slivers; but through it all Grant wore the same imperturbable but somewhat pleading face.

But, to return to the Wilderness and the impressions it made, it goes without saying that the first day was a disappointing one, and that the desperate character of the fighting and the attendant losses had stamped themselves deeply. But there was no dejection,—the army from top to bottom was looking forward to the coming day's trial with resolution and hope.

After supper, which did not take place until the day's commotion had well quieted down, I happened to go into the Lacy house, and in the large, high-ceiled room on the left of the hall was Warren, seated on one side of a small table, with Locke, his adjutant general, and Milhau, his chief surgeon, on the other, making up a report for Meade of his losses of the day.

He was still wearing his yellow sash, his hat rested on the table, and his long, coal-black hair was streaming away from his finely expressive forehead, the only feature rising unclouded above the habitual gloom of his dusky sallow face. A couple of tallow candles were burning on the table, and on the high mantel a globe lantern. Locke and Milhau were both small men: the former unpretentious, much reflecting, and taciturn; the latter a modest man, and a great friend of McClellan's, with a naturally rippling, joyous nature.

Just as I passed them, I heard Milhau give a figure, his aggregate from data which he had gathered at the hospitals. "It will never do, Locke, to make a showing of such heavy losses," quickly observed Warren. It was the first time I had ever been present when the official report of losses was being made, and in my unsophisticated state of West Point truthfulness it drew my eyes to Warren's face with wonder, and I can see its earnest, mournfully solemn lines yet. It is needless to say that after that I always doubted reports of casualties until officially certified. I passed through the house, and out to the place where the horses were, in charge of the orderlies. I found mine among others in the semi-darkness of one of the open sheds of the old plantation's clustering barns, gave him the usual friendly pat, and stroked his silky neck as he daintily selected from the remaining wisps of his ration of hay.

All the space between the garden, the back of the house, and the barns, was loosely occupied by the bivouacs of the headquarter orderlies, clerks, teamsters, officers' servants, cooks and waiters of the various messes, provost-guards, etc., who on a campaign form quite a colony about corps and army headquarters. The soldiers, in groups of two or three, were sitting around their little dying fires, smoking; some, with overcoat and hat for a pillow, already asleep. The black cooks, coatless and bareheaded, were puttering around their pot and kettle

fires, with the usual attendant circle of waiters sitting on their haunches, some embracing languidly their uplifted knees with their long, sinewy arms, eyes of some on the fire, chins of some on their breasts and eyes closed, all drowsily listening to some one's childlike chatter; others on their backs, feet towards the fire, and snoring loudly. And around them all, and scattered about, were the baggage and supply wagons, their bowed white canvas tops, although mildewed and dirty, dimly looming, outlined by being the resting-place for stray beams wan-

dering through the night. The mule teams, unhitched but still harnessed, stand facing each other across the wagon-pole where their deep feed-box is still resting. Some are nosing in it for an overlooked kernel of oats or corn, or a taste of salt, some among the bits of forage that have fallen to the ground, some nodding. Asleep, their driver is in or under the wagon, and his rest unbroken by the every-once-in-a-while quick rattling of the looped-up trace-chains, as one of his mules lets drive a vicious kick right or left at its army mate.

(To be continued.)

DROUTH

BY MADISON CAWEIN

THE road is drowned in dust; the winds vibrate
 With heat and noise of insect wings that sting
 The stridulous noon with sound; no waters sing;
 Weeds crowd the path and barricade the gate.
 Within the garden Summer seems to wait,
 Among her flowers, dead or withering;
 About her skirts the teazel's bristles cling,
 And to her hair the hot burr holds like hate.
 The day burns downward, and with fiery crest
 Flames like a furnace; then the fierce night falls
 Dewless and dead, crowned with its thirsty stars:
 A dry breeze sweeps the firmament, and west
 The lightning leaps at flickering intervals,
 Like some caged beast that thunders at its bars.

VOCATION-TEACHING

BY WILLIAM T. MILLER

OF all questions that agitate the public mind, Education, in some phase or other, seems to give rise to the most versatile and everlasting discussion. One band of reformers keeps an unending vigil over the finances of school administration; salaries, pensions, supplies are constantly under fire somewhere along the line. Others tinker at the curriculum, until the "course of study" is a wonderful combination of novelties and essentials. Scientific methods are applied more and more thoroughly to every phase of education, from the preparation of teachers to the fireproofing of buildings, and the inevitable result of so much effort is a constantly increasing efficiency in the work of the schools.

But there is always the chance that good progress may blind us to the possibility of better progress. Thus, in our educational system, it has long been the complaint that few pass from the elementary to the high school, and fewer still to the college or university. Of late, these percentages have been improving, — which is progress. This improvement has been largely effected by changes in the lower schools to make them more conformable to the standards set by the higher schools and colleges. It has, however, appealed to some that it would be more real progress so to constitute every school that it should give, or at least stand ready to give, a general, practical training for life, without any regard to the pupil's high-school or college intention. It is hard to do this, because the higher schools dominate the lower; and tradition makes the high school a place not to fit for life but to fit for college.

The great movement toward industrial training is a step along this road. It is

felt, in a general way, that the child who is going to leave school at the end of the high-school course should get from the high school some practical, paying equipment. This equipment takes the form usually of some kind of skilled trade-work, — and right here we run against a great difficulty, not only in this industrial work, but in our whole educational problem. It is the simple question: Which study or trade or group of trades shall a given child take? Who shall take trades, and who professional studies? It is, in brief, the question of election.

The elective system has its justification in the varying abilities, desires, and aptitudes of different individuals. But while attention has been devoted so largely to the development of courses, methods, and materials to suit varying types of children, too little thought has been given to the proper choosing of courses by pupils. In a college or university the student who is aiming at a certain profession can usually exercise enough caution and common sense to elect courses bearing in some way on his chosen life-work. But in the high school the pupil is very apt to choose his courses without due thought or a due appreciation of his own weaknesses.

This is an important matter. It is very easy to get into the wrong rut, and very easy to stay there, especially in any kind of school work. There are too many boys studying Latin and Greek for college who are going to become carpenters or chauffeurs. If they had some way of finding out early what they want to do, and of choosing the right high-school course to attain this end, their chance in the race of life would be improved. To get this knowledge of individual aptitude

and desire, and to help in the resultant choice of school work, is the province of the mysterious being whom I call the Vocation Teacher.

The Vocation Teacher, as such, does not exist. A good many regular teachers and parents try to assist the youth with whom they come in contact to choose their life-work wisely; but this advice and help should not be a merely incidental duty: it should occupy the whole time of a carefully trained vocational expert. In every high school there should be a Vocation Teacher, whose duties might be briefly outlined as follows:—

Before the opening of school every new pupil must have a private interview with the Vocation Teacher on the subject of his ideas for the future. Some have a pretty definite idea of what they want to do. If their talents agree with their desires, the Vocation Teacher gives them permission to elect the courses that will put them on the right track. If, as is so often the case, the new pupil has no idea of his wants or capabilities, the Vocation Teacher tries, by questioning and experiment, to assist the pupil in coming to some decision and getting upon the right track. If for any reason a decision is temporarily impossible, the pupil is given a selection of courses designed to be of some practical value in any line he may afterwards take up.

When the actual school work is under way, the Vocation Teacher keeps in close touch with every pupil by means of continued personal interviews, in which the pupil's increasing interest or growing distaste, as the case may be, is discovered. Besides this, written reports of progress and expressions of opinion are due at regular intervals from the pupil. When the pupil is losing interest, the Vocation Teacher may order a new choice of courses; he may even advise the pupil's transfer to an entirely different kind of school. This supervision is to follow the pupil closely through the whole course.

The first interviews with the new pupils

and the selection of their courses would take but a few days; if, after that, the adviser simply dropped out of sight till next September, his work would be largely wasted. Our Vocation Teacher is not to drop out of sight. On the contrary, his most important work would be the close following of every pupil's record, and the constant supervision of each one's activities. This supervision should be a very definite part of the school life. One phase of it would be the monthly examination of the marks of every pupil. If the marks of the First Year class were received on the last day of the month, the following week might be spent in interviewing those whose marks were inadequate, and helping them either to advance or to change. The Second Year class could be gone over in the same manner during the following week, and so on through the month. Thus the Vocation Teacher would be kept busy, and the pupils kept alive to the necessity of "making good." To help in the changing of pupils to new courses, the school year might profitably be divided into two terms instead of one long period as is now so generally the custom. Then, as a climax to the year's work, each pupil should present a thesis discussing his chosen aim and the progress he has made towards its attainment.

The important point in this plan is that the Vocation Teacher is to give all his time to the one task of guiding and supervising the direction of the pupils' work. It is not intended to weaken the initiative of any pupil, but simply to see that that initiative drives the pupil in the right direction; or if the initiative is lacking, to attempt by suggestion and example to awaken a desire that will result in some definite action in a wise direction. In this suggestion of possible lines of work lies the Vocation Teacher's great opportunity. Many boys are entirely ignorant of all but three or four fields of endeavor; and if they could have presented to them the possibilities of certain uncrowded and congenial occupations,

their outlook would be much brighter. There are many ways in which a boy may choose unwisely in selecting a calling, and the presence of a trained vocational adviser should render such unwise choice much less frequent. Such an adviser can in most cases give more helpful direction than the parent, who is often misled by preconceived desires, or by false ideas of the relative dignity of different callings.

The practical working-out of the Vocation-Teacher plan would, like everything new, present grave difficulties. Not the least of these would be the securing of properly equipped and trained men to do the work. Besides a very complete general education, the Vocation Teacher must have a very practical knowledge of the laws and phenomena of psychology, including a complete understanding of human nature as revealed in the motives, interests, aims, desires, and personal differences which go to make up that complex something we call character. Far more than the ordinary teacher, he must be tactful, sympathetic, sincere, and resourceful — able to command respect and trust, and to invite confidence and candor in his dealings with the young. Also, as a matter of course, he must be familiar in a practical way with the requirements and possibilities in different lines of industry, and in the various professional callings. It can readily be seen that such qualifications demand, not only a thorough and comprehensive university education, but also some years of practical experience either in teaching or in some position where there is an abundance of human contact, scientific investigation, and executive decision.

There are a few isolated examples of just such vocational advisers as the theoretical one we have been describing. The Boston Young Men's Christian Association has worked out a comprehensive plan, starting with a Vocation Bureau for the advice of young men in choosing or changing occupations. From

this bureau has arisen a school for Vocation Counselors, which plans to fit men to take positions such as we have described. Some such preparation, added to a pedagogical training and a thorough knowledge of the particular school in which he is to serve, should produce a man competent to carry out the plan as outlined above.

Other and numerous difficulties would, of course, arise. For a man so highly trained, the salary must needs be high, but the gain in school-efficiency should more than balance the largest salary. It would undoubtedly add difficulties to the organization of schools at the opening of the term, but that is merely a problem of administration which has to be met in any case. One of the greatest benefits conferred by a Vocation Teacher would be the making of initial choices and assignments of courses more definite, satisfactory, and permanent. It might be necessary to open the school a little earlier, and make the first week's work consist entirely of interviews with the Vocation Teacher, followed by choice of or assignment to the proper courses. A week spent thus in the beginning might save countless hours of wasted energy in the pursuit of courses chosen without any thought, or from mistaken ideas of the future.

In general, the great result of such a plan would be a gain in the definite aim of the school, and of every pupil in it. Educators are a unit in demanding definiteness. "What we need in education is something definite to tie to." At present there is too much vagueness about the high school. It must be both a finisher — a practical school for life; and a trainer — a preface for college and university. To keep the proper balance between these two functions, it is necessary that the pupil have a definite aim, to the attainment of which the school can help him. To secure this definite aim, and to maintain this balance, it would seem that some sort of vocational direction and advice is a prime necessity.

THE DEAN OF THE BOARDING-HOUSE

A PRATT PORTRAIT

BY ANNA FULLER

"A BOARDING-HOUSE is no place for a child."

Thus spoke Arabella Spencer, the dean of the boarding-house, and none had the temerity to dispute her. Even the injudicious petting of the child in question, an engaging little three-year-old answering to the name of "Dimple," was discreetly abandoned; whereupon the little tot, with an indifference anything but flattering, transferred her attention to a jointed wooden doll, some seven inches long, whose sole attire for the moment consisted in a neat crop of painted hair. If Dimple, in the care with which she was wrapping a scant bit of pink calico about the attenuated form, evinced a rudimentary sense of the value of raiment in a cold and critical world, we may be sure that she found nothing amiss in the painted hair. Who would not prefer it to the kind that got into horrid snarls and had to be combed and tweaked into order?

As the child immersed herself in maternal cares, the dean of the boarding-house, who was similarly engaged, — save that the small flannel petticoat she was hemming would appear to be destined for alien offspring, — glanced from time to time, and with a grudging interest, at the little mother. No, a boarding-house was no place for a child; nor was it, superficially considered, the fitting place for a well-to-do daughter of the Pratts and Spencers. A stranger, learning of the eminent lineage of Arabella Spencer, might well have asked what untoward fate had brought her to this pass, though for the initiated the key to the riddle was not far to seek. "My grandfather built this house," she took pride in stating;

"my father owned it, and my mother lived in it for upwards of fifty years." And, if in an expansive mood, she would add, "I myself was born in the room I now occupy." What wonder if, with such claims to precedence, she was early accorded the deanship?

It was one of her fellow boarders, the late Professor Calder, who had conferred upon her this titular dignity, and in nothing was her gratification at the amiable pleasantries more apparent than in the zeal with which, both before and after his death, she was ever ready to proclaim the profound erudition of the scholarly recluse. From youth up Arabella had been noted for a tenacious loyalty, and her friends were wont to point out that at the age of fifty she had yet to change either her name or her nature. She was to-day the same excellent, opinionated personage she had given evidence of being while yet in her cradle, and she was still Arabella Spencer.

Let it not be inferred, however, that she was therefore an old maid. That was an obloquy which no granddaughter of Old Lady Pratt had had the hardihood to incur. One or two, indeed, had postponed the fateful step almost to the danger limit; but before she went hence, that unswerving champion of the domestic hearth had the felicity of seeing the most recalcitrant of her children's daughters gathered into the blessed fold of matrimony.

Arabella, to be sure, had shown no signs of recalcitrancy, barring a preliminary revolt against the necessity which society imposes upon a woman of changing her name.

"Say what you please, grandmother," she had declared, with the easy finality of youth, — it was the very day on which she had signalized her entrance upon young-ladyhood by the donning of an elaborate thread-lace veil, becomingly festooned across the rim of her poke-bonnet as she now tossed it back in the interest of free speech. "Say what you please, — there is something *galling* about it. As if it did n't matter what a woman's name was!"

"Did n't matter!" quoth old Lady Pratt, glancing shrewdly at the mutinous young eyes, black, like her own, but as yet singularly unlit of wisdom. "I should say it did matter! Jest you wait and see."

"Then you did n't like giving up your own name!" was Arabella's too hasty conclusion.

"Like it? Of course I liked it! And I guess Kingsbury's full as genteel a name as Spencer, too! But from the fust hour that your grandfather —" A faint flush stained the sound old cheek. "But there! Jest you wait and see."

As often as Old Lady Pratt found herself caught in any allusion to the romance of her life, which the passage of years had been impotent to dim, she would take refuge in the little phrase, "But there!" It held a world of meaning on her lips.

Now neither did Arabella have long to wait, nor was she ever constrained to "see." For by an incredible freak of fortune her very first suitor — and consequently her last — bore the cherished name of Spencer.

"I declare for't," Old Lady Pratt exclaimed, when Harriet stepped over to acquaint her with her daughter's engagement, "ef 't wa'n't for soundin' irreverent, I should call it ill-judged of Providence to *humor* the girl so!"

"Well," Harriet rejoined, with uncompromising frankness, "I guess that's as far's the humoring can be said to extend. Joseph seems to be an unexceptionable young man, but I can't truthfully claim that he's a commanding person-

ality." It may be observed in passing that years of opulence had greatly enriched Harriet's vocabulary.

"I knew it," the old lady chuckled. "It was the name that fetched her!"

"Either that, or the statistics," Harriet assented dryly, and with an ironic recognition of her prospective son-in-law's one distinguishing trait.

For although Joseph Spencer, a mediocre lawyer, and already middle-aged at thirty, was guiltless of any scientific apprehension of statistics, he had the sort of mind that revels in figures. In fact, it may be questioned whether it would ever have occurred to him to offer himself to Arabella, had she not chanced in an unguarded moment to mention the exact number of gallons that go to make the annual water-supply of the city of London, — an item which, as he very well knew, she had gleaned that same evening from the *Dunbridge Weekly Chronicle*. But, indeed, what more could the most exacting have demanded? The poor girl lacked the requisite data for computing those gallons herself; and Joseph, recognizing that fact, was joyfully ready to accept the mere enunciation on her lips of a sum mounting into eleven figures as a revelation of the unsuspected scope of the female intellect. From that hour he knew that he had found his affinity.

And what if the determining factor in Arabella's action had been an equally flimsy one? What if Old Lady Pratt was right, and it had been the name that "fetched her"? Young people are subject to strange delusions in this most critical of all adventures, and the glamour of a name has played its part ere now in many a more exalted alliance than poor Arabella's. One thing at least may be asserted, — that having once made her choice, and in perfect good faith, no shadow of regret was ever known to tinge her words or actions. She took her Joseph as she found him, and it is but fair to admit that she found him quite innocuous.

For, aside from the master-passion of

his life, to which his wife soon became aware of playing a distinctly secondary rôle, young Spencer might have been fairly described as a negative character. And when, after some ten years more of assiduous figuring, he achieved the final and not unimpressive negation of a premature demise, Arabella, whose mourning partook of the tempered fervor which had formed the high-water mark of their marital relations, went home to the fine old house of her grandfather's erection, where she soon settled down into a very congenial life with her excellent mother. Matrimony had been to her little more than a period of stagnation, only fleetingly stirred by the coming, and, sad to say, the going, of an only child. For the little creature, twice a Spencer, had died on the day of its birth, — too early, as intrusive sympathizers were informed, for her to have become deeply attached to it. Whether this cold-blooded attitude was genuine, or assumed in self-defense, none could tell. Certain it is, however, that the dead level of her marriage, lacking as it did even the animating element of overt discord, had produced in her something akin to atrophy of the affections; so that her strong but limited nature had come to centre more and more upon names and places, to the exclusion of any vital human interest. Even the death of her mother, which, occurring before that vigorous dame had attained her eightieth year, threw them all off their reckoning, left the daughter quite mistress of her feelings; and it was not until the decree went forth in family council that the old house must go, that the iron entered into Arabella's soul.

In vain did they point out to her the deterioration of the immediate neighborhood which must soon render the place unavailable as a residence for any one with sufficient means to maintain it, — in which category Arabella herself was unhappily not to be reckoned. She only knew that it was the old home, the home to which she was bound by every fibre of her being; and she fought, tooth and

nail, against its profanation. But alas, she was to learn, as many a doughty conservative has done, that those primitive weapons are of small avail in a single-handed encounter with Progress. Before her eyes, and with her own enforced connivance, the sacrifice was accomplished, and the property delivered over to the spoilers, who made no secret of their intention of cutting up the superfluous land into house-lots. I think the most humiliating act of Arabella's life was the affixing of her signature to that iniquitous deed of sale.

For days following her overwhelming defeat, she shut herself up in the great lonely house, — where the very servants seemed like ghosts of the past, — wandering restlessly from room to room, sliding her hand along the cool mahogany stair-railing, turning with her foot, though it was mid-summer, the circular brass "register" whose high polish she had always gloried in, — shedding veritable tears over the fragrant shelves of the linen-closet, so soon to be denuded of their housewifely store. As day by day she nursed her bitter grievance, it came to look as if she might never again be on amicable terms with her recreant kindred.

Happily for the cause of good feeling, however, she was spared the crowning indignity of actual dislodgment; for, even as she was on the verge of ejection, news reached her that the old homestead was to be turned into a boarding-house. The crisis was acute, and she wasted little time in pros and cons. None of her family, to be sure, had ever lived in a boarding-house; but the thought of their impending "disgruntlement," far from giving her pause, only lent a pleasing zest to the sacrifice she was resolved upon.

"Yes," she announced, with admirable nonchalance, "I have n't got to move out after all."

"Not move out?" echoed her brother Richard, who, having solicited an interview on a matter of business, had unwittingly exposed himself to the shock.

"No; I'm going to board with Mrs.

Wadley. I've engaged mother's chamber."

The blow was delivered quietly, but with telling effect, and Richard did not attempt to conceal his discomfiture.

"You mean to say that you've engaged to live in a boarding-house, without consulting any of the family?" he was so ill-advised as to ask.

"There was no one in the family to consult — of whose judgment I had any opinion," she asserted, yet with the unruffled calm of one conscious of having the situation well in hand.

"It's not a matter of judgment," he declared testily. "It's a matter of fact. In the first place, you've got income enough to have a house of your own. Not anything like this, of course, but —"

"I am aware of the exact figure of my income, Richard."

"Then it's going to be noisy and disagreeable here for a long time to come. There'll be building going on, and —"

"I'd rather have that in my ears than on my conscience," she interposed, with unmistakable point; and Richard, perceiving that she was in anything but a conciliatory mood, wisely desisted from further argument. He had a hot temper of his own, and he was not sure just how much of a drubbing he could take without hitting back. Moreover, he loved his sister and, if the truth were known, he found himself secretly applauding her spirit.

But all were not as tolerant as he, and for a short space the family was up in arms. Her eldest brother, James, after spending as much as fifteen consecutive minutes in an attempt to shake Arabella's determination, declared that he had no patience with her; only, as James had never been known to have patience with anybody, that did n't so much matter. Aunt Edna, the soldier uncle's widow, who had accepted too many benefits first and last at the hands of her rich sister-in-law to feel quite pleasantly toward the family, gave it as her opinion that you never could tell where one of Harriet's

children would break out; while even Uncle Ben, that kindest of wags, remarked with something bordering on asperity, that the girl might as well be a cat and done with it — to stay prowling round a house after the folks had moved out!

Only her younger sister, Lucy, — who had been blissfully in love with her architect husband since the day that he had entered into her heart by way of the Gothic tree-vistas of Elm Street, — only Lucy did justice to her sentiment about the house.

"Grandpa built it," Lucy would explain, with an artless sententiousness all her own. "A builder's work, you know, is really a part of himself; and Frank and I think it lovely of Arabella to feel as she does about it."

And Arabella, heeding neither cuffs nor kisses, stayed on in the ancestral mansion, undaunted by desolating changes within and without. The good Mrs. Wadley did her misguided best to vulgarize the stately interior, while the new owners lost no time in dividing up the half-dozen generous acres into small house-lots, to be promptly disfigured by a mushroom growth of cheap and tawdry dwellings. The terraced lawn in front was thus thrice encumbered, the sightly gardens at the rear were ruthlessly invaded and obliterated, and the old house itself stood crowded to suffocation among the interlopers, despoiled even of its last vestige of a driveway, and accessible only by a footpath leading from the side street. Within one short year, as calendar years are reckoned, during which Arabella had suffered untold scourgings of the spirit, the great desecration was accomplished.

It was now seven years since this befell, and even as the vandals had been powerless to budge the old house from its proud eminence upon the uppermost terrace, so Arabella too had held her own, and from being merely the self-appointed guardian of ancient dignities, had come to be recognized and deferred to as dean of the boarding-house. Hence it was that

when she pronounced a boarding-house to be an unfit place for a child, no voice was raised to dispute her.

If, after that, conversation seemed inclined to languish, there was nothing unusual in the circumstance at this evening hour, the only hour of Arabella's day when it was her habit to "mingle" with her fellow boarders. There was a conclusiveness in the dean's dicta which not infrequently operated as a check on social intercourse.

Half-a-dozen ladies were gathered in what was once called "the long parlor," now sadly abbreviated by reason of a partition thrown across the middle, directly beyond the stately Corinthian pillars, which, thus robbed of their significance in the architectural scheme, made a not very impressive appearance. The little girl had established herself on the floor between the two front windows, just where one of the long pier-glasses used to rest on its marble slab, her straight little legs sticking out in front of her at an exact right angle with the small upright back; and Arabella seemed to remember that once upon a time, in fact at about the period when the pier-glasses were installed, she too had possessed the enviable faculty of maintaining that difficult position. She glanced furtively at the child, still immersed in sumptuary affairs; and presently, when general conversation had somewhat revived, she drew from her work-basket a roll of white galloon braid, and snipped off a half-yard of it.

"Little girl," she called abruptly, "you'd better come and tie this round your doll to keep her clothes on."

Arabella's principles would not permit of her addressing any human being, of whatever degree of insignificance, as "Dimple," nor yet could she bring herself to use her mother's name of Harriet, which the child's sponsors were understood to have bestowed upon her. Harriet, indeed! — this offspring of a flighty, inefficient mother, turned loose upon a boarding-house!

"She must be taught common decency," Arabella remarked to her next neighbor at the centre table; and Miss Tate, one of the dean's warmest adherents, earnestly endorsed the sentiment.

Meanwhile, the nameless one picked up her small person from the floor, and approached the dispenser of toilet requisites with undisguised interest. It was the first time the tall lady with the shiny breast-pin had ever spoken to her, though Dimple had often felt those observant eyes upon her. As the child put out a confiding hand for the proffered gift, Arabella hesitated an instant. How could that futile paw be expected to perform so intricate a feat as the tying of a bow-knot?

"Here, I'll fix it for you," she said, brusquely; and yet the movement was not ungente with which she took the wisp of wood and cotton from the little hand and deftly executed the small task.

As she handed back the object of her solicitude thus reclaimed to decency, the child gave vent to her feelings in a gleeful hop and bleat as of a gratified lambkin, which was really far more expressive than any conventional acknowledgment would have been. But Miss Tate, intoxicated by Arabella's condescension of a moment ago, needs must become didactic.

"What have you got to say to the kind lady?" she put in, and thereby blundered badly. For Arabella prided herself upon never "looking for thanks."

Nor were matters at all improved when Dimple, poking her jointed darling under the very nose of the lady with the shiny pin, lisped, "Kith Dolly!"

"Nonsense, child," Arabella protested, really abashed by the suggestion, and pushing the preposterous manikin away.

But, "Kith Dolly! Kith Dolly!" the little thing persisted, while Arabella firmly resumed work on the flannel petticoat. Upon which, unable to control her wounded feelings, that absurd infant set up a most heart-rending wail, to which doleful accompaniment two incredibly large tears came welling up in the round

blue eyes, and spilling over on the round pink cheeks.

This was really too much, and the dean of the boarding-house was on the point of adopting repressive measures, when again Miss Tate blundered.

"You are a very naughty girl, Harriet!" she expostulated severely.

Arabella took instant umbrage. She scarce knew which was more to be resented, the use of that honored name in accents of reproof, or the meddling of an inexperienced spinster in a matter so plainly outside her province. For suddenly, and with a queer, exultant thrill, Arabella remembered that she had once been a mother. After all, — poor Miss Tate! — how could she be expected to understand a child?

"She does n't mean to be naughty," the dean of the boarding-house pleaded, with a pitying tolerance for the too zealous martinet; and there, before them all, she took the dolly in her hand and unblushingly kissed it.

Upon which the child, in an ecstasy at having got her own way, proceeded to push her advantage still further, and lifting her little face, "Kith Dimple!" she commanded.

Then Arabella bent her head, intending to administer a noncommittal peck, such as she kept about her for the little Pratts and Spencers that abounded in the family. But as her lips touched the soft cheek a quick pang seized her, and there awoke in her heart something that had slumbered there for nigh upon thirty years, — something that she had supposed dead and buried long ago. And again a strange thought crossed her mind, — that if her own baby had lived it might have had a child like this. Not a very wonderful thought perhaps, but it gripped, and Arabella was not used to that sort of thing.

Shaken out of her habitual composure, she hastily gathered up her work and prepared to leave the room, quite ten minutes in advance of the accustomed hour.

"Run and play, little girl," she admonished, with a crisp decision curiously at variance with the disconcerting thrill that possessed her; and the child, content with the victory she had so lightly scored, trotted back to her post between the windows.

When Arabella, bidding the ladies good-night, had made a dignified exit, there was an immediate outbreak of comment.

"Well," snapped Mrs. Edgecomb, as soon as the rustle of skirts had ceased on the stairs, "I should like to know who's spoiling that child now!"

"I confess that I was glad to see Mrs. Spencer unbend," Mrs. Treadwell admitted, in her comfortable way. "She's as good a woman as ever lived, but I must say she's always seemed to me just a little mite stiff."

"She's never stiff with me," Miss Tate intimated, with a fatuous simper. "But then, I suppose I'm on more confidential terms with her than some."

"Eh? What's that? Confidential terms?" piped up old Mrs. Inkley, in her rasping falsetto. "There wa'n't never anybody on confidential terms with Arabella Spencer. I've known that girl sence before she was born, 'n' she's close-mouthed as her own bed-post!"

"She's open-handed enough, any way," Miss Tate temporized, discreetly changing her tack. For Arabella's liberality was matter of common knowledge which even a pre-natal authority could not well gainsay.

"I do wish our dear dean might get to taking an interest in that child," kind Mrs. Treadwell purred. "The mother seems to be well-meaning enough, but —"

"What is it she's round after so much?" asked Della Robin, who liked to know things.

"I should say she was round after Ed Lambert, far as I can judge," Mrs. Edgecomb opined. "She's forever buggy-riding with that fellow, or going to Comic Opera with him, the way she's done to-

night, when she'd better have stayed at home, putting her baby to bed."

"They say young Lambert's going on the stage," Miss Tate ventured, taking heart of grace to reënter the conversation.

"There ain't no stages nowadays," rasped old Mrs. Inkley, who never seemed to hear anything unless there was a chance to contradict, the which she had a fatal propensity for discovering in Miss Tate's most harmless statements.

"She means the operatic stage," Mrs. Treadwell interposed soothingly. "He's got a real good voice, you know. His father sang in the Orthodox choir."

"How long has she been a widow?" queried Della Robin, once more yielding to a fitful thirst for information.

"A year and a half. And it leaves her soul-alone in the world; for her folks are all dead, and as far as I can make out, he never had any from the beginning."

"What did he die of?" Mrs. Edgecomb demanded, in the tone of a Pinkerton detective, who will brook no evasion.

"Why, he was in the sardine business, and she says he was lost on a down-east freighter, off the coast of New Brunswick."

"I hope he was," was Miss Tate's somewhat startling comment. "That is, — I hope she is n't mistaken, or rather, — I was only thinking — supposing she was to marry again, you know, like Enoch Arden's widow, — only she was n't a widow, either, — was she!" — And, hopelessly entangled in a wordy web of her own contrivance, Miss Tate fell abruptly silent.

"Well, no!" Mrs. Treadwell laughingly agreed. "I should say she was rather particularly *not* a widow!" And the conversation, having thus strayed into the higher realms of literature, became so much less animated that the more studiously inclined found themselves free to return to their evening papers.

And all this time the "little girl" was prattling innocently with her dolly, paying no heed whatever to the discussion of

her parents, which, truth to tell, was couched in terms far transcending her comprehension.

Arabella meanwhile, arrived in "mother's chamber," lighted her drop-light, which glowed softly through the porcelain transparency of its pretty, six-sided shade, and, seating herself in her favorite chair by the table, breathed a sigh of satisfaction. Here at last she was on her own ground, safe from intruding fancies. She glanced about the fine old room, where each piece of furniture stood in its accustomed place as in her mother's day, and her eye was caught by a small mahogany armchair over there by the fireplace. A capital little chair it was, of excellent design and workmanship, and boasting a seat-covering embroidered in cross-stitch.

As she picked up her sewing, on which she had been somewhat hindered by the little incident of the galloon braid, she found herself thinking how she used to enjoy sitting in that little chair, until it grew too snug a fit. The seat-covering represented a pair of pickaninnies, one of them playing the accordion, the other cocking an appreciative ear to listen. It had been some time before she could bring herself to do them the discourtesy of sitting down on them; but later, when she found that they never seemed to mind, she had come to the sapient conclusion that little black boys in cross-stitch were not so sensitive as the other kind. Funny little boys! They had n't changed a bit in all these years.

The flannel petticoat, on which she was making excellent progress, was not so engrossing but that her mind was free to roam.

It seemed as if almost any child might like to sit in a chair like that, she thought; — why not that little girl downstairs, whose doll — really, the creature must not be allowed to go naked any longer! And, at this point in her meditations, Arabella laid her work down, and, rising, made a bee-line for the piece-bag which hung on its peg in her dressing-room.

Ah, here was just what she wanted, — a bit of flowered silk, reminiscent, but cheerfully so, of her girlhood.

Squandering no time on those sentimental considerations which cluster so thickly about a piece-bag, she put back the other neat rolls of silk, and, with an intensely practical air, returned to her seat beside the drop-light. Here she picked up her scissors and began cutting up the dainty remnant into breadths and biases, by the side of which the baby's petticoat, victim again of unmerited neglect, looked for all the world like a Brobdingnagian garment. Eagerly she twisted and turned the morsel of silk, nimbly she plied her needle, fashioning a marvelous little frock such as only a seven-inch pygmy could make use of. And such were the exactions of her task that the mantel-clock had quietly but firmly mentioned the hour of ten before ever she found leisure to straighten her back.

As she subjected her completed handiwork to a searching scrutiny, which however brought no flaw to light, "Mother always said I was a capable needlewoman," she told herself. But that was disingenuous of Arabella, for she well knew that her mother's approbation was not what she was just then aiming to deserve.

And when, the next afternoon, the small chair was once more in commission, its little occupant rapturously engaged in arraying Dolly in the fairy frock, Arabella sat tranquilly hemming the Brobdingnagian petticoat as if she had no other interest in life. She believed in letting children alone, and nothing had so pleased her in the behavior of her little beneficiary as the matter-of-course way in which she had received the fairy offering. Indeed, if the truth were known, it had seemed to the child quite as natural to accept gifts at the hands of the lady with the shiny pin who had kissed Dolly, as at the hands of the mother who kissed Dimple herself when she happened to think of it, which was getting to be less and less often.

For Dimple's mother, as may have been inferred, was allowing herself to be a good deal monopolized by that same Ed Lambert, who, though not a stage-driver, was a famous whip. She was a pleasure-loving creature, and she never wearied of driving, in what she regarded as the height of "style," behind the smart trotter that Ed handled so well. The young man's tongue was a valiant one too, and his bold, masterful eyes were more eloquent still, and — well, he was quite deliciously in love with Dimple's mother. He was going "on the road" in February, with a Gilbert and Sullivan opera company, — he had secured an engagement to sing a minor part in *Pinafore*, which was sure to lead to something better, — and he was ardently insistent that she should marry him and come along too. Only, there was Dimple, quite another order of pinafore, — an operetta of the little widow's own, in fact, — and one that somehow did not seem to fit into the programme at all. And so Dimple's mother felt it her duty to seize upon every opportunity of telling Ed how she adored Dimple, and of how she could never take any step to the detriment of the child; and this obliged her to spend so many hours a day in his society that Dimple found herself reduced to very low rations in the matter of kisses.

Meanwhile, Dimple's own little affair was progressing quite as trippingly as her mother's, as indeed it deserved to do. When she was not playing out of doors (such a poor little contracted "out-of-doors" as the old place now afforded!), she was like as not to be found in Mis' Pensey's room, — her own attractive corruption of an august cognomen! And not only had she achieved a new and engaging title for Arabella, but she herself was no longer put off with the far too generic appellation of "little girl."

It came about in this wise. She was taking a walk with Mis' Pensey one day in late October, — an unusual indulgence, since Arabella was a bit shy of being seen abroad in compromising com-

pany, — and, as they were traversing the quiet thoroughfare of Green Street, the child gave one of her bird-like chirps, articulate in this instance as “Pitty house!” Whereupon Arabella, glancing up, beheld a turkey-red curtain fluttering at an open window, and became aware that it was Old Lady Pratt’s house that had been thus singled out for commendation. She stayed her step a moment. It did look pretty, the tidy old house with its fresh white paint and green blinds, its neat grass-plot and the garden-beds bordering the walk. It had been in good hands since it went out of the family, faring far better than her own home had done, and now it was again placarded, “For sale.” Who would buy it, she wondered, — this house, also of her grandfather’s construction, where her forbears had lived and died. She was glad to hear it called a pretty house, though she knew well that it was the gay curtains that had caught the baby fancy.

As they resumed their walk, “Pitty house!” the child insisted, with the cheerful reiteration whereby she had learned to compel assent; and Arabella, looking down at the little thing, trudging along so contentedly at her side, answered gently, “Yes, it is a pretty house, *Harriet*!” The thing was done so casually that the child paid no special heed, though from that hour she answered to the name. But to Arabella it marked the lowering of an irksome barrier which she had not quite known how to cross.

Yet all this time, — and time was traveling fast, — while one after another her defenses were going down before the soft assaults of her ingenuous little adversary, Arabella was far from admitting to herself the true measure of her subjugation. She was getting rather fond of the child, no doubt; and she certainly was as little trouble as a child could well be. But even if she had been troublesome, it was no more than right that somebody should take an interest in her, poor little thing! She thought it might be well to teach her her letters, — there seemed to

be no likelihood of any one else doing so. She wondered whether she could lay her hand on the primer out of which she had learned her own. She was to take tea with Lucy that evening, and it happened that Lucy was storing a box of her books that ought to contain it. She would go over early and see about it.

It had got to be mid-winter by this time, and all the world was on runners, — the snow beaten down to a solid crust which nothing short of a February thaw would loosen. Arabella, walking home from Lucy’s at about nine o’clock, escorted by her architect brother-in-law, thought how exhilarating the frosty air was, and the gay jingle of the sleigh-bells, and the moonlight glittering on the snow; and it never once occurred to her to trace her good spirits to the well-thumbed primer that she held in her hand.

They stood a moment at the front door while she got out her latch-key. The half-grown moon which was dipping into the west shone in under the piazza-roof, striking full upon the lower panel of the door; and as Frank took the key from her hand, with his little air of gallantry, — a foreign importation which she had never got quite used to, — “I don’t wonder you stuck to the old house, Arabella,” he remarked. “That’s the finest front-door in Dunbridge.”

Such a tribute would ordinarily have been deeply gratifying to her, but she was thinking of something else just then.

“Yes,” she assented, rather abstractedly, while she pulled off her gloves, and noticed how smooth the cover of the primer was worn. “It’s a very good door, but it wants painting.” And with that she bade him good-night and passed into the house.

Almost on the threshold the news met her: there had been an accident on the speedway — a runaway sleigh coming up behind. She had been in young Lambert’s cutter. There was no time to turn out. The pole had struck her in the back.

Was she much hurt?

Oh, worse than that. It was all over an hour ago. Ed Lambert was beside himself, poor fellow; but he was not in any way to blame. They had brought her in at about six o'clock. She had never recovered consciousness.

And the child? Where was the child?

"We've moved her little bed into your dressing-room," Mrs. Wadley explained. "We thought she'd sleep quieter there than if I'd took her in along o' me, as I'd ha' been glad to. I hope she won't make you too much trouble. She must ha' been asleep when I come away a few minutes ago. She did n't say nothing."

But Arabella had passed swiftly up the stairs, and had opened her door, very, very softly, — only that her heart was beating so loud that she trembled lest it should wake the child.

She had closed the door behind her, and was cautiously making her way across the room, when a wee, remote voice from over by the chimney-corner arrested her. Turning sharply, she beheld a strange and seizing apparition. There, in her accustomed place in the little arm-chair, just in the path of the moonlight, sat a small white wraith, shivering a bit, — for the thin cotton shift was never meant for such service, — waiting for Mis' Pensey.

"Mumma's deaded," the wee voice whimpered. "Mumma's deaded."

In an instant Arabella had her in her arms, and was folding her in the long, fur-lined cloak she herself wore.

"You precious baby!" she murmured brokenly, as she bore the pitiful little mourner across the room and, seating herself in her own mother's high-backed invalid-chair, essayed to comfort her. "You precious baby!"

But, "Mumma's deaded," the little thing grieved. "Poor Mumma!"

"Yes, darling, yes. But it does n't hurt to be deaded. It means just going fast asleep like little girls do, in their soft, warm beds." And she wrapped her ever closer, tucking the cold little toes deep into the good warm fur.

Was it some dim, fleeting hint of the Great Mystery that had penetrated to the baby intelligence? Or why then did the soft fur fail to console?

"Dimple feel bad," the wee voice sobbed. "Dimple feel bad!"

"There, there, Dimple!" — it was the first time that name had ever passed those fastidious lips; but so much was due the "deaded" mother in that hour. "Don't cry! She must n't cry! Mis' Pensey'll take care of her to-night."

And crooning meaningless words of tender baby-talk, she held the child close and warm until it slept. Then, as the clinging form relaxed, and the catching sobs were hushed, she fell to pondering the strange wind of destiny that had driven the little waif to her sheltering arms. And she no more questioned its meaning than she would have questioned had it been her own baby, or her baby's baby, nestling there in utter helplessness, like a spent dove, — spent and affrighted in the rude buffetings of its little gust of grief.

And when the child, sleeping fast, was safely tucked away in its white bed, Arabella drew up a chair and placed herself on guard beside her precious charge. Hour by hour she sat, erect and motionless, prolonging her vigil deep into the night. Now and again her thoughts would turn to the young mother, from whom she had always held herself sternly aloof, coldly disapproving; and with a sorrowful compunction she would recall certain appealing traits, scarcely noted at the time. A quick, upward glance of the eyes, — a ceaseless, ineffectual play of the fingers. There had been an odd trick of ending each phrase with a rising inflection, as if craving assent to a tentative statement, — an air of indecision, as of a rudderless cockle-shell adrift on the waters of volition. Arabella, who held fast to the doctrine of non-interference, did not even now believe that it had been in her power to steady that frail bark on its wavering course, but she found herself remorsefully wishing that she had been just a

trifle friendly with the foolish young thing. And there, in the midnight quiet, she entered into a solemn compact with herself, never to let the little one forget her mother; to cherish every gossamer thread of memory in the baby consciousness till, striking root in that sweet soil, it should flower into a fair and sacred image.

Sitting there, drawn in upon herself, Arabella had not noticed how cold the room was growing, till suddenly a sharp chill struck her, and she rose to fetch the cloak that she had laid aside. The movement changed the direction of her thoughts, restored her to her normal mood of practical efficiency. As she returned to her post, and, stooping, drew the coverlid more closely about the softly breathing form, her mind reverted with a thrill of pleasure to the little house in Green Street. What a pretty home it would make for the child, — that old house, with its funny nooks and crannies, its queer stair-landings, and the gay turkey-red curtains which it should be her very first concern to provide. What a pretty grass-plot for a child to play about in, — and the garden-beds! — there should be a special corner for her to dig in, and they would have plenty of the double-daisies, pink ones and white, that were always in such a hurry to blossom.

And the old home? The home to which she had clung with such fierce pertinacity all these years? As the dawn quickened in the little room, Arabella looked through the doorway into the great chamber beyond, thoughtfully considering each familiar feature of the dignified interior. What was it, after all, but a contrivance of wood and plaster that had served its turn, and would serve its turn again, for other occupants? For herself, the eloquence of mere association had grown strangely dumb; the dead past, in so far as it was dead, had lost its magic. And as she leaned above the child, listening to its quiet breathing, — as she gently touched the little cheek, soft and humid with the sweet warmth of sleep, she knew

that it was not for the sake of her own baby, nor of the baby that might have been, that she was to gather this little creature to her heart of hearts, but for love of the child itself.

And a few weeks later, when all legal formalities had been consummated, — when the house in Green Street was hers, and the child was hers, beyond peradventure, — then, and not till then did she apprise her astonished family of her new departure, — meeting remonstrances and congratulations alike with the initial argument, which to her thinking covered all possible ground for criticism: "A boarding-house is no place for a child."

And when the flurry of comment was safely weathered, there came a quiet evening, in the calm of which she could contemplate with just the right degree of wistful regret the dear old chamber so soon to be abandoned to strangers.

The child was playing about the room, making the most of the few minutes remaining before the inexorable bed-hour, — indulging Dolly too in one last gambol. Suddenly she glanced over at Arabella, whose thoughtfulness may well have taken on a semblance of melancholy. Laying Dolly down in the little chair, the child stood a moment, gravely studying this new aspect of her beloved friend. Then, very quietly, she drew near, and, with a quaint movement of sympathy, laid her little hand on Mis' Pensey's knee.

Touched by the gravity of the little woman, Arabella lifted her to her lap and, for the first time, and with the solemnity of a baptismal rite, accosted her as: "Little Harriet Spencer."

Whereupon that incalculable infant, airily brushing aside the momentous ceremony, looked straight up into Mis' Pensey's face, and, with adorable perversity, lisped: "Kith Dimple!"

And Arabella, baffled and disarmed by the sheer audacity of the little sprite, — beguiled too by a love surpassing the love of names and places, — bent that obdurate neck of hers, and meekly did the bidding of the child.

THE YEAR IN ITALY

BY HOMER EDMISTON

THE year in Italy, from August, 1908 to August, 1909, has been marked, as the whole world knows, by the most terrible and destructive calamity that has ever, in consequence of the unseen forces of nature, befallen a civilized people. Though the facts in themselves were so horrible that even the most sensational newspapers were under no temptation to exaggerate, the press reports contained many inaccuracies, most of which it is now worth nobody's while to try to clear up. But in some cases gross injustice was done to those engaged in the work of relief, especially to the Italians themselves. More particularly, the correspondents of certain English papers seemed to consider it their most important duty to find fault with the soldiers, sailors, and relief committees, who, in the face of a disaster of unparalleled magnitude, did their best to meet the demands upon them, but at the same time could not help failing grievously in many things. Serious charges, to be sure, of dereliction and incompetence seem to have been substantiated against the navy. The services of some officers and crews were meritorious. But it is certain that other officers showed that fatal defect, so often found in bureaucratic organizations, of shirking responsibility and waiting for orders. The same thing is to be said, perhaps even more, of some prefects and other local authorities. The army, on the other hand, seems to have acquitted itself much better, perhaps because military men, being in general less technically trained than naval, are readier to meet strange and unexpected situations. Considering how many of the rank and file of Italian line regiments are raw and ignorant peasants, it is not wonderful that they were some-

658

times found wanting. But on the whole, foreign visitors and correspondents spoke well of the fidelity and devotion of the Italian soldier.¹

The work of the various committees, and the disposition of the various funds, have been fully treated in the public press; and the several reports either are already, or soon will be, available. I wish to speak more particularly of the measures of permanent relief undertaken by the government itself, and specially authorized and provided for in January by an act of the last Parliament. Under this act the state undertakes to provide for three classes of needs, those of the kingdom as a whole, those of provinces and other local divisions, and those of private persons. For the first class, which includes such items as the reconstruction of public works and buildings destroyed by the earthquake, provision has been made out of the large balance left over from the budget of 1907-08. For the second class, namely, for the benefit of towns, provinces, and so forth, to help them to repair and rebuild their local works and edifices, money is to be raised by the imposition of an additional two per cent for five years on the various categories of direct taxes, as, for example, those on land and personal property.

For the third class of relief, that is, for rebuilding the houses, business and residential, of private persons in the ruined cities, it was found necessary to have recourse to credit to provide the sum, about

¹ Especially to be noted in this connection is the testimony of Mr. H. Nelson Gay, in his report on the American Relief Expedition in Calabria (February 6-17), which has been incorporated in the report of the American Relief Committee.

150,000,000 francs, which will be needed for such a purpose. And since it would have established a dangerous precedent if the government itself had borrowed to lend to the sufferers, it has preferred to aid them to borrow privately. Accordingly the state promises to secure for those who wish to build on sites within the damaged territory, loans at a low rate of interest payable in thirty years. To make the burden as light as possible, the state undertakes to pay half the yearly interest, and half of the annual installments of principal required by law. Thus the borrower of 100,000 francs will have to pay only 3164.30 francs a year for thirty years, after which he will have his house free of all incumbrance. The state, besides paying the other half, 3164.30 francs a year, will pay an additional tenth, 316.43 francs a year, as an insurance to the loaning companies. Moreover, to all such builders there will be granted for fifteen years an exemption from all national and local imposts, which it is estimated will amount to a saving of from ten to twelve thousand francs a year. A noteworthy advantage of these admirable provisions is that the government can insist that the buildings be constructed according to scientific rules, which, as is well known, greatly reduces the dangers of destruction and injury by earthquake.

THE COMPLICATIONS WITH AUSTRIA

The Balkan imbroglio of last autumn and winter was followed by the Italian people with the most intense interest; and, needless to say, their sympathies were entirely against Austria, their ally. On October 4, Tittoni, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had shortly before had a conference with the Austrian statesman, Aehrenthal, made a brief speech at Carate, in which he implied that the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria would make little difference to those provinces themselves, after Austria's thirty years of protectorate, and would likewise make little difference to the rest of Europe. A few days later the annexa-

tion was announced, with what effect on European politics it is needless to relate. Now, since the occasion on which Tittoni spoke was only the presentation of some medals at a school, at which it was quite unnecessary for him to say anything at all about international affairs, some color was lent to the suspicion that he had been prompted by Aehrenthal, who wished to discount the effect of the announcement on public opinion in Italy and in Europe generally. Indeed, it is hard to doubt that the two ministers had reached some kind of an understanding, and that Tittoni would not have gone out of his way to speak at Carate if it had not been for his recent colloquy with Aehrenthal. Be that as it may, his speech was a political blunder of the first magnitude. He should have considered that, to most Italians, Austria is their traditional foe; and that there is only too much reason for believing that this feeling is justified. And he should also have borne in mind the legitimate aspirations of his countrymen in respect to the development of their oriental commerce, which make them fear all Austrian encroachments in the Balkans.

Perhaps it is not generally known how remarkably Italy's commerce in the near East has grown within recent years. In 1900 her exports to Turkey were valued at about \$7,500,000, and her imports from the same country at about \$5,000,000. Four years later the exports had nearly doubled, and the imports had increased by \$2,500,000. This development of commerce along the routes once dominated by the Venetian republic is said to be due in large part to the initiative of the present King, and has brought with it renewed prosperity to the ancient and glorious commercial city. Nor is this eastward activity confined to trade and industry. It is well known that many inhabitants of the Dalmatian coast, though Austrian subjects, are Italian in race, language, and sympathies. And powerful unofficial organizations, like the Dante Society, are busily promoting the

Italian language and culture throughout the rejuvenated Turkish Empire. It is even asserted that, in consequence of improved relations between Quirinal and Vatican, religious orders, especially the Franciscans, have eagerly taken up this Italian propaganda.

Feeling against Austria was still further exasperated in the month of November by the maltreatment of some Italian students, Austrian subjects, who had been agitating for an Italian university for the Italian-speaking students of the Austrian Empire. So, when foreign affairs came up for discussion in the Chamber the first week of December, the temper of that body was anything but favorable to Tittoni. A resolution of confidence in the action of the ministry was presented amid such roars of execration that it was some time before the mover could be heard in his own defense. Strong arguments against the resolution were made by Sonnino, Barzilai, and others, leading up to the climax of the debate in the speech of Fortis, an ex-premier and now a supporter of the government. His contribution was decidedly in the nature of a paradox, though a paradox that can easily be resolved. After announcing at once that he should vote for the resolution, he went on to say, quite truly, that the renunciation by Austria of the rights over the Gulf of Antivari, conceded to her by the Treaty of Berlin, would be no compensation unless she also evacuated Spitzä. "But why is it," he cried, "that we now find ourselves in this sad condition, that we have to fear no war except from an allied power? For my own part I say, though I hope it will not come to pass, that if this condition does not cease, then let us free ourselves from our allies!"

The effect of these words was tremendous. Many deputies, among them Giolitti himself, hurried amid deafening applause to congratulate the orator. He was followed by Tittoni, who perhaps did as well as could be expected with a very weak case. He admitted that his

countrymen had a right to be dissatisfied with his speech at Carate. He had, he said, omitted to specify, though he thought it would go without saying, that the Treaty of Berlin must not be violated by this annexation without the consent of the signatory powers. He had meant that all along. But weak as his defense was, and bitterly as his policy had been denounced both in and out of Parliament, the resentment of the majority was not strong enough to make them vote against him.

The paradox of the vote of confidence in the minister and the enthusiasm that greeted Fortis's speech, is therefore easily explained. The enthusiasm represented the personal feelings of the deputies, the vote their sober reflections on the weakness of their position. It was quite plain, and subsequent events made it still plainer, that the powers of the so-called Triple *Entente*, England, France, and Russia, could not be expected to make good their protests against the annexation, especially after von Bülow had declared that Germany would stand unwaveringly on the side of Austria. In other words, Italy remained bound hand and foot to the Triple Alliance, and the diplomacy of the Triple *Entente* failed, because in the present debilitated condition of Russia, it could not make a demonstration of military force on the Continent.

I allow myself a brief digression on the subject of the Treaty of Berlin, the annexation, and the compensations conceded by Austria, as I suspect that the relation between these three factors, in spite of the voluminous discussions of the past year, is not generally understood. In the first place, though no one will deny that the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina was a deliberate violation of the Treaty of Berlin, it is not too much to say that there is hardly one of the many signatories of that celebrated document that has not violated it, at least once. Turkey broke Articles 23 and 61 by not carrying out the reforms she had promised

for Macedonia, Thrace, Albania, and Armenia. Russia broke Article 59 by fortifying Batum in 1885; also in 1885, by the union of Bulgaria with Rumelia. And in 1908, by Bulgaria's declaration of independence and annexation of Eastern Rumelia, some twelve or fifteen articles were violated. By Article 61, all the signatory powers guaranteed the security of the Armenian Christians, and especially England, after the Cyprus Convention. How much good this guarantee has done the Armenians we all know. Therefore it is hard to see why Austria should be expected to regard the Treaty of Berlin as a sacrosanct instrument. And it is doubtful if the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina would have aroused much indignation, if the constitutional movement headed by the Young Turks had not recently won so much sympathy and admiration, and if the annexation, coming along with Bulgaria's declaration of independence, had not seemed like taking a cowardly advantage of the momentary disorganization of the Ottoman Empire. So long as Turkey was regarded as the "plague-spot of Europe," that is until about a year and a half ago, Austria would have been more applauded than blamed for the annexation of the provinces in question. And perhaps it was too much to expect the Hapsburg Empire to have so much sympathy with constitutional movements as suddenly to change her policy with respect to these provinces, where, by virtue of the tacit consent of all Europe, her occupation had so long tended to become, to all intent, possession.

As to the modifications of Article 29 of the Treaty, and of the second clause of Article 25, to which Austria has consented, it is not easy to see, as Tittoni and his friends have tried to make out, that Italy derives much advantage from them. The scope of Italy's diplomacy in the Balkans is to keep Austria from going farther down the Adriatic coast; and farther east, to keep her away from Salonica. As to the first point, the abro-

gation of those clauses of Article 29 which limited the sovereignty of Montenegro over the port of Antivari, makes little difference in case of war, seeing that the whole port, which is nothing but an open roadstead, is dominated by the guns of Spitzza which now becomes Austrian soil. Montenegro was an independent principality before, and could not have been occupied by Austria except by an act of war. In the evacuation of the Sanjak of Novi Bazar, garrisoned by Austria according to the second clause of Article 25, she has done nothing but give up the military occupation of a barren strip of country where it was hard to maintain a garrison in the midst of hostile Serbs. In case of war she could easily occupy it again. I am not arguing that Austria is likely to push farther down the Adriatic, or to occupy Salonica; merely that these so-called concessions would not render either enterprise less difficult.¹

I have already referred to the agitation for an Italian university at Trieste for the benefit of Italian-speaking Austrian subjects. The upshot of it all has been, after

¹ I take this opportunity of saying a few words about the "Irredentists," the name given to that small party of Italians who wish to acquire for United Italy those portions of Austria with an Italian-speaking population, that is, the Trentino, South Tyrol, Trieste, Istria, and Dalmatia. Something indeed is to be said for the rectification of the frontier between Italy and the Trentino, which, cutting across the northern end of Lake Garda, is unscientific and annoying for many reasons. But in Trieste, Istria, and Dalmatia, the case is widely different. Travelers, who hear Italian spoken everywhere along the eastern shore of the Adriatic, naturally suppose that the whole country is Italian. But the fact is that, inland, it is not Italian at all. According to the best authority on the subject (Auerbach, *Les Races et les Nationalités de l'Autriche-Hongrie*), only nine per cent of the inhabitants of Dalmatia are Italians, though the proportion is much larger, about forty per cent, in Istria and Trieste. I mention these things, by the way, because the indiscriminate sympathy of foreigners for Italy, and especially as against Austria, sometimes leads them astray in matters of fact.

a great deal of ill-humor on the part of the Austrians, a faculty of law at Vienna. While there can be no doubt that Austria's behavior toward her Italian subjects leaves much to be desired, it must be admitted, on the other hand, that she would have to fear in a completely organized Italian university a centre of sedition. Moreover, since the population of Trieste is about equally divided between Italians and Croats, who are mutually hostile, if an Italian university were to be established in that city, its garrison would have to be doubled.

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT

The twenty-second Parliament, elected under conditions that I described in my letter of a year ago,¹ would have expired by limitation in the present month of November. There were rumors at the time I wrote, not generally credited, of a dissolution and election in the coming spring. But after Parliament had, in January, made the necessary provisions for the earthquake sufferers, it was generally felt that its usefulness had come to an end. And perhaps Giolitti, the Premier, reflected that such a period of national solidarity and good feeling as was naturally caused by common sympathy and helpfulness, was not a bad time for holding a general election with a view to the return of the ministerial majority. At any rate, Parliament was dissolved, and the elections announced for the 7th and 14th of March. Nobody doubted that Giolitti would be returned with a substantial majority. The only questions were, what would be the showing made by the parties of the Extreme Left, Radicals, Republicans, and Socialists, especially by the latter, and by the newly formed Clerical party. For it seems quite proper to speak of such a party now, although its members in the Chamber deny that they represent a regular political organization.

The part played by the Clericals in the

¹ "The Last Two Years in Italy," *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1908.

elections was a strange one; and even now, after an interval of several months, it is impossible to tell just where they stand. In my former letter I told how, in the election of 1904, there was an open coalition between the ministerial party and the Clericals, which in no case was opposed, and in many colleges was actively encouraged, by the ecclesiastical authorities; and how, less than a year later, in July, 1905, Pius X addressed an Encyclical to the Italian bishops, in which he seemed practically, though not formally, to abrogate the *non-expedit*. Certainly at that time it was generally interpreted in this sense. But shortly before the last election it was officially announced that the *non-expedit* remained in unabated vigor, and that only when the bishops had made it clear to the Vatican that, in their sees, the votes of their subjects were necessary to defeat a Socialist or other dangerous candidate, should permission to vote be granted. But, as matter of fact, the Clericals paid no more, perhaps even less attention, to the mandates of the Pope than they had in previous elections. And it was perfectly clear that their organization, the Catholic Union, did not work at all in harmony with the instructions of the Curia. They conducted an open and energetic campaign, one result of which, in some colleges, was the election of a Radical or Socialist candidate, instead of a Constitutional Liberal who would have been much less hostile to the interests of the Church.

The Socialists, profiting by the lesson of their discomfiture in 1904, have employed the intervening time to good advantage, strengthening their organization and developing a more consistent programme. A good many of their leaders are still, as before, of the *bourgeoisie*, or even of the nobility. But their national convention held at Florence, September 19-22, 1908, marked an important stage in the history of the party. The "Syndicalists," or revolutionary element, were definitely read out of the party. The

"Integralists" and "Reformists," making common cause, affirmed the principle of political activity with a view to the possession of political power. They declared that under present conditions the general strike is a dangerous expedient, both on account of its immediately injurious effects, and because it prevents the proletariat from working patiently for organization and gradual self-improvement.

After an election signalized, as usual, by many acts of violence, Giolitti and his following were returned with a large majority, — at least three hundred and fifty in a Chamber of about five hundred. But it was prophetically observed at the time that some rather colorless deputies, who had been sometimes for the ministry and sometimes against it, had been replaced by vigorous opponents.¹

At first, that is, not counting those cases, not relatively numerous, in which the Chamber's Committee on Elections ordered a new ballot, or unseated candidates who had been declared elected, the Extreme Left, consisting of Socialists, Radicals, and Republicans, numbered one hundred and nine; the Centre, or constitutional opposition, about forty,

¹ The most dramatic incident of the campaign was the election of Don Romolo Murri, the Modernist priest, as Radical deputy from the college of Montegiorgio in the Marches. Murri first became prominent as leader of the Christian Democrats, a party which, like the Christian Socialists in England, has for its object the application of Christian principles to the social and political problems of to-day. At first they were sincerely anxious not to antagonize the Church, but falling under suspicion of liberalism and modernism, they were, to the regret of many Catholics, formally condemned by the present Pope, and Murri himself was suspended *a divinis*. Undaunted by this, he continued his work, by speaking and writing, gradually assuming a more hostile attitude towards the Roman hierarchy. His last book, *Clerical Politics and Democracy*, was placed on the *Index* in January; and after his election, but before he took his seat, when he had sent a defiant response to a warning letter from his bishop, the major excommunication was formally pronounced against him.

with perhaps twenty others whose support they could sometimes count on. The Socialists, partly, as I have said, in consequence of the independent activity of the Clericals, made impressive gains, increasing their numbers from eighteen to forty-two; and at the present writing (August) there are eight or ten more, as the result of recent bye-elections. The Clericals grew from four to twenty-four, and it is a singular circumstance that twenty-two of these twenty-four came from the North, that is, from the most prosperous and progressive part of Italy.

THE NAVY AND ARMY

In April, Austria's new naval programme was published, which calls for three, and maybe four, "Dreadnoughts" to be ready in 1912, besides the three new battleships that will soon be finished. Of course, every increase of Austrian naval force in the Mediterranean tends to alienate Italy from the Triple Alliance. England and France are, and must continue to be, the great naval powers of the Mediterranean, and Austria might easily become a third. And it is precisely with these three powers that Italy's relations are now the most cordial. Austria's programme means that the two great Germanic powers of Central Europe, which are now working completely in harmony, will soon have a strong naval base in the Mediterranean. What England thinks about it is plainly to be seen in the recent establishment of a combined military and naval department of the Mediterranean, with Malta as its headquarters and Lord Kitchener in command. That Italy, with her long coast-line and few defensible harbors, and with her many important cities on or near the sea, has reason for alarm, is beyond all question. Her policy of maintaining a fleet twice as strong as that of any other power whose coast-line is exclusively Mediterranean, announced by Admiral Mirabello in 1907, has been seriously menaced.

Add to all this a certain indisposition on the part of Austria to take part in the

Exposition of 1911, to be held at Rome and Turin in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Union of Italy,¹ and we have the international situation that confronted the twenty-third Parliament when it took up the military and naval estimates in the month of June. In presenting the military estimates, the new Minister of War, General Spingardi, made his first public appearance; and his speech, both soldierlike and statesmanlike, straightway won him the confidence of the Chamber and of the country. His demands for an additional ten million francs for this year's budget and sixteen millions for next year's, he explained as partly due to the higher price of food, clothing, and munitions, and partly to the necessity of raising the effective force of the army to 225,000 men, 60,000 of this number to consist of reserves called back under arms. With the aid of a special commission of inquiry, he had fixed the cost of the building and improvement of fortifications at 280,000,000 francs, to be distributed, as the money is needed, through the budgets of a number of years.²

By way of compensation, he proposed the reduction of the term of service from three to two years, which, though the exemptions have been made fewer, will mean an enormous economic gain to the country. The naval estimates set forth by Mirabello, comprising, besides the constructions already provided for, four battleships, three fast cruisers, numerous submarines and other smaller vessels, and a complete system of coast defenses, call for the expenditure within the next six years of 440,000,000 francs, which

¹ Austria has finally decided to take part. Many Austrian and Hungarian newspapers did themselves much credit by deploring the folly and meanness of a policy toward an ally, that would keep alive the hostilities and rancors of fifty years ago.

² It should be observed here that this huge sum is now required on account of the timorous and short-sighted policy, which, for fear of offending Austria, so long neglected the defenses of the northeastern frontier.

will mean an augmentation of the regular naval budgets of those years by about 147,000,000.

The army estimates were approved without amendment by a vote of 312 to 49, the minority consisting only of Socialists and a few Republicans. The navy estimates also passed, though by a somewhat smaller majority. This evidence of national solidarity and patriotism will make all true friends of Italy rejoice. Of all the false notions entertained by foreigners in regard to Italy, none is more false than that Italians are with juvenile self-importance, spending extravagant sums in a vain attempt to become a first-class power. It was a cardinal point in Cavour's policy to make Victor Emanuel's kingdom a strong military power, whose alliance would be sought and whose enmity feared; and, as matter of fact, it was in this way that Italy's independence and union were won. There have been a number of times since when she might have had to fight to maintain them. And given the actual perilous state of European politics, there is no country whose fate, in the event of a general war, would hang more in the balance.³

THE INCREASE OF MONASTICISM

I have already had something to say about the relations of Church and State, under the head of elections. Shortly after the new Parliament assembled, Cameroni, a Clerical deputy from Treviglio in Lombardy, declared his unwavering devotion to United Italy with Rome as its capital, which was straightway interpreted by

³ In spite of earthquake relief, failure of revenue from the stricken districts, and extraordinary military and naval expenditures, the budget, according to the calculation of the Hon. Luigi Luzzatti, the eminent economist, will show this year a surplus of about twelve million francs. Considering that most of the other nations of Europe, and also the United States, are facing deficits, foreigners who criticize Italian financial management would do better to preach their lessons of economy first at home.

some foreign journals to mean that the Vatican had decided to withdraw from its hostile attitude toward the Kingdom as an usurping power in the Roman States. The *Corrispondenza Romana*, the Pope's official press agency, made haste to assert that this inference was false, and bitterly reproached Cameroni for his compromising utterance. But in spite of such pronouncements as this, and of the reassertion of the *non-expedit*, it may safely be said that relations between Church and Kingdom have at least not been getting worse. Parliament has shown no disposition to appear before the world as a persecutor, though it had a good opportunity in the session just ended. On May 21st, Chiesa, a Republican deputy from Tuscany, in a speech in support of a resolution against monastic bodies, was able to produce some startling figures regarding the increase of religious congregations.

The facts antecedent are briefly these. A law of 1860, that is, a year before the union of the kingdom, suppressed the Jesuits in the Kingdom of Sardinia, which included of course Piedmont and Lombardy; and a law of 1867, after the kingdom had been completely united, with the exception of the Roman States, deprived religious corporations of all legal status, and suppressed a large number of the convents, both of monks and nuns, then in existence. Since then the legal possessors of estates used by religious orders have been private parties whom the orders in question can depend upon to hold and bequeath such properties as they direct.

According to Chiesa's figures there were in all Italy, in the year 1882, 7197 monks, including friars, and 26,172 nuns. In the present year, there are 8424 monks and 41,653 nuns. In 1901, there were 951 monasteries and 2605 convents of nuns. In 1909, there are 1203 and 2658 respectively. In the same interval, the number of monastic schools for boys has increased from 441 to 542, and that of similar schools for girls from 901 to 1493,

or 2035 in all, with a total enrollment of about 155,000.

These statistics made a strong impression in the Chamber, and undoubtedly represent a state of things that is highly displeasing to most of its members. But it was clearly brought out in the debate, especially by Orlando, the Minister of Justice, that there are great practical difficulties in the way of dealing with the subject. When a former prime minister, Zanardelli, well known for his hostility to the Church, made an investigation, he found that different laws were in force in different parts of the country, for the reason I have already stated. In Piedmont, Lombardy, and the old Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, there was a law of suppression against the Jesuits. But this law could have no effect in provinces, like the Roman States and Venetia, admitted after 1860, so that an attempt to enforce it would simply have had the effect of concentrating them around Rome and Venice. Moreover, the Law of Guarantees of 1873 expressly provided that all religious orders might have such representation in Rome as the Pope should require. As to the property of religious organizations, Sonnino recalled that an investigation of this subject is now pending, and warned the Chamber that many Catholics, whose allegiance to United Italy was so long despaired of, have now publicly professed their loyalty, which it would be very unwise to give them any excuse for renouncing. The resolution, put to the vote, was lost by a majority of 116.

THE POSITION OF PREMIER GIOLITTI

It will be seen from what has preceded that the present Chamber has, on the whole, been loyal to its ministerial character. Giolitti's predominance, which has endured almost unbroken for six years, seemed toward the end of the session to be without doubt or question. Then, in the first two weeks of July, just before the adjournment on July 12, came a crisis, or at least a partial crisis, which,

taken together with the fall of Clemenceau in France, affords a striking example of the perishability of parliamentary majorities. In Italy, however, the discomfiture of the premier has not been caused by irritation at a hasty utterance, nor yet by partisan opposition, but by the recognition of a political and moral principle.

The question was one of steamship subsidies, which, doubtless, the ministry would gladly have avoided, but which had to be brought up soon on account of the early expiration of subsidy contracts already granted. A law, bearing the date of April 5, 1908, had recently been passed, fixing the conditions on which such contracts should be made in the future, and recognizing the principle of competition in their allotment. It was, to be sure, brought out in the debate that these conditions were not sufficiently liberal; but, instead of inviting Parliament to amend the law, the government entered into a private negotiation with the "Italian Lloyds." This company's terms were accepted, subject to the approval of Parliament, which the ministry doubtless thought it could easily obtain; and were formulated in a bill by Schanzer, to whose department, as Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, such matters belong.

As compared with the provisions of the law of April 5, the stipulations with the Italian Lloyds called for an initial reduction in tariffs of ten instead of twenty per cent, a contract of twenty-five instead of twenty years' duration, and there were also considerable reductions in the requirements of tonnage, speed, and the age of ships. But the most striking feature of the new agreement was the provision that the amount of subsidy for the last twenty years of the contract should depend upon the experience of the first five years of the same. Baron Sidney Sonnino, the leader of the Centre, and a master in the whole sphere of economy and finance, seized upon this as the best point of attack, and in a powerful and

closely reasoned speech showed what enormous loss would result to the country if the bill became a law. Without assuming dishonesty on the part of the officers of the company, he pointed out that in these first five years it would be to their interest to make the service cost as much and earn as little as possible. And the most searching and vigilant government supervision imaginable would be powerless to check the extravagant management that would go on in every part of the world visited by the ships of the Italian Lloyds. Likewise, in this first five years it would be doubly to the company's interest to issue as many bonds as it could for the purchase of ships and supplies, and to devote the largest possible share of its earnings to the sinking fund; doubly to its interest, because in that way it would not only have its additional ships and materials, and its sinking fund increased for the retirement of obligations, but would also, by thus adding to its expenses, have put itself in the way of receiving a larger subvention.

It soon became evident that, after Sonnino's speech, it was impossible for the bill to pass as it stood. He was followed by able speakers on the same side, who pointed out other grave defects. Not a word was said in defense, except by Giolitti and Schanzer. Both betrayed their incompetence in fiscal matters generally, which was nothing new; and Giolitti gave additional evidence of his worst moral quality, which is his utter and abject cowardice. The debate ended, he first read a letter from Senator Piaggio, chairman of the Italian Lloyds, which stated that, in view of the opposition which the stipulations with his company had encountered in the Chamber, he was quite willing that the contract should be put up at public auction, holding himself ready, however, to sign this contract not later than the last day of December, if no satisfactory bids should have been offered by other parties in the mean time. Accordingly, Giolitti declared himself

ready to open the contract to public competition, all negotiations to be subject to the approval of Parliament. In these circumstances the Chamber would surely, he said, recognize the necessity of suspending the discussion of the present bill, and also the right of the government to know if it still enjoyed its confidence. At this plain confession of weakness, there was a great outcry of triumph from all the opposition benches. "It is not only my right, but my duty," Giolitti shouted above the tumult, "to know whether I still have the confidence of the Chamber."

Thereupon arose such a pandemonium that the session had perforce to be adjourned. When order was restored, a resolution had been sent up to the Speaker, signed by the requisite number of the Premier's followers, to the effect that "the Chamber, in view of the declarations of the government, suspends the discussion of the bill."

It was pointed out, in the debate that followed, that to pass the resolution would seem to leave the ministry free to advertise for bids on the terms of the contract with the Italian Lloyds, the vicious nature of which had been so clearly exposed. And it was finally agreed that the question of the bids should not be confused with the postponement of the bill, but should be reserved for a separate motion early in the next session. But Giolitti having declared that he included in the present motion the question of confidence, deputies of every shade of political opinion, save only the Premier's personal following, rose to protest that their votes for the suspension would be cast with the distinct understanding that they did not imply confidence in the ministry; and among these speakers was Finocchiaro-Aprile, leader of a newly formed group of members who had hitherto voted with the ministerial party. Giolitti, with safe temerity, challenged the opposition to propose a separate vote of lack of confidence, if they thought themselves strong enough. He knew very well that on such an issue, which would

be altogether personal and partisan, he could win. But he also knew that if it came to a vote on the dealings with the Italian Lloyds, his majority, if it survived at all, would be so much reduced that he would be virtually defeated. In these circumstances the resolution for the suspension was carried without a dissenting voice. But that the ministry is discredited and in serious difficulties, there is no doubt whatever. It remains to be seen whether it can extricate itself when Parliament reassembles in November.

A WONDERFUL YEAR FOR LITERATURE

The year in Italy has been an *annus mirabilis* in literature. It began, to be sure, with the complete failure of D'Annunzio's *Fedra*, a cold academic performance in spite of a large infusion of D'Annunzian "passion," and in spite of a few fine passages which could hardly fail in a work of such length by an author of undoubted genius. It is a pity that the long list of Hellenizing dramas, from Seneca down through Corneille, Dryden, and Voltaire, has not yet taught the lesson that a first-rate play cannot be made by refurbishing an old Greek theme. But happier efforts of genius were soon to come. Giovanni Pascoli, the worthy successor of Carducci in the chair of Comparative Literature at Bologna, has published his *Nuovi Poemetti* (Zanichelli, Bologna, 1909), which is the third volume of his *Poesie*, and completes the series, the first, second, fourth, and fifth volumes having already appeared. This volume seems to me to represent the summit of the poet's achievement up to now. The form is prevalently *terza rima*, the themes for the most part pastoral.

From the first, Pascoli has chosen Virgil as his master; and it may safely be asserted that, in the bucolic style, the Mantuan bard has never, for purity and refinement of spirit, and for true quality of inspiration, had a worthier follower. He has all the close, intense observation and love of external nature, that mark the true pastoral poet. His style and treatment

are at times somewhat difficult and indirect, but never in the way of artificial refinement. Once you have overcome the difficulty and traced out the indirection, you are nearer to the poets' mind and to the all-pervading mystery of nature which is his theme. I cite as an example the first poem in the present volume, *La Fiorita*. This is the story of the happy loves of a shepherd and shepherdess, who are, by the way, very unlike the traditional Strephons and Phyllises of academic pastoral poetry. The poem is divided into nine parts, all but the second of which take their names from birds that come in the spring to sing of "short-lived flowers and eternal love." The second part is called *Il Solitario*, who is Dore, the shepherd's younger brother, who, after hearing the first songs of spring, makes a flute of chestnut-wood, whose notes are heard in undertone throughout the music of the poem.

The year has also brought to fame a writer whose genius and personality are altogether novel and unique. Sem Benelli's *Cena delle Beffe*, a dramatic poem in four acts, has been produced with brilliant success in the principal theatres of Italy. Sem Benelli is a Florentine, thirty-one years of age, but in spite of his youth he has endured a lifetime of trial and tragic experience. At the age of eighteen he was left, by the death of his father, with a family dependent upon him. Thus forced to interrupt the literary studies already dear to him, but true to the old Florentine tradition of the unity of creative art, he betook himself to another though humbler branch. He became a craftsman, a carver in wood, a maker of household furniture, who strove to fashion everything that came under his hand into a thing of beauty, knowing that it was in this union of the useful and the beautiful that the art of his native city first became great. But, in the midst of this life of toil and care, he found time for the study and composition of dramatic poetry. His first failures, and they were *insuccessi clamorosi*, he bore with the

same courageous and unyielding temper that he showed in his many other trials. Finally, not long ago, he had his first success in the *Maschera di Bruto*.

The *Cena delle Beffe*¹ would be hard to qualify either as a comedy or tragedy. The ending is tragic, though the incidents are more in the nature of comedy but always with an undertone of tragic irony. The scene is laid in Florence in the time of Lorenzo the Magnificent. The plot turns on the revenge that Giannetto Malespini, by nature a defenseless butt of brutal and malicious jests, takes on two brothers who are his most persistent tormentors. The presentation of character is masterly, with deeper suggestions than the action has scope to develop. The form is hendecasyllabic blank verse, by common consent one of the most difficult kinds of Italian versification, which he has handled with consummate skill. It has even been maintained that he has finally solved the problem of hendecasyllabic blank verse by making the accents of the line correspond, not only, as is traditional and necessary, with grammatical stress, but also with the more fleeting and indeterminate accents of sentence and period.

The inspiration of the poem, its tone, quality, and suggestion, are of the purest Tuscan, the Tuscan of the greatest and best period. And this, perhaps, is for the present his chief title to honor, though the merits of his poem be great. Through a long period of trial and hardship, tempted by poverty to go in easier and more devious paths, surrounded by the influences of a cheap and venal modern theatre, he remained true to the high ideals he had drawn from a glorious past,—

Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus,
Fastidire lacus et rivos ausus apertos.

Thus his triumph is not only personal,

¹ Published by Fratelli Treves, Milan. English, French, German, and Spanish translations are being, or have been made; and the drama will be brought out in the indicated countries, including the United States.

but also belongs to a principle, and wins for himself and his country the praise of a high achievement, and the promise of greater things to come.

NOTE. That I may better introduce to the reader Pascoli's beautiful poem to which I referred above, I reproduce Part I, entitled *Il Pittiere*, in which the characters are Dore and the bird:—

I

Oh! tutti i giorni e tante volte al giorno
s' erano visti! L' uno era in orecchi
sempre che udisse spittinare intorno.

E s' ei tornava a casa con due stecchi
o due vincigli, l' altro lo seguiva
da ramo a ramo. Erano amici vecchi.

Ma oggi, tutto meraviglia viva
nel petto rosso, l' uno alzava a scatti
la coda al dosso di color d' uliva.

Parea dicesse: — O dunque fa di fatti! ?—
Ora aliava in terra tra lo sfagno,
ora volava in cima a gli albigatti.

Con gli occhi tondi aperti sul compagno
molleggiava sul cesto e su l' ontano.
L' altro sedeva al calcio d' un castagno,

con una vetta e un coltelluccio in mano . . .

II

Pareva savio, un altro! Il suo coltello
fece alla vetta torno torno un segno
uguale, netto, e un piccolo tassello.

Ed egli poi con arte e con ingegno
torse la buccia tra i due pugni, e trasse
fuor della buccia umido e bianco il legno.

Tagliò del legno quanto gli tappasse
quel cannoneello, ma non tutto e troppo.
Scese il pittiere su le stipe basse.

Provò se il fiato non avesse intoppo,
soffiando un poco, e si drizzò contento.
Frullò il pittiere sur un alto pioppo.

Poi, nella selva, coi capelli al vento,
lungo il ruscello, il fanciulletto Dore
col flauto verde annunziò l' avvento

dei fiori brevi e dell' eterno amore.

III

O primo fiore! O bianca primavera!
Hai gli orli rossi, come li ha l' aurora,
e il sole biondo è nella tua raggiera!

Dore sonava. All' uccellino allora
sovvenne il nido. Alzò, partendo, il canto
che là negli alti monti ove dimora,

canta alle solitudini soltanto.

THROUGH A BANK WINDOW

BY ELEANOR B. RICHARDSON

FOR more than eight contented years I have counted it "my blessing, not my doom," that during the greater part of the day I look forth upon the world through the bronze gratings of a bank window; and, owing perhaps to some fatal defect in my sensibilities, throughout all these years it has never once occurred to me to look upon my work in a critical or apologetic spirit. Therefore it was something of a shock to me, when I was accosted this morning by an acquaintance who said in a pitying tone, —

"Poor girl, how monotonous you must find life, obliged as you are to spend all your days in the prosaic atmosphere of a bank!"

The immediate effect of this gratuitous sympathy was to make me very angry; and though I answered the lady politely, I found myself soliloquizing somewhat after this fashion: —

"Prosaic! Monotonous! Humph! I'd be willing, my condescending friend, to wager my next month's salary that more interesting events come within my ken each day than you are privileged to witness in a year of your comfortable, well-padded existence!"

After a time, however, my sense of humor came to the rescue, and, my indignation gradually fading away, I was able to enter upon my morning's duties in a smiling state of mind, and, becoming absorbed in the day's work, soon forgot the incident entirely.

But to-night, at the end of a toilsome day, the words come back to me; and I find myself longing for the pen of the ready writer, that I might set forth somewhat of the tense and living interest with which the atmosphere about me has seemed vibrant. There is never a day

that does not hold some incident worthy of remembrance, but this day has been unusual, inasmuch as each hour made some striking demand upon our notice.

Scarcely had the great doors been thrown open this morning, when three men of foreign aspect crowded up to the desk of the foreign-exchange manager (that kindly man whose patience with these strangers within our gates has no bounds). The men were easily recognized as Greeks; only one of them could speak English, and the other two were dependent upon him for the stating of their needs and the information they desired. Through the interpreter it was learned that they were father and son, and that they wished to send home for the wife and mother. A simple little story, but I assure you this was a great moment in the lives of these swarthy strangers; and as they counted out the dirty United States bills in exchange for which they were to receive a draft on Athens, I thought of the long days of toil in the blistering sun that that money represented, and it seemed to me that it took no small courage and faith to hand over these hard-earned dollars to a man of alien blood and speech, in exchange for a bit of (to them) meaningless paper.

But as I scanned the faces of the two men while they waited for the draft, I saw there shining bravely the goodly trinity of faith, courage, and hope; and I wondered what sort of a patient, brave old mother it was who was coming across the broad seas to make a home for these two.

The father was not feebly old, but a certain weary look upon his face spoke of many disappointments and hardships endured, — the face of the life-long laborer who must toil with all his strength

for a bare living. But if the father's countenance was heavy with the burdens of life, not so the son's: here was youth with all its fire and vigor! His features were fine and sensitive, and in his dreamy dark eyes, to my fancy, there lurked haunting memories of the blue Ægean and the ancient glories of his race.

Truly the face of a poet this, and had fate granted it to him to be born in a different time, surely this lad must have been a poet, — one like Theocritus perchance: for here, too, was a soul who would have found very sweet the music of the whispering pine trees, and on a rustic lute would have piped us sweet melodies of woodland nymphs, and songs of the fishermen who rise before the dawn to prepare the nets.

And so it was that my day began with a sight of a humble devotion interwoven with thoughts of old songs and myths of that Golden Age when all the world was young, and sadness and toil were yet unknown.

The next occurrence of the morning, however, had a very modern flavor! A woman, evidently bewildered by the intricacies of cashing a check, took her departure in such haste as to forget her two-year-old son, whom she had placed upon a divan in the bank's corridor, while she transacted her business.

For a time the child was so quiet that he was not noticed, but as a realization of his motherless state began to dawn upon him, the youngster sent forth a wail that speedily brought him to the attention of all within hearing.

Several of the masculine part of the bank's force took their stand about this protesting bit of humanity; but while anxious to quiet his wails, one by one they were forced to acknowledge their helplessness.

In the mean time, remembering that discretion is the better part of valor, I, who feel that I am better qualified to discuss rates of discount and exchange than to care for deserted babies, kept myself

very much in the background. But while endeavoring to look unconcerned, I was in reality longing to comfort the clamorous child, and was glad when a word from that most kindly disposed man, our president, summoned me upon the scene.

Bracing myself for a new experience, I approached the baby and took him in my arms. As I did so, the poor little chap seemed to recognize in me a long-lost friend, and burrowing his face on my shoulder, after a few heart-breaking sobs, allowed himself to be petted into quietness. And when he finally lifted his small, pink, tear-stained countenance, and looked about him with a timid little smile, exactly as if he were apologizing for the trouble he had caused, the while he clung tightly to me, I must confess to a moment of most rapturous conceit. However, my egotism, being of a mushroom growth, perished as quickly, for in a few moments' time, the mother of the baby rushed in quite as frantically as she had rushed forth, and from the manner in which she snatched the baby from me, I judged that she feared she would find it a more difficult matter to redeem her baby than, unidentified, to cash a check. As one of "the boys" said, "Perhaps she thought we wanted to keep the lad for a burglar alarm!"

The balance of the morning passed by uneventfully; but early in the afternoon, one of our tellers distinguished himself by identifying, as a much-wanted criminal, a man who was even then presenting a forged check. It was a clever bit of detective work, performed so quietly that few of the customers who were in the bank knew what had transpired, or realized what the presence of the blue-coated chief of police in conference with our president betokened. But if the occurrence created little comment among those outside the bank windows, within the clerks were all agog with excitement, while the quick-witted teller endeavored to act as though he were in the habit of playing Sherlock Holmes every day of his life, and accepted the admiration of his

fellow workers with an air of nonchalance that deceived no one.

Later in the afternoon another incident came within my notice: homely as to details, but full of pathos. It was near three in the afternoon when an old weather-beaten farmer approached the cashier's desk, and pulling out a well-stuffed wallet asked for a New York draft for seven hundred dollars, and then proceeded to count out that amount in bills. While the draft was being prepared, the farmer grew confidential and unfolded a touching story of parental devotion.

"You see, mister, it's this way," he began. "Jim's a mighty bright fellow, and I reckon if his luck ever turns he'll make some stir in the world. It's five years now since he went out to Arizony, and he's had a hard time of it so far. Been sick some, and twice he's been robbed by his partners, but now he's got a claim that he calc'lates is about as good as they make 'em even in old Arizony. But you know it takes an awful sight of money to start one of them 'ere mines going."

The old man stopped here and looked timidly up at the man at the imposing desk as if hoping for confirmation, and the cashier, who knew by sad experience how great indeed is the need for money in such enterprises, replied, —

"Yes, that is so. Capital is needed always;" and added, "I suppose you had this money laid by for a rainy day, did n't you?"

The old man shook his head sadly. "No; you see, ma and I did have nigh onto a thousand dollars saved for our old age; but when Jim wrote us a spell back how mighty bad he needed some money we calc'lated we could get along and we sent that to him. You know he's all we've got," he wound up pathetically.

"And this?" queried the cashier, holding up the draft he was about to sign.

The old man's voice broke a little as he said, "Well, Jim wrote again last week that he had to have some more

money quick, so ma and I mortgaged the place to send this. But it's all right. Jim's a mighty fine lad."

Now our cashier is not a sentimentalist (he is too good a banker for that), but as he placed the draft in the toil-worn hand he said kindly, —

"Well, I hope your boy will prove to be one of the lucky ones, and that he will be as true-blue to others as his father has been to him."

Now, it may be that Jim is a luckless prospector, or, worse yet, a gambler wasting his father's hard-earned money in vicious dens; but, somehow or other, we who saw his old father cheerfully sacrifice all he had in order to help "the boy," are hoping that some day his father's love and faith will be justified.

Such is the brief outline of a not unusual day in a moderately large bank; and yet I think it could hardly be called dull or monotonous, replete as it is with human interest.

And so it is day after day; one has only to look about at any time to have revealed to him living chapters torn from the lives of the passing throng.

Yonder at the front of the line stands a laboring man, waiting to cash his hard-earned check, the proceeds of which are probably already spent, so quickly do the necessities of life eat up the wages of toil; while behind him in the line is the millionaire, chatting, as he waits, with a lady of fashion, who carries in her prettily gloved hand a check won at bridge the day before. This lady in turn is being jostled by a woman who, dressed as she is in quiet elegance, might pass unobserved in the crowd; but, alas, the check she will cash will betray her to the man at the window! But both she and the maker of the check may go their ways unworried, for the priest at the confessional guards not his secrets more carefully than does the teller at the bank window.

Saint and sinner, rich and poor, thief and philanthropist, sooner or later during the day must pass through the bank's

corridor; and each is received with equal courtesy, for bank clerks must recognize no degrees of poverty or prosperity, no stains on clothes or souls.

And as this varied stream flows past my window in a quiet corner of the bank, my heart is often touched with sadness. For, owing perhaps to the baleful light that emanates from the "accursed gold," I fancy that in this place one sees most plainly the scars left on souls by cankering care, and that anxiety that haunts the lives of us all. "The sense of lack," one creed calls it, the prod of ambition, or the struggle for existence — call it what you please, this grim spectre is a familiar guest in the soul of every living person.

The strong man veils his fear beneath an assumption of bravado, lighting a cigar as he waits for the word from the Man at the Window that is to make or mar the work of a lifetime. The lady of

fashion jests at poverty, and draws aside her skirts lest she be contaminated by a touch from the woman who has sold her soul to escape starvation. But if the truth were known, the "Laughing Cavalier" of Finance and My Lady of High Degree deep down in their hearts are listening as fearfully for the padded footfalls of the Wolf as do their sad brothers and sisters who curse them as they pass.

Therefore, as this searching light reveals their souls' pain, my heart thrills with a sense of kinship for the ever-changing multitude; and if now and then the opportunity is given me to aid in some small way one of these, my masked brothers and sisters, I accept it gladly, rejoicing in the fact that even in the midst of the humble duties of existence as fulfilled in "the prosaic atmosphere of a bank,"

Keen ears can catch a syllable
As if one spoke to another.

IN NOVEMBER

BY EDITH WYATT

THEY had pitched camp in the shelter of a great buff-colored dune, with two up-turned canoes, and a small tent with a flap staked over it.

Lake Michigan, all green and mist-blown, banded the whole north horizon, to break along the curving beach in little hoary crowns of foam and bubbles. Southwest, southeast, and south, the broad, full contours of the dunes purred far away, beneath the gray and purple sky of the late autumn. They were grown with red-oak and yellow poplar-brush toward the west. Toward the southeast and south their long pure curves, low-swooping like a swallow's flight, ran nude and pale, in shadows exquisitely changing in the rising afternoon.

Beside a smoky fire, between the tent
VOL. 104 - NO. 5

and the lake, a sunburned young woman with roughly-blown hair, in corduroy skirt and a boy's overcoat, dark and shabby, now hid her eyes from the smoke, in the crook of her arm, and now rubbed vaseline on a stiff shoe in her lap.

These occupations so closely engaged her attention that she did not at first observe, across the beach, the approach of a little sandy woman between fifty and sixty, in a short walking-skirt and a felt walking-hat tied down with a veil. Her shoes looked damp. She glanced rather shyly, but with a sort of liking and friendliness, at the tent and the fire.

"Come and dry your shoes," said the girl hospitably, lifting her eyes. She was a rather pretty blonde girl, with a good-humored, quiet expression.

"You folks camping out here?" said the visitor, still looking with an air of satisfaction and pleasure at the camp. "You're from Chicago, relatives to Mrs. Horick in South Laketown, ain't you? So I heard. I've sewed some for her. Oh, I just wisht I was you. Few cares enough for camping to do it this time of year. Your folks come here to fish?"

"No," said the girl quietly. "One of my cousins was taken sick this fall, and told to live outdoors. So he decided to come out here and camp with his wife and little boy and me. For a while."

"You have a nice place for it."

"My cousins have gone to the station on some errands," said the girl reflectively, polishing her shoe. She could not very well say to her relative's dressmaker, that the camp had feared the visit of Mrs. Horick on that very afternoon. Mrs. Horick was a pretty, competent, hard-edged young woman, who enjoyed such things in life as tight face-veils, high traps, and docked horses. The adult campers had drawn lots to select her victim for the afternoon. The lot had fallen to Jim Paine. But Jim took so unbridled a pleasure in displeasing Mrs. Horick that it was decided such a fate would be too cruel to her. The lots were drawn again. This time the lot fell to Alice Paine. But Mrs. Horick depressed Alice, sometimes for several hours after her departure. The lots were drawn again. This time the lot fell to Elsie Norris. With whoops, it was determined Elsie must remain. She would not care a fig what Mrs. Horick said or thought, would be entirely amiable with her, and, besides, had no shoes to walk to the station in. One pair was wet. The other was too stiff to put on. After dressing Elsie in the most handsome garments the camp afforded, the others had left her, early in the afternoon, with Shep, Rabbie's collie, wandering around within call, and occasionally barking at imaginary wolves in the brush.

"Perhaps you met my cousins on your way," said Elsie.

"No. I did n't come from that direction. I came from Gary. It ain't much of a place to live. But I got a real good airy room, with a back-porch of my own, in a carpenter's family there. Miss Brackett's my name. I'm about the only dressmaker in the place, so's I get plenty of custom, more 'n all that I can do; and well-paid, too, you can say in a way," she added with a sigh; "and in a way, not; because I hate sewing. But then I walk a good deal around here. There's some fine walks through the oaks and in the dunes; just as fine as any one could wish," she said with a look of content. "It makes me just about homesick to see your camp. I was camping myself six years ago."

"Were you? Here?"

"No," said Miss Brackett, with a little hesitation. In response to Elsie's invitation, she had seated herself on a log, near the fire. There was evidently something very stirring in their little camp to her. For a moment she even looked as if she were going to cry. "It was on the plains," she said finally, with a certain pride. "A long wagon-trip, a whole year long."

"How fine!"

"Yes," said Miss Brackett, looking at the dunes and the surging lake. "It was, as you might say, a great experience. You hardly would believe me, but before that time, why, I hardly knew there was such a place as outdoors; not till I was forty-six years old; and that's a fact."

Elsie glanced up at her inquiringly. She had heard of persons who acquired Spanish at ninety, or who experienced a passionate personal infatuation for the first time at sixty, but never of an adult creature devoted to an indoor existence, who suddenly felt in middle age a real response to the great inarticulate voices of the earth.

"Up to then, I lived on the West Side, in Chicago, with my married sister. My father left the place to her and to me. Most of the rest of the property went to

my young half-brother Kip. But when Nettie's children were nearly grown, it seemed as though there was n't any room left in the house for me; and yet they needed me, you see, to sew for them, right straight along. I used to sew, sew, sew till midnight and past, often, tucking on the girls' summer dresses, especially that last spring when I was at home; and I began to cough then and get so dreadful tired. That winter Nettie thought each of the girls ought to have their own room. It was no more than right, either. Nettie and me, we each had our own room when we was young girls. So I used to sleep, just on two chairs with quilts in the back parlor, and could n't seem to rest very good, and, besides, had to get up and get dressed and the room fixed, real early, so Will could come there and read his morning paper. Well, I used to keep all my things in shoe-boxes, up in the attic, so they'd be out of the way. They used to laugh, and laugh, about those boxes; and one night we was all sitting on the steps, and they was laughing, and my youngest niece, Baby, she got real mad. She's so warm-hearted and she never wanted to take my room, and only did because it provoked Nettie so, for her not to. Babe turned real white, and she said all of a sudden, 'The reason why Aunt Min has n't anything but shoe-boxes to keep her things in is just because we've turned her out of everything,' she said. 'You ought to be ashamed of yourselves.' And she jumped up and ran into the house.

"That night my brother Kip happened to be there. He'd been West ever since he was fifteen. He's a lot younger than Nettie and me — only twenty-five, then. We thought Kip was an awful wild, queersort of fellow, then; we did n't know him at all. I felt just like the rest. He'd run through all that was left him long ago; and he'd married an actress and was separated from her. He was a sort of a Socialist too, and even had tramped some. But he seemed to be real kind in some ways. When Babe said that, he looked at me quite hard. When he went

home he says to me, 'You look sick, Min,' he says, and he took hold of my hand. 'You've got fever. Why don't you see a doctor?'

"Well, I don't know what got into me. After they was all gone that night, I just broke down, and cried and cried. I did feel dreadful sick and feverish, and I had n't no money of my own to see a doctor, and felt just all gone really. I managed to get up and fix the room before any of them come down. But then I had to lie on the sofa, and could n't get to breakfast. And after breakfast — would you believe it? — a doctor come. Kip sent him, himself. But he frightened Nettie to death. I felt dreadfully sorry for her."

"He told your sister how ill you were," said Elsie gravely.

"Oh, yes. But it was n't so much that, as she was so afraid some of the children might catch my trouble. She was all right though as soon as they got me to the hospital, though she was provoked too, because it took so much of her time to come there to see me. She come twice before I went away. The doctor said that going away was my only chance. For all that I was up and around, he thought I could n't live a year."

Neither of them spoke for a moment, looking away at the dunes.

"Then — what do you think — Kip had an intimate friend, quite a rich young man, Will Bronson, who was sick the same way I was. That's how Kip come to notice my sickness so. The doctors wanted him kept out of doors, and he and Kip was going on this wagon-trip. But his mother was nearly crazy worrying over it, and worrying the young man and crying all day and night. She thought Kip never could take care of him. Well, those boys wanted me to go off with them on the wagon-trip. They said I could cook for them, and it would relieve the mother. And it did. They took me to see her. And she thought if a person like me could go on a wagon-trip it could n't be so awful after all. Well, the short and the

long of it was, we went to Fort Leavenworth, and the boys got a wagon and provisions and blankets and thick shoes and things for me, and they got two good mules from the government post, and we started off."

Miss Brackett sat erect. A look of elation burned in her violet eyes.

Elsie drew a deep breath and laughed.

"Yes. I did n't like the idea at first: all the rough clothes, and our being alone on the plains, and after a while going to be right in the desert, — it seemed to me terrible. But it was the only thing there was for me to do. I just kep' my mouth shut tight through all that time. And then, I don't know, more and more, oh, I just come to love it!"

After a moment Elsie said, "And did you really have any hardships?"

"What do you call hardship? The rainy season was bad. But I've been lots wetter longer at a time, through whole winters, when I'd lend my rubbers to the children. Sometimes it was terrible cold. But then we always had a good fire. I've been lots colder in the back parlor and on crowded street-car platforms, and lots and lots more uncomfortable. Once we got off the trail. Once we had a bad time about finding water. One night after the mules was hobbled they jumped along so far, even hobbled, that we could n't get them for hours. Kip and Will Bronson was gone six hours in different directions; and I was afraid they was lost. But I've had more hardship, you might say, and not that I want to complain either, in one week on the West Side at home, than in a whole year of what they called roughing it. And for hard feelings, and real mean bad ways of acting, I've seen more of them over getting out one shirt-waist in a dressmaker's shop, than in that whole time on the wagon-trip. Even though once we had a man in our camp that we heard afterwards was a criminal and fugitive from justice," she added with a laugh.

"What sort of a man was he?"

"A very considerate, pleasant sort of man. He was a short, thick-set fellow from Missouri, with a hard sort of chin. He come riding up near the Baton Pass, and asked to stay the night and get supper and breakfast with us. Well, it so happened I had caught cold and was n't feeling extra. The boys was worried and sort of mad, — that was the worst trouble we had, — because I would mend and cook just the same. The boys cooked terrible, and it seemed as though I could n't have no peace of mind, unless I did it. It made me feel so as though I was no use to them and not paying my share by what I did, you know. Well, this man from Missouri was a fine cook. He stayed with us three days, and by the time he went I was all right again. He was real helpful. They never got him. When we come to Trinidad, we was good and surprised to find he was a cattle thief that shot a sheriff that tried to arrest him."

The lake was paler now. White clouds plumed on the horizon, and an evening glow, green and faintly flushing, was reflected delicately from the west. The dunes were browner and darker. The visitor sat thinking, evidently of her long, free wandering days. Elsie, putting on her shoes, sat thinking of her wayfaring companion's mean and hateful life in the very midst of what is called civilization and respectability, of her struggle for existence, a struggle in which she had been all but killed by the greediness around her, a struggle just as sharp as any of the nail-and-claw-depredations commonly attributed exclusively to wildernesses. They watched the sky change in an unspoken friendliness.

"And now, you are much better?" said Elsie quietly.

"Yes. Now I'm well, thank God! And the Bronson boy as sound as a bell. That was the most lucky illness you can imagine for me. I could n't go back after that to the way I lived before. I always would live different — more outdoors, and just looking after myself better. Since that time, I've been lots more use

to myself and everybody else. After we got to California, I sewed here and there for the people where we boarded first, and they liked my sewing so much, and I made so much money, that when Kip got a job to Gary, engineering for the electric plant, and I come too, to keep house for him, I put up a sign and gradually I'd worked up a good trade, before he was married. Why I'm going to be able to send Babe to Vassar, and plenty for me to take a trip west, too, next summer. Kip married such a nice girl." She rose. "I've talked you to death. But when you spoke about your cousin it brought everything right out of my lips some way. I hope he's not so very sick."

"No. He will be well again. He has a splendid constitution."

Miss Brackett shook hands with her. "I wish you would come in for a minute and see me, if you ever have time some day when you're in Gary."

"I will."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

As her visitor disappeared over the rounded ridge of the dune, Elsie heard the home-coming voices of the campers. They had brought peanut-taffy to her, and they praised her none the less highly

for her intended sacrifice to the Moloch of Mrs. Horick and the dullness of the world that she had not needed to make this sacrifice.

For some reason, she could not have explained to them about her chance guest. But she was still thinking of her, as she walked from the shore a little later to gather firewood for supper. The sun dropped long-ribbed level beams over the russet oak-brush and buff shadows of the dunes. Crimson rifts broke in the amber ether of the west. Rich, rich, soft, and deep, the fragrance of some far autumnal bonfire breathed in the cool air. "Where are the songs of spring? oh, where are they? Mourn not for them, thou hast thy music, too," rang silently in the girl's fancy as she stood looking around her. And she wondered that she never till that day had realized how deeply wild creation is the birthright of every creature, not only for the power of tooth and fang, the strength of the marauder, but for the vitality of speed and sensitiveness, ground-squirrel, deer and cricket; and how Nature's most profound magnificence might sing, perhaps, not in her thrilling melody to April pulses, but in her proud cadence to November hearts.

THANKSGIVING

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

SUPREMEST Life, and Lord of All,
I bring my thanks to Thee;
Not for the health that does not fail,
And wings me over land and sea;
Not for this body's pearl and rose,
And radiance made sure
By thine enduring life that flows
In sky-print deep and pure;

Not for the thought whose glowing power
Glides far, eternal, free,
And surging back in thy full hour
Sweeps the wide world to me;
Not for the friends whose presence is
The warm sweet heart of things,
Where leans the body for the kiss
That gives the soul its wings;

Not for the little hands that cling,
The little feet that run,
And make the earth a fitter thing
For Thee to look upon;
Not for mine ease within my door,
My roof when rains beat strong,
My bed, my fire, my food in store,
My book when nights are long;

But, Lord, I know where on lone sands
A leper rots and cries;
Find Thou my offering in his hands,
My worship in his eyes.
As Thou dost give to him, thy least,
Thou givest unto me;
As he is fed, I make my feast
And lift my thanks to Thee!

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FICTION

A REVIEW AND A COMPARISON

A CERTAIN melancholy as of autumn hangs over the fiction of the last few months, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, over the reader of recent fiction. It would almost seem as if nature, in mourning the death of Meredith, had resolved to produce no more great novelists at present, in her secret and inscrutable wisdom letting the fields lie fallow. As far as the eye can see are but shorn grass and reaped harvest lands, where choice stalks left for the gleaner-critic are few and far between.

The first impression gained from the pile of American and of English novels, and from perusal of stories in the magazines, both better and less good, of both countries, is that it is the novelist, not the critic, who has been doing the gleanings, sometimes from his own earlier work, sometimes from the work of those greater than he. The very name of Meredith, with its suggestion of poignant individuality, emphasizes the lack of fresh insight in the greater part of this fiction, wherein appears much imitation of manner, of technique of earlier work, without sufficient distinction of personality on the part of the author to make that imitation serve a purpose of his own. It is interesting, if disheartening, to follow the trail, in recent fiction, of writers who have made notable popular successes within a few years. So persistent is the mark of Kipling that it seems as if he were nowadays influencing almost everybody except himself; on both sides of the water magazine tales are numerous that copy all of Conan Doyle except the skill; while it is almost painful to see how far-reaching yet are the manner and mannerisms of Anthony Hope, the wit of the *Dolly Dialogues* suddenly beginning to crackle

in long story or short, the plot of the *Prisoner of Zenda* coming back in numberless inadequate disguises.

This atmosphere of reminiscence is strengthened by the comments of publishers and critics of both nations, who say admiringly, "This story is very like *Cranford*;" "These sketches recall *Rab and his Friends*;" "This author has a style like Hawthorne's;" "If Shakespeare had written novels they would have been like these." Many novels "analyze the human heart with skill only second to that of George Eliot;" this reminds one of Dumas, that of Fielding, this of Thackeray, that of Dickens, — in short, the new stories remind one irresistibly of every one except the author. The publishers forget that this appeal to past strength of art is a confession of present weakness, ignoring the fact that the most precious thing in literature is individuality, and that he who fails to bring some fresh interpretative power to the old spectacle fails altogether.

It would indeed have been ungracious to have headed this article "Twice-Told Tales," and yet there were moments when this was a temptation, as, for instance, that, when on the top of the garnered sheaf of novels, *The White Sister*,¹ by Marion Crawford, appeared. Again we have the setting of Italian society, grown so familiar that it leaves one with the impression that Mr. Crawford could sketch it with his eyes shut, as a clever knitter can do over and over the same pattern without looking. The author's deft manipulation of a well-worn ideal appears again in the story of Angela's firm clinging to her nun's vow, despite the

¹ *The White Sister*. By MARION CRAWFORD, New York: The Macmillan Co. 1909.

passionate wooing of the lover who unexpectedly comes to life, while the knot is quietly untied, and the real issue evaded, by the hint that absolution can be obtained for the nun. Thus the popular desire for the heroic is satisfied, and also the still stronger desire that "everybody shall be ridiculously happy in the end," if one may quote the announcement of another novel. All the traits of Mr. Crawford's skill are again illustrated here: the few characters, the economy of incident, the power of focusing attention upon a single issue and giving it leisurely development; and yet the book leaves you with the impression that you have read it all before, for the facile art which neither waxed nor waned for twenty years presents here no new achievement.

Another novel of easy skill in the handling of plot and the presentation of obvious ideals comes from that novelist of arrested development, Mr. Richard Harding Davis.¹ The story of the part played by a young American in a Venezuelan revolution, in freeing an imprisoned general and winning his beautiful daughter, is reminiscent both of Mr. Davis's earlier work and of Anthony Hope. In tying and untying the knot of his romance, the author shows his old deftness, and there is a shrewd American tenacity in his way of sticking to one point; and yet one wonders that he is content to go on doing the same old thing in the same old way. He still remains the clever boy who made a sudden success in the magazines; the repartee of the two friends in *The White Mice*¹ shows how deeply he is still of the undergraduate turn of mind. It is a pity that genuine talent should reach out to no higher achievement; Mr. Davis in his new book shows himself again a novelist of gift who has set himself no high task.

One finds the trail of Kipling and of Merriman in *The Dragon's Blood*, by

¹ *The White Mice*. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1909.

Mr. Henry Milner Rideout; of Kipling again in Mr. Rowland Thomas's collection of short stories, *The Little Gods*.² In the work of the latter the influence of the master shows in the finer way of inspiration, and, except in the amateurish fashion in which the stories are joined together, does not degenerate into mere imitation. The best story in this book of vigorous narratives is not the prize tale, *Fagan*, but *An Optimist*, showing undoubted power, and skill in the use of significant detail. Here is ability to develop a great *motif* simply, in few words, and to present heroic character without analysis and without eulogy. That rare gift of giving homely things large significance appears in many ways, most notably, perhaps, in the way in which the can of bacon appears in this story; and the realists and the idealists may well quarrel as to which of them may claim Mr. Thomas.

The least fortunate phase of our tendency to glean in others' fields is shown in the society novel, where it is not so much the manner as the material which is borrowed. A representative of this class, showing no special gift or skill, is Mr. John Reid Scott's *The Woman in Question*.³ In attempting to reproduce the English novel of society, the author makes an heroic effort to keep from seeing upon a Virginia plantation anything that an Englishman would not have seen upon his estate. The hunt, the smart guests, the one cad who has crept in among them, the entailed estate, are too familiar properties of English fiction to be borrowed wholesale. It is a pity that, in a new country, under new conditions, with new problems to face, so many of our writers should close their eyes to the real opportunity before them, and follow blindly the ways and the manners of other nations; but the number of those

² *The Little Gods*. By ROWLAND THOMAS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1909.

³ *The Woman in Question*. By JOHN REID SCOTT. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1909.

trying to Anglicize the material of American fiction is very great.

In turning over these novels, the eye lights now and then on announcements of new fiction, and certain tendencies suggested here accord all too well with impressions gained from the stories. Publishers are a shrewd class of men, and the phrases they use in setting forth the charms of their wares undoubtedly represent fairly well the taste of the American public. Here is a tale with "a thrill in every line;" here, "a strong love-story whose development is closely allied with the collapse of the famous Quebec bridge," followed by "a dashing romance," wherein "the interest fairly gallops away with the reader;" while of another we read, "At these situations the reader feels a desire to continue the story even if the house be burning." These quotations, which could be indefinitely prolonged, hardly overstate the position that incident, and sensational incident, holds in the greater part of our fiction, and they suggest only too clearly the swift and hysterical type of emotion demanded, — those impassioned moments while the motor-car waits.

That the greater part of our fiction aims at amusement for the moment, and not at the deeper pleasure which comes from seeing human lives faithfully portrayed, can be news to no one; but the familiarity of the thought does not detract from the pity of it. So far as taste in art is concerned, we are still, as a people, childish; we love to have conventional types portrayed: lovely woman even as she was in the art of the thirties, shorn only of her ringlets, noble man who is all bravery and generosity. Instead of thoughtful study in cause and effect, we like a swift tale, full of danger and accident, where, at the end, "everybody is ridiculously happy."

A good instance in point is *The Inner Shrine*,¹ whose anonymous publication perhaps added to its popularity. It

¹ *The Inner Shrine*. New York: Harper and Bros. 1909.

is a clever story, of swift movement and centred interest, developing through constant incident a theme welcome in almost any form to a public greatly addicted to self-sacrifice, — in books, — of self-abnegation and of hardships nobly borne. Our demand for the sensational is amply met; our love of the generalized and the conventional in character-delineation is satisfied. As the heroine develops from an apparently frivolous butterfly into a high-minded, enduring woman, we cannot help feeling a wide hiatus in her growth, for the earlier Diane gives no hint of the later; and we cannot help feeling throughout the lack of that specific touch in character-portrayal that brings conviction of reality. One detects the same generalization in the character of the hero, and still more in the somewhat shop-worn figure of the wicked nobleman; for it is M. de Bienville who most definitely rouses the reader to ask whether the rest of the story, like this personage, is not done from books. Throughout is a certain remoteness from actuality, which makes one wonder whether the author really knows the life of which he is writing, or whether he is making up the wicked people and the good who play the dangerous game.

To our taste for the mediocre, too many of our clever writers are content to cater. Eager to please, more eager to earn money, easy-going, obliging, they fail to reach out toward their best, and settle comfortably to their lucrative, third-rate work. The writing of fiction as an art has suggested itself to but few among us; writing as a paying profession has suggested itself to a vast number. Possibly the large money prizes recently offered for fiction have had an unfortunate effect in diverting attention from the main issue in writing a story, which is, after all, to tell the story as well as it can be told. We need greatly more writers who do not care merely to succeed, but are content to watch closely and interpret wisely, who are original enough to eschew the fashion that has brought money and

over-easy applause. In looking about, at our enthusiasms, our delusions, our failures, our successes, one cannot help reflecting how much greater is the artist's opportunity than is the artist in our country at the present day. Surely no land has, at any time, offered better material in diversity of types, in social contrasts and race contrasts, in all that stuff of human life which is the opportunity of the novelist. There is a rich field for the writer of thoughtful comedy, in the Meredithian sense of the word, wherein the play of differing personalities might be presented. The precious quality of individuality, of depth of personal estimate, is lacking in the greater part of our fiction. In our swift civilization it is more important to keep the pace than to climb a bit beyond, a bit above, and watch with sympathy and insight and understanding, trying to see what it is all about. A deeper motivating is necessary if we are to have work that is worth while; we need a larger, wiser, more sympathetic art.

Ingratitude is one of the baser forms of discourtesy, and in making this plea one should pause to pay tribute to certain novel-writers of our country who care for the quality of their work. Thoughtful comedy is indeed represented in the stories and novels of Edith Wharton, full of fine shades of perception, steadfast to one point of view. One could but wish that, with her great gift of insight, had gone the greater gift of sympathy, without which the finest insight is impossible. Different parts of our country have found serious interpreters; different problems have won their way into fiction, though the proportion of the higher type of work seems discouragingly small. We can speak with pride of the stories of Sarah Orne Jewett, whose tender, sympathetic studies of country folk betray a human quality as rare as that of her work. Hers was a delicate art, aware of its own fine power, conscious of its limitations, kept within the bounds of what she could do, and do exquisitely

well, as firmly as was Jane Austen's. She was the most artistic interpreter of New England and its life that we have had, always excepting our best, Hawthorne.

From the South, which has had, perhaps, more than its share of people writing with artistic intent, comes *The Romance of a Plain Man*,¹ by Ellen Glasgow, whose work is always seriously done and to be taken seriously. The fact that the theme of this latest study of causes and results in human life is less tremendous than some of the earlier ones she has treated, does not detract from its interest; and the development of the "poor white" lad, who, through sheer force of mind and of character, wins a place among the old families of Virginia, has the charm that the story of the self-made man has always had for the American. The earlier part of the book is worked out with much significant realism of detail; the latter part is more commonplace. In sketching the background of stately Southern custom and old-fashioned types of character, the author has attempted to bring out the real values of the life she is describing, with its poverty and its pride; and the story forms a fine contrast to the imitation-English type of Southern novel.

From the West comes a realistic, vigorous epic,² presenting the exploits of an over-successful American man and of a town. Mr. White makes you feel the struggles of the various citizens, the failures that were achievements, the achievements that were failures, and presents the collective life of the community with great vividness, upholding throughout an honest ideal of civic uprightness. It is rather a pity that there is not, in the book, a simplicity of method to match the simplicity of attitude; for the author, probably with an idea of relieving a plain

¹ *The Romance of a Plain Man*. By ELLEN GLASGOW. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1909.

² *A Certain Rich Man*. By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1909.

narrative, tells both ends of his story at once, with the result that it is hard to follow. He could learn much from some of the more frivolous American writers in the matter of the clean, clear-cut stroke. Rather a pity, too, is the melodramatic end.

Red Horse Hill,¹ by Sidney McCall, represents a type of fiction growing common among us, — melodrama allied to a larger theme and a greater plea. Deep sympathy for humanity reveals itself here, and we realize gratefully that here is another species of fiction inspired by non-mercenary motives. If we do protest a bit against the melodrama, and against the portrait of the intellectual woman, as well as that of the abused child, — both of which seem to have been drawn from newspapers or from fiction, rather than from actual study, — we are conscious, after all, that we are making progress since the days of Mrs. Holmes. Sympathy with suffering humanity is welcome in almost any form.

Far better, perhaps best of all the fiction in the American part of the pile before us, are Miss Lucy Pratt's stories of Ezekiel,² several of which are masterly in their interpretative power, not only of the little black hero, but of his race. A reserve and control, a withholding of comment, letting the child in word and deed betray his own imaginative, sensitive personality, show great artistic skill, while the human sympathy underlying the artistic appreciation gives a large quality to the work.

Working down through the layers of American novels to the solid substratum of English, which, perhaps symbolically, lies underneath in this special pile, one draws out *Daphne, or Marriage à la Mode*,³ reads, and rubs one's eyes in bewilderment. Can it be that we of Amer-

ica are not alone in bending to the success of the moment? Is this acknowledged mistress of the art lowering her standard to meet the demand for the sensational in incident, the generalized and conventional in character? The hereditary tendency of the Arnold family to teach the ten commandments, and the confessed inability of the later generations to teach them in the form of the ten commandments, is apparent here in the insistent setting forth of the thesis that divorce is wrong, through the medium of a rather hackneyed story, and the portrayal of the sensational character of the Spanish-American heroine. Through story, character-delineation, discussion, comes the hollow ring of fiction devised to prove an abstract proposition, with an additional hollowness arising from the fact that a maximum of conclusion is based upon a minimum of knowledge. The visiting foreigner, who, in a few weeks' sojourn in any country, devotes his attention to the small but unfortunate class of the very rich, is hardly likely to understand the life of the sober and intelligent mass of its citizens; and Mrs. Ward suffers, as most of her countrymen suffer, from too close a focusing of interest when among us. Throughout the book is a certain vulgarity of manner, in the constant and insistent mention of money, arising not from the material alone, but from the mind working at it, and robbing the tale of "all that atmosphere of refinement and elegance which is associated with all that comes from her pen."

The book is superficial in thought and weak in execution, as thin in intellectual content as in art. Mrs. Ward is undoubtedly right in thinking our divorce laws too free; but if, instead of inventing a story to prove this thesis, she had worked out the real tragedy that lay at her hand, the novel would have had more profound meaning. Here is no hint of just nemesis in the fact that the young Englishman who marries for money finds himself unhappy; he remains in

¹ *Red Horse Hill*. By SIDNEY MCCALL. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1909.

² *Ezekiel*. By LUCY PRATT. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1909.

³ *Daphne, or Marriage à la Mode*. By MARY A. WARD. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. London: Cassell & Co. 1909.

the author's mind a purely pathetic figure, to whom great wrong has been done. There is more than one way of showing reverence for the marriage vow; and, surely, resisting the temptation to take it for the sake of millions of dollars would be as signal a proof of such reverence as refraining from divorce. There is something almost tawdry about the mock pathos at the end, where the hero's ruin through drink is made the fault of agencies outside himself. Nowhere in the book is there real study of character, nowhere a trace of the analytical skill shown in *David Grieve* and *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, and other productions of the blossoming time of Mrs. Ward's art. The autumn atmosphere, with its touch of decay, is sadly apparent here, and the author gives one the impression of having written herself out. Her admirers can but mourn the loss, or lapse, of the power shown in her earlier work, a power always lacking the final penetration that a sense of humor gives a serious mind, but still with a certain fine mastery in it.

In turning over the novels it is evident, in the English group, that the material is more diversified than it is in the American, the range of types wider. The old-fashioned story of the hero from infancy to manhood, the new-fashioned study of the life of the lower classes, the æsthetic-historical novel, the local-color tale of foreign lands, study of colonial conditions,—all these, and others, make up that solid substratum. *Sebastian*,¹ by Frank Danby, belongs to the first class. Son of a gifted novelist and of a plain business man, Sebastian affords us, at least in the earlier stages of his development, an interesting struggle of conflicting tendencies, and yet the book leaves one puzzled as to the issue. One hardly knows whether it is Sebastian's story or his mother's that is being told; for the somewhat worn thesis that a woman, in writing, strips herself of all chance to live,

¹ *Sebastian*. By FRANK DANBY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1909.

is emphasized at the expense of the hero. Sebastian, instead of persisting in being the central personage, has a disappointing way of subsiding into a mere illustration of the fact that his mother was all wrong about everything. The book is full of genuine feeling, observation, experience; but, as is the case in many another English tale, it affords an indefinite richness, and the mingled kinds of suggestion leave one wise about many things, but not about the question in hand. With this wavering as to goal is combined an unevenness in execution, running all the way from the construction of plot, and the delineation of character, into the sentence-structure. The style, often felicitous, epigrammatic, becomes in places careless, weak, and wavering.

Still greater indirectness of method appears in *The Mount*,² by C. F. Keary, a book whose interesting theme fails of its effect because of the author's reluctance or inability to keep it before you. It is the story of a man whose over-chivalric, old-fashioned ideals lead him too far in the defense of a wronged woman, the sequel showing that the latter falls short of the measure of his sacrifice. At the outset, the reader's attention is diverted by an elaborate description and analysis of a young woman, who disappears entirely from the story, evidently having no connection with it. In the account given of the town, its history, its standards, its politics, the background is not in any vital way connected with the tale. A curious failure to trace processes is apparent; when the hero, on page two hundred, shoots the wrong-doer, you start as at a sudden explosion, for nothing in character-treatment, or in the tone of the narrative, has prepared you for tragedy. The book is characteristic of a large class of English novels, where neither the type of story nor the special problem in hand is made clear.

It is evident, either that the English are thinking harder about the funda-

² *The Mount*. By C. F. KEARY. London: Archibald Constable & Co.

mental problems of their civilization, or that more of the serious thought on social questions is finding its way into fiction, than is the case with us. *Sixpenny Pieces*,¹ by a new writer of genuine originality, is a series of microscopic slides, revealing, with startling vividness and accuracy, the minds and hearts of the many types of people in one of the poverty-stricken quarters of London. Descriptions of the poor in their rags and dirt have been plentiful enough; this new study shows how strong, in most earlier sketches, has been the emphasis on externals, for it makes us aware of the inner natures of these people, their mental processes, the limits of their intelligence and of their feeling. The author's deep sympathy, never obviously expressed but all-pervading, his unusual power of observation, the humor and the penetration shown, make the book of unusual value, while the occasional over-audacity or flippancy of expression never for a moment conceals the seriousness of the work. You realize that, behind these impersonal sketches which tell so briefly just what these people say and do, is the mind of a thinker, pondering deeply and sympathetically on the significance of the human spectacle. If Mr. Lyons possesses constructive gifts that can weave into wholeness the scattered bits and fragments of experience, England will have gained a new writer of fiction with genuine power.

Another serious social study, presenting the class next higher in the scale, is *Low Society*,² by Robert Halifax. The book deals with the business enterprises of a builder of flimsy houses in a London suburb, and tells the story of his effect upon other lives. The slow and careful method with which Mr. Halifax delineates humanity of minor moods and strong appetites and rudimentary emotions brings an air of unusual reality into

the story, whose quiet course one follows with genuine interest.

It is an odd chance that thrusts next into one's hand *The Red Saint*,³ by Warwick Deeping. Brilliancy of execution marks this tale of English life during the struggle between the barons and King Henry. There is vividness of incident, picturesque, impressionistic narrative, and the forest background is sketched with deep sense of its beauty. The style, graphic, admirable often, in its power of significant omissions, becomes at times a bit studied and overconscious. Through the strong emotional and æsthetic appeal made by the story, a persistent question troubles the reader. Is this tendency to use great periods and great figures of by-gone days, to deepen the emotional effects of mere love-story, an altogether fortunate one? One misses in it something always present in the simple narrative of Scott, where the emphasis is invariably on the heroic. It is primarily to Mr. Maurice Hewlett that we owe this emasculation of the historical novel, and there is reason to wonder whether the undoubted appeal of beauty in this work can atone for its unmistakable atmosphere of decadence. The motif of *The Red Saint*, the development of a holy woman, who, in turbulent times, suffers the ultimate wrong and lives on, is one which, if treated at all, should be treated gently. The central incident would be more significant in a tale of martyrdom than in a love-story. The sanctity of the heroine is hardly as convincing as is her womanly quality; the book, like others of the school, shows small sense of the great spiritual forces at work in the age with which it deals. This story of a saint makes far deeper appeal to sense than to soul.

Another book of the class, *The Wanton*,⁴ by Frances Forbes-Robertson, dealing with the Holy Roman Empire under Frederick II, hardly needs mention, ex-

¹ *Sixpenny Pieces*. By A. NEIL LYONS. London: John Lane Co. 1909.

² *Low Society*. By ROBERT HALIFAX. London: Archibald Constable & Co. 1909.

³ *The Red Saint*. By WARWICK DEEPING. London: Cassell & Co. 1909.

⁴ *The Wanton*. By FRANCES FORBES-ROBERTSON. London: Greening & Co. 1909.

cept as confirming the point, that, in the hands of these new writers, all history bids fair to come before us as a long succession of amorous moments. This story, which has indeed "a thrill in every line," is written in an overbrilliant style, possessing more glamour than grammar.

Something in these tales of old days, something of taint in a story of modern life that comes to hand, *Everybody's Secret*,¹ by Dion Clayton Calthorp, makes upon the mind an impression which is deepened by crowding memories of other recent English novels. We have confessed that the greater part of our American fiction is given over too much to startling incident and mere delight in sensational event; we cannot fail to perceive as strong a love of the sensational in the English, expressing itself in a different way. The morally startling, the risqué phrase that will pique and shock, the situation that is beyond the bounds, — does not one encounter too much of this in English novels of recent days? The tendency is apparent in the work of Mr. Trevena, there are hints of it in Lucas Malet, it mars a bit the delightful art of Mr. Locke, and always it wears an air of bravado, as of the little lad who went up on the church steps to swear, just to see if he dared. This borrowed air of decadence does not seem to belong in the line of development of English fiction. "The most striking *tour-de-force* in the book," runs the announcement of a new English novel, "is the sketch of the *demi-mondaine* called the Cobra, a study of one of those vampires that sometimes rise to the surface in the maelstrom of Parisian corruption."

From work of this kind, one turns to *Antonio*,² by Ernest Oldmeadow, with a sense both of surprise and of relief in finding a work of fiction with a spiritual

appeal. The story deals with the dispossession of the Portuguese Benedictine monks in the early nineteenth century, and with the long struggle of one of them to win back, by labor of his head and of his hands, his monastery with its fair southern vineyard. Many readers will fail to share Antonio's special conviction, yet will be deeply moved by his passionate faith in the reality of things unseen. The steps by which, through hunger and privation, he succeeds in his purpose, one follows with the interest that the genuinely heroic always rouses, though the somewhat morbid love story detracts greatly from the impression. The book recalls a greater novel, somewhat similar in *motif*, Mr. Hornung's *Peccavi*, whose unflinching clinging to its theme of spiritual development brings out finely whatever of weakness there is in this. *Antonio* is rather an epic, wherein mind and soul are pitted against outer difficulties, than a drama of the spirit wherein the human soul is trying to work out its way among conflicting inner impulses; and the hero has as little mental misgiving as has Robinson Crusoe.

The rare pleasure in finding a new book by Lucas Malet is, in this case, checked by discovering that *The Score*³ is made up of two stories, neither long nor short. The first is the confession by a dying man of murder committed by him; the second records the heroic refusal, by Poppy Saint John of *The Far Horizon*, of the man she loves. Both stories, and especially the first, make an impression of over-conscious art or artistry, and there is throughout too much of tableau effect. One at the gates of death, whose senses had ceased to speak, would hardly stop to describe scenery, to elaborate appeals of sights and sounds and odors, placing his own past self against such appropriate backgrounds. There is always in the fiction of this author a thoroughness, a definiteness, a logic in developing character through the shock and stress of

¹ *Everybody's Secret*. By DION CLAYTON CALTHORP. London: Alston Rivers. 1909.

² *Antonio*. By ERNEST OLDMEADOW. London: Grant Richards. New York: The Century Co. 1909.

³ *The Score*. By LUCAS MALET. London: John Murray. 1909.

life, but the weight and emphasis of the work are too heavy for the short story; it is as if the very Queen of Brobdingnag were walking in the fields of Lilliput. The unquestioned power of Lucas Malet shows itself fully only in the long and elaborate novel.

This book confirms an impression that has long been forming that the American short stories are better than the English, a statement which may be made safely, perhaps, in the long silence of Kipling. In the American, at its best, is finer workmanship, more feeling for the essential, more sense of the point, the one point, to which a brief narrative should lead; in short, a deeper sense of the significance of this special form. The work of Mrs. Wharton, of Miss Alice Brown, of Mrs. Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, some of Mr. Rowland Thomas's tales, two or three of the stories in Miss Jeannette Marks's *Through Welsh Doorways*,¹ the tales of *Ezekiel* by Miss Pratt, are recent instances in point. The range is wide, running all the way from the skillful telling of a story that is all action, to the deft character-interpretation through significant central incident. The English short story is too often a triple-headed anecdote, or a section of a longer narrative cut off at both ends, lacking in perspective, incomplete.

This consideration leads one to reflect, in looking at the harvest-pile of English and American fiction, on the peculiar strength and the weakness of each country in this art. The very quality that makes the English short story inartistic often gives worth and substance to their novels. They excel in weight and in measure; their work is more full of a lingering sense of human values, and they need the long novel to express their appreciation of things. The richness of reflection and of observation of the great Victorians we could hardly spare; every

name of the period recalls some kind of delightful irrelevancy that sins against the strict canons of art. Many a modern English novel, too, shows richness of feeling, imaginative sympathy with this or that phase of life, but wanders, as their by-paths wander. Why not, when so many fragrances call, this way or that, along their overtempting hedge-rows? There is more atmosphere in their fiction, as in the English meadows; they share that gift of the common folk, in their flower-hidden cottages, of giving a poetic touch to common things. On the other hand, leisurely narrative and reflections that lack significance often degenerate into the long story that is dull and pointless, as is *The Marriage of Hilary Carden*, by Stanley Portal Hyatt, and *Multitude and Solitude*, by John Masefield.

The American, in long stories as in short, shows more sense of form, betraying itself in many ways, from plot to sentence-structure. It is in the English part of this pile of novels that the slipshod sentences have been discovered, the relative clauses that do not relate, the pronouns that go begging for antecedents. One is driven to wonder whether our apprenticeship to the French is not beginning to tell, and tell in fine ways, both in structure and in style, in American fiction. We are aware that the English are more thorough, but they are often thorough in the wrong places, elaborating the unessential, giving the unimportant as careful consideration as the important, showing a lack of sense of relative values. On the other hand, the skill of some of our writers in omission and repression sometimes brings an air of poverty into a long narrative, and makes the reader ask whether they have more method than matter. The best work that has been done among us recently has been in short stories, and it may be that this is the only form of fiction that our swift ways of living will allow us to perfect.

¹ *Through Welsh Doorways*. By JEANNETTE MARKS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1909.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

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BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

AMONG his other wise sayings, Aristotle remarked that man is by nature a social animal; and it is in order to develop his powers as a social being that American colleges exist. The object of the undergraduate department is not to produce hermits, each imprisoned in the cell of his own intellectual pursuits, but men fitted to take their places in the community and live in contact with their fellow men.

The college of the old type possessed a solidarity which enabled it to fulfill that purpose well enough in its time, although on a narrower scale and a lower plane than we aspire to at the present day. It was so small that the students were all well acquainted with one another, or at least with their classmates. They were constantly thrown together, in chapel, in the classroom, in the dining-hall, in the college dormitories, in their simple forms of recreation; and they were constantly measuring themselves by one standard in their common occupations. The curriculum, consisting mainly of the classics, with a little mathematics, philosophy, and history, was the same for them all; designed, as it was, not only as a preparation for the professions of the ministry and the law, but also as the universal foundation of liberal education.

In the course of time these simple methods were outgrown. President Eliot pointed out, with unanswerable force, that the field of human knowledge had long been too vast for any man to compass; and that new subjects must be admitted to the scheme of instruction, which became thereby so large that no student

could follow it all. Before the end of the nineteenth century this was generally recognized, and election in some form was introduced into all our colleges. But the new methods brought a divergence in the courses of study pursued by individual students, an intellectual isolation, which broke down the old solidarity. In the larger institutions the process has been hastened by the great increase in numbers, and in many cases by an abandonment of the policy of housing the bulk of the students in college dormitories; with the result that college life has shown a marked tendency to disintegrate, both intellectually and socially. To that disintegration the overshadowing interest in athletic games appears to be partly due. I believe strongly in the physical and moral value of athletic sports, and of intercollegiate contests conducted in a spirit of generous rivalry; and I do not believe that their exaggerated prominence at the present day is to be attributed to a conviction on the part of the undergraduates, or of the public, that physical is more valuable than mental force. It is due rather to the fact that such contests offer to students the one common interest, the only striking occasion for a display of college solidarity.

If the changes wrought in the college have weakened the old solidarity and unity of aim, they have let in light and air. They have given us a freedom of movement needed for further progress. May we not say of the extreme elective system what Edmond Sherer said of democracy: that it is but one stage in an irresistible march toward an unknown

goal. Progress means change, and every time of growth is a transitional era; but in a peculiar degree the present state of the American college bears the marks of a period of transition. This is seen in the comparatively small estimation in which high proficiency in college studies is held, both by undergraduates and by the public at large; for if college education were now closely adapted to the needs of the community, excellence of achievement therein ought to be generally recognized as of great value. The transitional nature of existing conditions is seen again in the absence, among instructors as well as students, of fixed principles by which the choice of courses of study ought to be guided. It is seen, more markedly still, in the lack of any accepted view of the ultimate object of a college education.

On this last subject the ears of the college world have of late been assailed by many discordant voices, all of them earnest, most of them well-informed, and speaking in every case with a tone of confidence in the possession of the true solution. One theory, often broached under different forms, and more or less logically held, is that the main object of the college should be to prepare for the study of a definite profession, or the practice of a distinct occupation; and that the subjects pursued should, for the most part, be such as will furnish the knowledge immediately useful for that end. But if so, would it not be better to transfer all instruction of this kind to the professional schools, reducing the age of entrance thereto, and leaving the general studies for a college course of diminished length, or perhaps surrendering them altogether to the secondary schools? If we accept the professional object of college education, there is much to be said for a readjustment of that nature, because we all know the comparative disadvantage under which technical instruction is given in college, and we are not less aware of the great difficulty of teaching cultural and vocational subjects at the same time.

VOL. 104—NO. 5

The logical result would be the policy of Germany, where the university is in effect a collection of professional schools, and the underlying general education is given in the *gymnasium*. Such a course has, indeed, been suggested; for it has been proposed to transfer, so far as possible, to the secondary schools the first two years of college instruction, and to make the essential work of the university professional in character. But that requires a far higher and better type of secondary school than we possess, or are likely to possess for many years. Moreover, excellent as the German system is for Germany, it is not wholly suited to our Republic, which cannot, in my opinion, afford to lose the substantial, if intangible, benefits the nation has derived from its colleges. Surely the college can give a freedom of thought, a breadth of outlook, a training for citizenship, which neither the secondary nor the professional school in this country can equal.

Even persons who do not share this view of a professional aim have often urged that, in order to save college education in the conditions that confront us, we must reduce its length. May we not feel that the most vital measure for saving the college is not to shorten its duration, but to ensure that it shall be worth saving? Institutions are rarely murdered; they meet their end by suicide. They are not strangled by their natural environment while vigorous; they die because they have outlived their usefulness, or fail to do the work that the world wants done; and we are justified in believing that the college of the future has a great work to do for the American people.

If, then, the college is passing through a transitional period, and is not to be absorbed between the secondary school on the one side and the professional school on the other, we must construct a new solidarity to replace that which is gone. The task before us is to frame a system which, without sacrificing individual variation too much, or neglecting the pursuit of different scholarly interests,

shall produce an intellectual and social cohesion, at least among large groups of students, and points of contact among them all. This task is not confined to any one college, although more urgent in the case of those that have grown the largest, and have been moving most rapidly. A number of colleges are feeling their way toward a more definite structure; and since the problem before them is in many cases essentially the same, it is fortunate that they are assisting one another by approaching it from somewhat different directions. What I have to say upon the subject here is, therefore, intended mainly for the conditions we are called upon to face at Harvard.

It is worth our while to consider the nature of an ideal college as an integral part of our university; ideal, in the sense not of something to be exactly reproduced, but of a type to which we should conform as closely as circumstances will permit. It would contemplate the highest development of the individual student,—which involves the best equipment of the graduate. It would contemplate also the proper connection of the college with the professional schools; and it would adjust the relation of the students to one another. Let me take up these matters briefly in their order.

The individual student ought clearly to be developed, so far as possible, both in his strong and in his weak points, for the college ought to produce, not defective specialists, but men intellectually well-rounded, of wide sympathies and unfettered judgment. At the same time they ought to be trained to hard and accurate thought, and this will not come merely by surveying the elementary principles of many subjects. It requires a mastery of something, acquired by continuous application. Every student ought to know in some subject what the ultimate sources of opinion are, and how they are handled by those who profess it. Only in this way is he likely to gain the solidity of thought that begets sound thinking. In short, he ought, so far

as in him lies, to be both broad and profound.

In speaking of the training of the student, or the equipment of the graduate, we are prone to think of the knowledge acquired; but are we not inclined to lay too much stress upon knowledge alone? Taken by itself it is a part, and not the most vital part, of education. Surely the essence of a liberal education consists in an attitude of mind, a familiarity with methods of thought, an ability to use information; rather than in a memory stocked with facts, however valuable such a storehouse may be. In his farewell address to the alumni of Dartmouth, President Tucker remarked that “the college is in the educational system to represent the spirit of amateur scholarship. College students are amateurs, not professionals.” Or, as President Hadley is fond of putting it, “The ideal college education seems to me to be one where a student learns things that he is not going to use in after life, by methods that he is going to use. The former element gives the breadth, the latter element gives the training.”¹

But if this be true, no method of ascertaining truth, and therefore no department of human thought, ought to be wholly a sealed book to an educated man. It has been truly said that few men are capable of learning a new subject after the period of youth has passed, and hence the graduate ought to be so equipped that he can grasp effectively any problem with which his duties or his interest may impel him to deal. An undergraduate, addicted mainly to the classics, recently spoke to his adviser in an apologetic tone of having elected a course in natural science, which he feared was narrowing. Such a state of mind is certainly deplorable, for in the present age some knowledge of the laws of nature is an essential part of the mental outfit which no cultivated man should lack. He need not know much, but he ought to know enough to learn more. To him the forces of nature ought not to be an occult mystery,

¹ Annual Report, 1909, page 22.

but a chain of causes and effects with which, if not wholly familiar, he can at least claim acquaintance; and the same principle applies to every other leading branch of knowledge.

I speak of the equipment, rather than the education, of a college graduate, because, as we are often reminded, his education ought to cease only with his life, and hence his equipment ought to lay a strong foundation for that education. It ought to teach him what it means to master a subject, and it ought to enable him to seize and retain information of every kind from that unending stream that flows past every man who has the eyes to see it. Moreover it ought to be such that he will be capable of turning his mind effectively to direct preparation for his life-work, whatever the profession or occupation he may select.

This brings us to the relation of the college to the professional school. If every college graduate ought to be equipped to enter any professional school, as the *abiturient* of a German *gymnasium* is qualified to study under any of the faculties of the university, then it would seem that the professional schools ought to be so ordered that they are adapted to receive him. But let us not be dogmatic in this matter, for it is one on which great divergence of opinion exists. The instructors in the various professional schools are by no means of one mind in regard to it, and their views are of course based largely upon experience. Our Law School lays great stress upon native ability and scholarly aptitude, and comparatively little upon the particular branches of learning a student has pursued in college. Any young man who has brains, and has learned to use them, can master the law, whatever his intellectual interests may have been; and the same thing is true of the curriculum in the Divinity School. Many professors of medicine, on the other hand, feel strongly that a student should enter their school with at least a rudimentary knowledge of those sciences, like chemistry, biology, and physiology,

which are interwoven with medical studies; and they appear to attach greater weight to this than to his natural capacity or general attainments. Now that we have established graduate schools of Engineering and Business Administration, we must examine this question carefully in the immediate future. If the college courses are strictly untechnical, the requirement of a small number of electives in certain subjects, as a condition for entering a graduate professional school, is not inconsistent with a liberal education. But I will acknowledge a prejudice that for a man who is destined to reach the top of his profession a broad education, and a firm grasp of some subject lying outside of his vocation, is a vast advantage; and we must not forget that in substantially confining the professional schools at Harvard to college graduates we are aiming at the higher strata in the professions.

The last of the aspects under which I proposed to consider the college is that of the relation of undergraduates to one another; and first on the intellectual side. We have heard much of the benefit obtained merely by breathing the college atmosphere, or rubbing against the college walls. I fear the walls about us have little of the virtue of Aladdin's lamp when rubbed. What we mean is that daily association with other young men whose minds are alert is in itself a large part of a liberal education. But to what extent do undergraduates talk over things intellectual, and especially matters brought before them by their courses of study? It is the ambition of every earnest teacher so to stimulate his pupils that they will discuss outside the classroom the problems he has presented to them. The students in the Law School talk law interminably. They take a fierce pleasure in debating legal points in season and out. This is not wholly with a prospect of bread and butter in the years to come; nor because law is intrinsically more interesting than other things. Much must no doubt be ascribed to the skill of

the faculty of the Law School in awakening a keen competitive delight in solving legal problems; but there is also the vital fact that all these young men are tilling the same field. They have their stock of knowledge in common. Seeds cast by one of them fall into a congenial soil, and like dragon's teeth engender an immediate combat.

Now, no sensible man would propose to-day to set up a fixed curriculum in order that all undergraduates might be joint tenants of the same scholastic property; but the intellectual estrangement need not be so wide as it is. There is no greater pleasure in mature life than hearing a specialist talk, if one has knowledge enough of the subject to understand him, and that is one of the things an educated man ought so far as possible to possess. Might there not be more points of intellectual contact among the undergraduates, and might not considerable numbers of them have much in common?

A discussion of the ideal college training from these three different aspects — the highest development of the individual student, the proper relation of the college to the professional school, and the relation of the students to one another — would appear to lead, in each case, to the same conclusion: that the best type of liberal education in our complex modern world aims at producing men who know a little of everything and something well. Nor, if this be taken in a rational, rather than an extreme, sense, is it impossible to achieve within the limits of college life? That a student of ability can learn one subject well is shown by the experience of Oxford and Cambridge. The educational problems arising from the extension of human knowledge are not confined to this country; and our institutions of higher learning were not the first to seek a solution for them in some form of election on the part of the student. It is almost exactly a hundred years ago that the English universities began to award honors upon examination in special subjects; for although the Mathematical

Tripes at Cambridge was instituted sixty years earlier, the modern system of honor schools, which has stimulated a vast amount of competitive activity among undergraduates, may be said to date from the establishment of the examinations in *Literis Humanioribus* and in Mathematics and Physics at Oxford in 1807. The most popular of the subjects in which honors are awarded are not technical, that is, they are not intended primarily as part of a professional training; nor are they narrow in their scope; but they are in general confined to one field. In short, they are designed to ensure that the candidate knows something well; that he has worked hard and intelligently on one subject until he has a substantial grounding in it.

For us this alone would not be enough, because our preparatory schools do not give the same training as the English, and because the whole structure of English society is very different from ours. American college students ought also to study a little of everything; for if not, there is no certainty that they will be broadly cultivated, especially in view of the omnipresent impulse in the community driving them to devote their chief attention to the subjects bearing upon their future career. The wise policy for them would appear to be that of devoting a considerable portion of their time to some one subject, and taking in addition a number of general courses in wholly unrelated fields. But instruction that imparts a little knowledge of everything is more difficult to provide well than any other. To furnish it there ought to be in every considerable field a general course designed to give to men who do not intend to pursue the subject further a comprehension of its underlying principles or methods of thought; and this is by no means the same thing as an introductory course, although the two can often be effectively combined. A serious obstacle lies in the fact that many professors, who have reaped fame, prefer to teach advanced courses, and recoil from element-

ary instruction, — an aversion inherited from the time when scholars of international reputation were called upon to waste their powers on the drudgery of drilling beginners. But while nothing can ever take the place of the great teacher, it is nevertheless true that almost any man possessed of the requisite knowledge can at least impart it to students who have already made notable progress in the subject; whereas effective instruction in fundamental principles requires men of mature minds, who can see the forest over the tops of the trees. It demands unusual clearness of thought, force of statement, and enthusiasm of expression. These qualities have no necessary connection with creative imagination, but they are more common among men who have achieved some measure of success; and, what is not less to the point, the students ascribe them more readily to a man whose position is recognized than to a young instructor who has not yet won his spurs. Wherever possible, therefore, the general course ought to be under the charge of one of the leading men in the department, and his teaching ought to be supplemented by instruction, discussion, and constant examination in smaller groups, conducted by younger men well equipped for their work. Such a policy brings the student, at the gateway of a subject, into contact with strong and ripe minds, while it saves the professor from needless drudgery. It has been pursued at Harvard for a number of years, but it can be carried out even more completely.

We have considered the intellectual relation of the students to one another, and its bearing on the curriculum, but that is not the only side of college life. The social relations of the undergraduates among themselves are quite as important; and here again we may observe forces at work which tend to break up the old college solidarity. The boy comes here, sometimes from a large school, with many friends, sometimes from a great distance and almost alone. He is plunged at once into a life wholly strange to

him, amid a crowd so large that he cannot claim acquaintance with its members. Unless endowed with an uncommon temperament, he is liable to fall into a clique of associates with antecedents and characteristics similar to his own; or perhaps, if shy and unknown, he fails to make friends at all; and in either case he misses the broadening influence of contact with a great variety of other young men. Under such conditions, the college itself comes short of its national mission of throwing together youths of promise of every kind, from every part of the country. It will, no doubt, be argued that a university must reflect the state of the world about it; and that the tendency of the times is toward specialization of functions, and social segregation on the basis of wealth. But this is not wholly true, because there is happily in the country a tendency also toward social solidarity and social service. A still more conclusive answer is, that one object of a university is to counteract, rather than copy, the defects in the civilization of the day. Would a prevalence of spoils, favoritism, or corruption, in the politics of the country, be a reason for their adoption by universities?

A large college ought to give its students a wide horizon, and it fails therein unless it mixes them together so thoroughly that the friendships they form are based on natural affinities, rather than on similarity of origin. Now, these ties are formed most rapidly at the threshold of college life, and the set in which a man shall move is mainly determined in his freshman year. It is obviously desirable, therefore, that the freshmen should be thrown together more than they are now.

Moreover, the change from the life of school to that of college is too abrupt at the present day. Taken gradually, liberty is a powerful stimulant, but taken suddenly in large doses it is liable to act as an intoxicant or an opiate. No doubt every boy ought to learn to paddle his own canoe; but we do not begin the process by tossing him into a canoe, and setting

him adrift in deep water, with a caution that he would do well to look for the paddle. Many a well-intentioned youth comes to college, enjoys innocently enough the pleasures of freedom for a season; but, released from the discipline to which he has been accustomed, and looking on the examinations as remote, falls into indolent habits. Presently he finds himself on probation for neglect of his studies. He has become submerged, and has a hard, perhaps unsuccessful, struggle to get his head above water. Of late years, we have improved the diligence of freshmen by frequent tests; but this alone is not enough. In his luminous Phi Beta Kappa oration, delivered here three months ago, President Wilson dwelt upon the chasm that has opened between college studies and college life. The instructors believe that the object of the college is study, many students fancy that it is mainly enjoyment, and the confusion of aims breeds irretrievable waste of opportunity. The undergraduate should be led to feel, from the moment of his arrival, that college life is a serious and many-sided thing, whereof mental discipline is a vital part.

It would seem that all these difficulties could be much lessened if the freshmen were brought together in a group of dormitories and dining-halls, under the comradeship of older men, who appreciated the possibilities of a college life, and took a keen interest in their work and their pleasures. Such a plan would enable us also to recruit our students younger, for the present age of entrance here appears to be due less to the difficulty of preparing for the examination earlier, than to the nature of the life the freshman leads. Complaints of the age of graduation cause a pressure to reduce the length of the college course, and with it the standard of the college degree. There would seem to be no intrinsic reason that our schoolboys should be more backward than those of other civilized countries, any more than that our undergraduates should esteem excel-

lence in scholarship less highly than do the men in English universities.

The last point is one that requires a word of comment, because it touches the most painful defect in the American college at the present time. President Prichett has declared that "it is a serious indictment of the standards of any organization when the conditions within it are such that success in the things for which the organization stands no longer appeal effectively to the imaginations of those in it."¹ We may add that, even in these days, indictment is sometimes followed by sentence and execution. No one will deny that in our colleges high scholarship is little admired now, either by the undergraduates or by the public. We do not make our students enjoy the sense of power that flows from mastery of a difficult subject, and on a higher plane we do not make them feel the romance of scholarly discovery. Every one follows the travels of a Columbus or a Livingstone with a keen delight which researches in chemistry or biology rarely stir. The mass of mankind can, no doubt, comprehend more readily geographical than scientific discovery; but for the explorer himself it would be pitiful if the joy of the search depended on the number of spectators, rather than on zeal in his quest.

America has not yet contributed her share to scholarly creation; and the fault lies in part at the doors of our universities. They do not strive enough in the impressionable years of early manhood to stimulate intellectual appetite and ambition; nor do they foster productive scholarship enough among those members of their staffs who are capable thereof. Too often a professor of original power explains to docile pupils the process of mining intellectual gold, without seeking nuggets himself, or, when found, showing them to mankind. Productive scholarship is the shyest of all flowers. It cometh not with

¹ "The College of Freedom and the College of Discipline;" *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1908, page 609.

observation, and may not bloom even under the most careful nurture. American universities must do their utmost to cultivate it, by planting the best seed, letting the sun shine upon it, and taking care that, in our land of rank growth, it is not choked by the thorns of administrative routine.

If I have dwelt upon only a small part of the problems of the university, if I have said nothing of the professional and graduate schools, of the library, the observatory, the laboratories, the museums, the gardens, and the various forms of extension work, it is not because they are of less importance, but because the time is too short to take up more than two or three pressing questions of general interest. The university touches the community at many points, and as time goes on it ought to serve the public through ever-increasing channels. But all its activities are more or less connected with, and most of them are based upon, the college. It is there that character ought

to be shaped, that aspirations ought to be formed, that citizens ought to be trained, and scholarly tastes implanted. If the mass of undergraduates could be brought to respect, nay to admire, intellectual achievement on the part of their comrades, in at all the measure that they do athletic victory; if those among them of natural ability could be led to put forth their strength on the objects which the college is supposed to represent, the professional schools would find their tasks lightened, and their success enhanced. A greater solidarity in college, more earnestness of purpose and intellectual enthusiasm, would mean much for our nation. It is said that if the temperature of the ocean were raised, the water would expand until the floods covered the dry land; and if we can increase the intellectual ambition of college students, the whole face of our country will be changed. When the young men shall see visions the dreams of old men will come true.

EMOTION

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

In each pure rose of art, — earth's richest dower, —
Lives an emotion moulded to a flower;
In every soul that wins through valorous strife
Trembles emotion moulded to a life.

TREADMILL JUSTICE

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

IN a memorable summary of the progress in the administration of justice during the Victorian period, one of the most scholarly and learned of modern English judges, the late Lord Justice Bowen, speaking of the reforms effected in judicial procedure in England, and their result, said, —

“In every case, whatever its character, every possible relief can be given with or without pleadings, with or without a formal trial, with or without discovery of documents or interrogatories, as the nature of the case prescribes — upon oral evidence or upon affidavits, as is most convenient. Every amendment can be made at all times and all stages, in any record, pleading, or proceeding, that is requisite for the purpose of deciding the real matter in controversy. *It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that it is not possible in the year 1887 for an honest litigant in Her Majesty's Supreme Court to be defeated by any mere technicality, any slip, any mistaken step, in his litigation.* . . . Law has ceased to be a scientific game that may be won or lost by playing some particular move.”

This proud affirmation of judicial progress which a distinguished jurist was able to make twenty years ago as to conditions in England, is in strong contrast to a statement made by President Taft only a year ago when, in the beginning of an address in New York on the “Delays and Defects in the Enforcement of Law in this Country,” he said, —

“If one were to be asked in what respect we had fallen furthest short of ideal conditions in our whole government, I think he would be justified in answering, in spite of the failure that we have made generally in municipal government, that

the greatest reform which could be effected would be expedition and thoroughness in the enforcement of public and private rights in our courts. I do not mean to say that the judges of the courts are lacking either in honesty, industry, or knowledge of the law; but I do mean to say that the machinery of which they are a part is so cumbersome and slow and expensive for the litigants, public and private, that the whole judicial branch of the government fails in a marked way to accomplish certain of the purposes for which it was created.”

The first impression of President Taft's statement upon the average reader is that it is an exaggeration: that while no doubt there is need of reform in legal methods, nevertheless, to give to the reform of legal procedure such transcendent importance, is to over-emphasize its relative value. But this first impression vanishes when we consider that but for the record — and that by no means perfect — of our poorest-paid judiciary, the judges of the federal courts, the ultimate failure of graft prosecutions and the punishment of rich men and dishonest corporations all over the country has been almost uniform; when we recall the humiliating collapses, elsewhere, of our criminal law, its demonstrated failure in so many cases to protect the public against crime by punishment of conspicuous public offenders; when we study, for example, the criminal law of Missouri and the frightful record of its inefficiency in the battle between the honest people of St. Louis and their plunderers; when we study the situation in San Francisco and see what bulwarks for crime can be found in California's higher courts, there can be no doubt that law

reform is a vital issue in America to-day.

No one can read the reports of the transactions of the National and State Bar associations in our country without being struck with the increase in law-reform propositions which are there found in the topics of discussion and in the subjects of papers read. The lawyers who conduct these discussions and prepare these papers, and appear in them as advocates of specific improvements in legal machinery, are, moreover, not the young and restless members of the bar, but the leaders of the profession, whose standing gives weight and authority to their advocacy.

In this movement there is no occasion for general attacks upon the judiciary. The yellow press, to which a technical judge and eloping parson are objects of equal interest, can be relied upon to misrepresent the actual condition of our jurisprudence without assistance from sober-minded lawyers or laymen. Many of the defects in our law which require a remedy are judge-made, no doubt. But the idea that the judiciary is responsible, and solely responsible, for all our troubles in the bad workings of over-complicated law machinery is at once absurd and unjust. The courts of New York, for example, never devised that monster civil code, of nearly thirty-five hundred sections, which governs by set rules everything but the home life of the lawyers and judges, and prescribes with inflexible precision a myriad matters which demand neither inflexibility nor precision. The judges are not responsible for obscure and badly written statutes, the interpretation of which requires the full powers of clairvoyants, few of whom, it must be admitted, are upon the bench. When the legislatures lay down fixed rules in statutory enactments for judges to follow, it is not the fault of the judge if his oath of office compels him to follow where he is far more fit to lead. Where, for example, the statute law of a state requires the judge in his charge to the jury not to discuss the facts of the case, but merely to

hand to the foreman some abstract statements of law for laymen to apply as best they may, it is no fault of the judge if the applications of the law made by the jury are at times bizarre in the extreme.

The spirit of law reform which is healthful, and which is likely to effect results, must be one whose motive is not the placing of blame upon some scapegoat, — jurist or legislator, — but rather the correction of defects in machinery, however occasioned, and the evolution of a better system of justice.

It is entirely logical and proper that in our desire to reform our methods of legal procedure, we should study the effect of law reform in England. The main impulse toward law reform there, beginning over seventy-five years ago, came from the observation by discontented English critics of the salutary effect of law reform in America, for we took the first great forward step in abolishing cumbrous and antiquated machinery and substituting more direct methods. It is only fair therefore, when we in turn are taking thought as to still further reforms and improvements here, that we should look to England and see what suggestions she may have for us, in return for those which we made and she profited by over half a century ago.

Dealing in this paper solely with the machinery of civil litigation, one fundamental difference between English and American methods, which should be of interest to us, is the relatively greater importance attached there to what may be called the stopping-point in litigation. By this is meant something more than speed in getting to trial and being heard. It is speed not only in getting into court, but also in getting out of court, which the English have admirably provided for in their judicial system. With us this last feature has as yet received little attention. It is because, in the writer's judgment, our indifference to the litigant's right to stop is a fundamental and far-reaching defect of American judicial machinery, that this paper is written to discuss it,

and some of its most obvious and important consequences.

Two questions which are asked every day in lawyers' offices all over the world, are, how much it will cost, and how long it will take. It is of the highest practical importance, to both the lawyer and his client, that satisfactory answers be made to both of these queries. They can scarcely be answered separately. A law-suit which takes years to dispose of is bound to cost, in proportion, more than one which can be speedily brought to a termination. The English system recognizes this, and has adequate facilities for termination of litigation by a final judgment. A case can be heard and decided in the High Court a month after it has begun; and if an appeal be taken, it can be heard and finally decided and ended in the Court of Appeal five months later. Only a tenth of the cases tried in England in the High Court are appealed at all, and of the appealed cases very few are ordered re-tried.

Compared with the great dispatch characteristic of English litigation, the interminableness of our own makes an extraordinary contrast. One prevalent cause of that interminableness is the unlimited and senseless scope of the right of appeal. In Illinois there are six kinds of frequently occurring cases in which the delays of reaching a *final* judgment are extraordinary. The case is tried and decided first in the County Court. An appeal can then be taken to the Circuit Court, where the witnesses again must be called and the whole case re-tried as though no previous trial had taken place, and in complete disregard of the proceedings and judgment of the County Court. The defeated party may then again appeal to the Appellate Court, where the case is heard on a printed record; and from that court, on a similar printed record, if still defeated, he may go to the Supreme Court of the state. In case there has been no error committed in the court below, the law-suit, after having been decided four times, may come to an end

in two and a half to three years after it was begun.

The folly of a system which permits a litigant to require a re-trial of the whole case, as though the first trial had never occurred, simply because the defeated party desires it, and without any proof whatever that any error or injustice was committed in the first trial, seems too patent for discussion. It is all the worse when this method of duplicate trials applies to the small claims of the poor for wages, and the like, and puts the poor litigant to the delay and expense of two trials before he can hope to get his rights. This is the case in Pennsylvania to-day. A claim under a hundred dollars goes to trial first before a magistrate. After his decision, the defeated party may appeal to the Court of Common Pleas, and the whole case then is re-tried as though the first trial never had taken place. The delay and expense of these trials are a burden on the honest creditor, and afford every possible opportunity for dishonesty and "beating" by debtors. By these re-trial methods, a solvent defendant who owes a hundred dollars or less in Philadelphia can put off payment if he wishes for two or three years.

Another and more general form of legal interminableness is of a different kind. It is caused by the re-trial of the same case over and over again, following reversals in appellate courts for "error," the effect of each reversal being to send the case back where it started, to be gone over again, the witnesses being reassembled in court and reexamined as though no trial had ever been held.

Over a year ago the writer listened to a lawyer arguing an appeal in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in New York. It was a very uninteresting law-suit about the title to a small plot of land in the city. At the close of his argument, the lawyer said, "This case has been tried three times in the lower court by juries, has been heard on appeal in this court twice, and once in the Court of Appeals. The expenses of the litiga-

tion already have absorbed the value of this property in dispute. If there be some way which the court can find for deciding finally this dispute here in this court, without requiring it to be tried over again, it will be a blessing to all concerned."

This blessing the court found itself unable to confer, and six months later the case again was on the first round of the judicial ladder for a new trial in the lower court; and recently it has been once more decided in the Appellate Court, and is now on its weary way to the Court of Appeals. This is hardly an exceptional case. Interminableness in one form or another is a characteristic of our judicial method.

In one of the fairly recent volumes of the New York Court of Appeals Reports is contained the last chapter of a famous and extraordinary case, which is a gross illustration of this interminableness, and an extreme though characteristic example of its results. The court record of the last chapter of this law-suit is curt and obscure; hardly what one might expect for an extraordinary case. It consists of eight words: "Judgment and order affirmed with costs. No opinion." These eight words mark the close of a simple accident case involving no difficult questions of law, which had been in the courts continuously for twenty-two years! It had been tried before juries seven times. It had been argued in appellate courts ten times. The final bill of costs in the case, *not including lawyers' charges* or the cost of printing seven different volumes of testimony, each of from two to three hundred pages, as required in the appellate courts on the various appeals, and not including any of defendant's expenses whatever, is over two thousand dollars. A conservative estimate of the expense of this litigation *not including lawyers' fees* probably would be five thousand dollars.

This law-suit was one brought by a brakeman, named Ellis R. Williams, who had been employed by the Delaware,

Lackawanna and Western R. R. Company, to recover damages from the railroad company for personal injuries. He had been injured, in July of 1882, by striking against a low bridge as he went under it on top of a box-car. His suit against the railroad company was brought in December of that year. It was tried for the first time, in 1884, before a jury in the Supreme Court at Utica, and he obtained a verdict against the railroad for four thousand dollars.

Now, there are two courts in New York to which a defeated party to a law-suit can successively appeal. First comes the General Term, now known as the Appellate Division, composed of judges of the Supreme Court. There are no juries in this court, and the case is heard on the briefs and arguments of the lawyers and on a printed record containing the testimony of the witnesses in the court below. The defeated party tries to show this court that either the judge or the jury was wrong in the lower court. If he fails to convince the first of these appeal courts, he may again appeal to the highest court of the state, the Court of Appeals. The full course of a jury case in New York, where the trial in the original court has been held in accordance with the established rules of law, is one trial and two appeals. If it has not been so held, one or the other of the appeal courts usually sends the case back for a new trial — sends it back where it began, where it is tried again before another jury as though it had never been tried before. The whole process is like a child trying to climb a toy ladder with three rungs. He begins on the first, balances himself, climbs from the first to the second, loses his balance, falls back. He picks himself up, climbs upon the first rung, then to the second, then to the third, and comes down with a thump on the floor again. When he gets to the third rung, *and stays there*, the law-suit is over.

To give in detail the various trials, appeals, new trials, and new appeals, in Williams's case against the railroad com-

pany, which followed after the first verdict in his favor, would take more time and patience than any one but a well-fed lawyer would willingly give it. Condensing the story as much as possible, it is enough to say, that on the first appeal to the General Term, the railroad scored. Williams fell from the second rung of the ladder back to the floor. There had been a mistake in the way the case had been tried in the court below, and a new trial was ordered. On the new jury trial, Williams succeeded again. Once more the railroad appealed to the General Term, and this time it was defeated. No new trial was ordered and the railroad accordingly took an appeal to the Court of Appeals.

This portion of the law-suit, that is, up to the time when Williams first arrived at the third rung of the law ladder, — the Court of Appeals, — occupied seven years, so that the case even then was a fairly old one; and it would seem that, if there were some way in which a seven-year-old law-suit could finally be determined by the court and stopped, it would be a good thing for both parties. The court was in an excellent position to render such a final judgment. The record which it had before it, when this appeal was heard, contained all the testimony which either party thought was material to the dispute, and everything which had occurred at the trial. Among other things, it showed that at the end of the case, after all these witnesses had been examined and both sides were through with their testimony, the railroad lawyer had asked the judge to dismiss the case without sending it to the jury, claiming that, even accepting Williams's own story as true, he had no legal claim against the railroad company. The Court of Appeals, after listening to the lawyers and examining the printed testimony, decided that the railroad lawyer was right and the judge should have dismissed the case.

It reached this conclusion from reading Williams's own testimony. He admitted that he had been under the bridge many

times on the top of box-cars, and knew that it was a low bridge and dangerous; yet he had turned his back to it as the car went under it on the day of the accident, and had been struck while thus walking toward the rear of the car. In view of this testimony of Williams himself, the Court of Appeals was of the opinion that the judge who presided at the jury trial had been wrong in not dismissing the case.

Now, to the mind of an ordinary business man, it would seem as if this was the logical place for this law-suit to stop. It would seem as if there was only one thing now left to be done, and that was, by some appropriate judicial red tape, to end the case in the railroad's favor. The Court of Appeals in New York is empowered, as the highest courts in other states generally are, "to grant to either party such judgment as such party may be entitled to." But instead of stopping a law-suit which then had been in the courts continuously for seven years, and on the full merits of which it had just decided, it started the wheels of litigation over again. It granted a new trial.

Now, Williams had been badly hurt, and his injuries were such as to appeal to a jury. During the seven years of this litigation he had twice had verdicts of sums which must have seemed large to him, and he probably had built many hopes on receiving the money the jury had awarded him. All these hopes were now destroyed. The Court of Appeals had decided, substantially *on his own story*, as he had told it to the jury, that he was not entitled to damages from the railroad company.

It is not in human nature to accept tamely and humbly such a killing decree without an effort to escape it. It is not in human nature for a man who has been for seven years fighting in the courts a hotly contested law-suit, which has twice been decided in his favor, to acquiesce without a struggle in a decree against him. Williams had been defeated in the Court of Appeals solely by his own testimony. If

he was to succeed on a new trial, there was one thing, and only one thing, which he could do. He did that thing. On the new trial *he completely changed his testimony as to all those matters on which the Court of Appeals had based its judgment against him.*

It is unnecessary for the purposes of this article to follow in detail the subsequent history of this law-suit. Suffice it to say that, after eleven years more of litigation, the plaintiff actually succeeded, by thus changing his testimony, in getting sixty-five hundred dollars of railroad money on the *seventh* new trial of his suit. The Court of Appeals acquiesced in 1904 in a verdict for that amount, twenty-two years after the commencement of the action and fourteen since that court had decided that Williams had no case and should have been put out of court.

The lesson of this extraordinary case is plain, and it is the importance of that lesson which is the writer's excuse for so long a consideration of it. A system of law which has not adequate terminal facilities must be judged by its results, and one of them is the creation of unnecessary temptations to perjury. The court which created that temptation in Williams's case has itself declared:—

"It frequently happens that cases appear and reappear in this court, after three or four trials, where the plaintiff on every trial has changed his testimony in order to meet the varying fortunes of the case upon appeal."

In every state where a similar system prevails—and there are many of them,—the Williams case can be duplicated. For human nature is the same in one state as in another, and the temptation to which Williams was exposed is the temptation of every litigant in a law case in which an unnecessary new trial is ordered by a court which is itself in a position, with all the facts before it, to render a just and final judgment.

The disadvantages to justice herself of the treadmill system are equaled only by

those to the litigant. A grimly humorous illustration of one of the results to the litigant may be found in another New York law-suit which reached a final chapter recently in the Court of Appeals. It was a complex case against an insurance company on some policies of insurance, and each time it was tried it took from a week to two weeks' attention of court and jury. Owing to reversals and new trials ordered by appellate courts, it had to be tried nine times. It was in the courts from 1882 to 1902. The plaintiff became at last so sick and disheartened with his interminable law-suit that he abandoned it, refused to go to his lawyers to consult with them about it or to appear when the case was being tried. The lawyers had themselves spent over forty-five hundred dollars on fighting the case, and had worked on it for nearly twenty years. Their client having abandoned them, they settled the case for thirty thousand dollars, and took the money themselves for their fees. The last chapter of the litigation was an unsuccessful attempt by the receiver in insolvency of the plaintiff to make the lawyers give up some of their fees to their client's creditors. How much the twenty years' delay in the law-suit had to do with that insolvency it is impossible to say; but such an outcome, to the lay mind, seems hardly satisfactory as a result of twenty years of litigation, of nine trials, and seventy-two days' time of over a hundred jurors.

While these illustrations have been taken from the New York courts, this has been done merely for convenience, and not because the Marathon method, of the results of which they are extreme examples, is peculiar to that state. The courts of New York, through the learning and ability of their judges, have stood for a century at the very front of the American judiciary. The disregard of the litigants' right to stop is not confined to one state or section, but it is, with few exceptions, a general and characteristic defect in American justice. It exists through the courts, even when the legislatures have provided

adequate means for the termination of litigation. In Pennsylvania, for example, there was adopted some fifteen years ago a statute giving its appeal courts power to enter such judgment as would do substantial justice without sending the case back to the original court. One of the leaders of the Philadelphia bar testified, before the Law's Delay Committee in New York, that during twelve years in which the statute had then been in effect, the Supreme Court had exercised the power given by the statute only once.

There is not a recent volume of either the intermediate or highest of the New York appeal courts which does not contain some case which has been tried over again three or four times in the lower court, through successive re-trials ordered by higher courts on appeals taken. Such decisions cannot be duplicated in English justice. There the endless re-trial of the same case for "error" is neither required nor permitted. The fundamental importance, from practical considerations, of a system of justice with "terminal facilities," is recognized there, but not here.

Now, this difference in point of view is important not only in itself, but in its necessary consequences. It is entirely logical that a judicial organization which does not consider the stopping-point of a law-suit as at all important should be technical in procedure, and filled with pitfalls, delays, and interminable re-trials, and an extraordinary over-development of higher courts and appeal machinery. It is equally logical that a system which does consider the stopping-point of the law-suit as practically important should be one in which technicalities of procedure are absent, where new trials are ordered rarely and only for extraordinary reasons, and where the great strength of the system is expressed, not only nominally but actually, in its trial courts, the courts where the whole dispute is first heard and decided.

It is because of this fundamental difference in point of view that we have developed top-heavy appellate courts, with

unlimited rights of appeal to them for delay as well as for justice. It is through the disregard of a stopping-point as a fundamental requisite of substantial justice that the appellate courts develop technical "error" and order new trials for trifles, till the difficulties of getting justice in the court of first instance are almost insuperable.

In England everything is done which can be done to make the first trial a conquest of substantial justice. In the courtroom the judge has free play. He is fettered with no technical rules. He turns promptly out of court cases too flimsy to deserve the consideration of court and jury. He expresses his opinion on the facts freely. He is the keystone of the judicial arch. He has none of the terrors of reversal hanging over him for any technical error he may make, because the English law binding upon the appeal courts expressly provides: "A new trial shall not be granted on the ground of misdirection, or of the improper admission or rejection of evidence, unless in the opinion of the court to which the application is made some substantial wrong or miscarriage has been thereby occasioned in the trial." He is endowed with such judicial power because he is a part of a system which *expects* justice to be rendered at first hand in his court, and which considers speed in reaching a final judgment essential to its usefulness. The judge who in the first instance sees and hears the parties and their witnesses, who hears the case while it is a living thing, is there considered at his actual importance. A system which reduces his importance, which fetters him with rules so technical as to tend to make him afraid of his shadow in his own court, which deprives him of influence with his juries, which forbids him to dismiss cases too flimsy for judicial consideration, is and must be a system which does not expect justice to be rendered in the first court, but in some appellate court, or rather in some lower court after some appellate court has decided wherein the first lower court has

failed to meet the full requirements of the law. The over-development of appeal courts in America is largely due to this spirit.

The effect of the over-development and mis-development of appellate courts upon civil justice can be better explained perhaps by an illustration. The illustration chosen is taken from the history of a somewhat famous accident case in New York, which was tried over three or four times by juries, and was passed on twice by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court and once by the Court of Appeals. The plaintiff was a widow suing for the death of her son, who was killed by a street car. She had a verdict each time from the jury. The appellate courts were inclined to consider the plaintiff's case weak, and that the justice of the verdict was doubtful. The first time the case was tried, the judge thought the evidence was so meagre as to require a dismissal, and dismissed the case. When, on the appeal taken by the widow, the case first reached the Court of Appeals, that court established what was in effect a new rule for all such cases, and declared that however flimsy the plaintiff's testimony was, if it was such that if it were uncontradicted it would justify a verdict, the case must go to the jury, even if the evidence produced by the defendant was overwhelmingly greater and showed clearly that there was no justice in a recovery by plaintiff. On the re-trial ordered by the Court of Appeals the plaintiff had a verdict, and the case again went up on appeal taken by the railroad. The Appellate Court once more reversed it. The ruling it made was this. The trial judge had attempted to tell the jury how much care the little boy who was killed was bound to use in crossing the street where the cars ran, and had said that he was bound to use the care which a boy of his tender years would use in the same situation, and "would deem adequate thereto." The Appellate Court reversed because the trial judge had used the words quoted. They were held to be erroneous, and

were assumed so to have influenced and misled the jury that they had brought in a bad verdict. Now, of course, the jury was not misled at all by this ruling, and a reversal on this ground was absurd. The situation, however, is quite clear. The Appellate Court, as a matter of fact, was influenced in reversing the verdict, not by the "error," but by the apparent injustice of the verdict itself. It placed its decision upon a highly technical ground because it found no other legal ground for setting aside the verdict.

But, by this and a multitude of similar decisions, it has rendered accident law, which in view of the nature of these cases ought to be fairly simple, a complicated and highly technical branch of legal art, and has multiplied enormously the difficulties of trial judges in managing these cases. Now, it may be that in this particular case it was proper to prevent the widow from recovering the verdict which had been awarded to her. There was some benefit to the defendant by this ruling, because the record shows that on the next trial she got a smaller verdict, so that the four erroneous words quoted cost her nine hundred and sixty dollars each. The question in its broader aspect, however, is whether the decision of the Appellate Court and others like it are worth what they cost. In other words, whether it is a good policy to make the general accident law, for example, so technical and difficult and filled with so many possibilities of legal error, that the trial judge is constantly nervous in trying to avoid making mistakes, and has his mind occupied with these technical rules rather than with the real merits of the case he is trying.

An old business man who for a quarter of a century has managed, with distinguished success, a corporation maintaining many departments, once said to the writer, "There is at least one demonstratedly wrong way to run a business corporation. That wrong way is to make every department chief feel that there

is not a dot or cross that he makes or a minor rule that he lays down, however unimportant, which is not likely to be changed in the president's office a day or so later. The surest way to spoil a good department manager is to make him think that the actual management of his department, not in general outlines only but in detail as well, is to be done in the president's office and not in his own." There is more efficiency lost to a big business by a top-heavy president's office, than in any other way. It can hardly be doubted that a top-heavy judicial system loses its efficiency in the same way. If the judge who presides at the trial of a case, who listens to the witnesses as the attorneys question them, is made to feel that the detail of his work, as well as its general principles, is to be reexamined and revised somewhere else, the judge, like the business manager, loses not only a certain freedom necessary for his full efficiency, but a proper sense of responsibility as well. That this policy of interference is a failure may be denied by appellate court judges and by lawyers familiar with the workings of the court. Technical decisions which multiply the uncertainty and delays of the law are the last thing that people want. Delays, uncertainties, new trials, and the absence of terminal facilities, are not aids to justice, but unwholesome substitutes for it.

There is a well-known historical objection to this method of trying to avoid injustice by multiplying technicalities. The technicalities of criminal law which mightily disgust the people to-day, and result so often in the escape of offenders justly convicted, had their historical origin in the efforts of English judges a century and more ago to avoid rendering judgments of death and outlawry for minor offenses, — sentences which a barbarous criminal law then required the judges to render. To avoid one evil they industriously created another. Because the criminal law was barbarous, they made it almost ludicrously technical. We in-

herited the technicalities and made them part of our more humane criminal law, and it is an inheritance which has been, and to a large extent continues to be, a stumbling block to justice and a shield for guilt. The development of technical law as a means of avoiding possible injustice in individual cases is a demonstrated failure.

One of the most serious results of a meddling over-control of trial judges by appellate courts, and their system of deferring final judgment by interminable re-trials directed over and over again on technical grounds, is the breaking down of the jury system. The number of cases increases perceptibly in which the judges of appellate courts set aside verdicts and order new trials, because they are convinced that the juries have brought in unjust verdicts. The theory of our law has always been that the jury is to pass upon disputed questions of fact, deciding which of the opposing witnesses is to be believed, but that the courts have the right to set aside verdicts when they are so contrary to the clear weight of the evidence as to show bias, prejudice, or passion, on the part of the jury. Why are the courts interfering so much more frequently than they formerly did with jury verdicts? Are the jurors of a lower order of intelligence than they were seventy-five years ago? Is the modern juror less just, more prone to passion and prejudice, and less open to reason? Any such deterioration in the quality of a juror will hardly be claimed.

There is another explanation which deserves more consideration than it has received. It is that the appellate courts are tacitly confessing that their method of managing trial judges is, in an increasing number of cases, working substantial injustice. It is the example of the effect of the lack of terminal facilities of our law upon the quality of the law. Under a system in which new trials are granted by appellate courts for trifling technical reasons, the conscientious judge at the jury trial must be doubly anxious to avoid

these possible "errors" which will result in the miscarriage of justice by a new trial granted in an upper court. A trial judge whose mind is focused on the avoidance of legal "error," whose charge is a desperate effort for correctness rather than clearness, is bound to lose his influence with the jury in handling the broad lines of the case. Charging a jury used to be considered a fine art, one requiring the highest type of judicial mind in marshaling the facts of a complicated case so as to make clear the bearings of the law upon them, to show the jurors the issues, the point which it is their province to decide. The average juror respects the judge, is sensitive to his opinion, is anxious to follow his rulings and to do justice according to law, provided, and always provided, he can understand what the judge is talking about. When the charge to which the jury listens is one-third vague platitudes and two-thirds undigested extracts from the opinions of the appellate courts laboriously collated by the opposing lawyers and charged by request, couched in legal phraseology which a lawyer would have to read twice to understand and which a jury is supposed to understand by intuition, the authority of the trial judge over the bewildered jury is gone, and the verdict which some appellate court reverses later is a reflection upon that court, a commentary on the results of its own methods far more than upon the jury system.

The weak spot in the American judicial system is in the so-called lower courts. This is true because the public has an exaggerated opinion of the importance of those tribunals where the judges sit in robes and austere dignity, and uphold the constitution, and write long and learned opinions which are printed in law books and sometimes published in newspapers. It is the weak spot because, through an indifference generated by this mistaken opinion, the public so often permits the election to the lower ranks of the judiciary of political henchmen and semi-incompetents, in the complacent belief,

VOL. 104 - NO. 5

shared by many lawyers, that all will be well so long as these dignified upper courts remain to right, at least temporarily, the wrongs of the man with a purse long enough to get there. It is the weak spot because the appellate courts, in a meddlesome over-development of their own functions, tend to hamper and confuse the trial judge in his work by multiplying technical trifles to govern his conduct.

The undue subordination of the trial judge lies at the basis of the interminableness of litigation. The complaint is made often that commercial litigation has largely disappeared from our courts. Why should there be any? If simple accident cases, through technical slips and procedure, can be ordered re-tried three or four times, what chance have complicated commercial causes, involving difficult questions of law or fact, of reaching final termination with anything like promptness? Commercial litigation will not return to the courts solely by shortening the delay in getting to trial. The business man wants to know when he is likely to get out of court, and lacking any reasonable assurances on that score will settle his grievances or charge them up to profit and loss.

Interminableness is the great defect of civil justice in America. It is a defect which must be removed if the courts are to perform their proper functions. Justice at first hand is what the honest litigant wants. It is the only kind many suitors can afford. The causes which make our first-hand justice uncertain or ineffectual must be removed. The right of appeal must cease to be the means of denying and delaying justice. Complicated and inflexible codes of procedure must be made simple. The old Latin maxim which Blackstone knew, and which modern American law has forgotten, must be again recognized and its validity restored: "*Interest rei publicæ ut sit finis litium.*" (It is to the advantage of the state that there should be an end to litigation).

THE HETERODOXY OF GENIUS

BY WILLIAM AUSTIN SMITH

WHEN Burne-Jones was asked to undertake the work of filling the four semi-domes below the great centre dome of St. Paul's, London, with mosaic, he, after careful deliberation, declined the commission. "It's nonsense," he writes, "to put mosaic there — nonsense to try to do anything with it but let it chill the soul of man and gently prepare him for the next glacial cataclysm. It wants carpets hung about, and big, huge, dark oil pictures, and hangings of rich stuffs, and the windows let alone, no stained glass anywhere, no color except black and silver, no chilling surplises, Bach always being played, and me miles away — me miles away, if possible, and I'll be content with it." And writing to a friend at this time regarding his impression of the great church, he continues, "I wonder if it crushed and depressed you as it does me; and if you could pray in it, and to whom; and if you had any hope that a prayer could get beyond the cornices."

In this æsthetic sensitiveness of the artist, we have a genuine piece of protestantism illustrating the mood of genius toward organized religion. When he has frankly exposed its limitations and has mourned its faults, one suspects that, were improvements ordered to suit his taste, his aggressive preference would remain as in the case of Burne-Jones, to say his prayers miles away from the renovated temple.

Such are the musings of one who, without presuming to speak intimately of dignitaries, has from time to time, in his experience as an Episcopal parson, cast covetous glances at genius seemingly going to waste outside parochial bounds.

Genius standing aloof — sometimes aggressively so — from confirmation classes

and the counsels of the church, is the tempting morsel which generations of churchmen have coveted for the faith. Our inability to lure genius in appreciable numbers into the fold has caused grave searchings of heart and volumes of apologetics. We have felt it to be a silent reproach upon our faith that spiritual food, nourishing to us, the rank and file, should not be good enough for them. This solicitude is altogether commendable, for what loyal churchman can forbear reckoning the prestige which the allegiance of the ablest men of the community might lend to our creeds and churches. It suggests the fascinating picture of George Eliot early making her way to service and demurely finding the places for the clergy, instead of exposing our frailties in those charming causeries at the Priory with Spencer, Rossetti, and the intimates of her *salon*.

When we contrive to attract genius that tolerates us, we are likely to be unrestrained in our appreciation, so that the gentle conformity of a Pasteur and the militant loyalty of a Gladstone are overcapitalized for homiletic purposes. We treat their good-will and endorsement much like the haberdashers and victualers in England, exhibiting over their shops the gilded approval of some royal customer.

There is an abundance of clinical material in literature for studying the man of genius when in action against organized religion.

Edward FitzGerald is a typical case. The curate at Woodbridge called one day to expostulate with his distinguished parishioner for not appearing at church. The man, doubtless irritating in his assumption of authority, nettled the poet

into unvarnished frankness. "Sir, you might have conceived that a man has not come to my years without thinking much of these things. I believe, I may say, I have reflected upon them fully as much as yourself. You need not repeat this visit."

One recalls the incident which Henry James relates of the newly settled rector in the parish where Carlyle was living, calling one day upon his "doughty parishioner." To avert the calamity, which from an open window he saw descending upon him, Carlyle seizes his stick, dons his coat, and meets the rector on the doorstep. Not to be outdone, this representative of organized religion accepts the neighborly invitation to walk a piece. Part of the conversation along the road is to our purpose. "It is much, no doubt," said Carlyle, when the eager parson had ventured on volcanic ground, "to have a decent ceremonial of worship and an educated, polite sort of person to administer it, but the main want of the world, as I gather just now, and of this parish especially . . . is to discover some one who really knows God otherwise than by hearsay, and can tell us what divine work is actually to be done here and now in London streets, and not of a totally different work which behooved to be done two thousand years ago in old Judæa. I much hope that you are just the man we look for, and I give you my word you will strike dissent dumb if such really be the case."

Something of the same thought must have been in the mind of Emerson when, in the famous Divinity College address, made nearly a century ago in little Holden Chapel, he recalls a preacher who sorely tempted him to go to church no more. "A snowstorm was falling around us, the snowstorm was real, the preacher merely spectral. The eye felt the sad contrast in looking at him and then out of the window behind him, into the beautiful meteor of the snow. He had lived in vain, he had not one word intimating that he had laughed or wept, was mar-

ried or in love, had been commended or cheated or chagrined. The capital secret of his profession, namely, to convert life into truth, he had not learned. Not one fact in all his experience had he yet imported into his doctrine. This man had ploughed and planted and taught and bought and sold; he had read books; he had eaten and drunken; his head aches, his heart throbs, he smiles and suffers, yet was there not a surmise, a hint in all the discourse, that he had ever lived at all."

But the restlessness of genius in the pew is not of modern origin. In the books of the Prophets may be found quite as biting denunciation of the whole solemn proceedings of the churches as has ever come from the heated pen of genius. The anarchic spirit surely is rife in the Prophets of Israel. Bernard Shaw never wrote anything more caustic about solemn evensong than he who said, "The new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with. It is iniquity, even the solemn meeting." It was sheer restlessness of genius in a constricting environment which made Savonarola start bonfires in Florence. The thing must be vitalized by some daring act of nonconformity. St. Francis's queerness, much of it, — his sermons to the birds, his settlement work among the lepers, his unconventional asperities, — was a safety-valve for the fidgety spirit of genius under the restrictions of conventional religion. Had he lived in other times, and had he not, besides being a genius, been a saint, he might not have gone to church at all.

But the clergy have a more personal grudge against genius than mere neglect. From Laertes berating the poor priest for doing his official duty by the body of Ophelia, to Ibsen's *Ghosts*, the parson has usually been made to act and speak like a fool when presented on the stage. One has the creeping suspicion that that is about the way he really appears to the man of genius and to a considerable minority who suffer us gladly. The smug

Anglican type in clerical garb before the footlights, in his guilelessness and bigotry, is the chastisement we are likely to receive at the hands of the playwright unless we choose our theatre-going with discretion. Now, the clergy might bear the rebuke with humility, did they not suspect that Pastor Manders and the Bishop of Lancashire are symbols of the Church's interpretation of religion, in the mind not only of Ibsen and Charles Rann Kennedy, but of a very considerable company of gifted folk. We may as well face the nauseous fact that we bore the genius, and while, perhaps, he shows a lively sensibility to all sorts of bores among his fellow men, yet he suffers us with a difference. He resents what seems to him our impudence in daring to analyze and define these expansive mysteries with which we deal. The light of the Temple is garish to these highly organized individuals, who imagine they feel more reverently the truths we handle with rough hands. Our blunt appreciation, our jaunty handling of crushing mysteries, our neat tabulating of certainties, all this irritates and shocks their squeamish reverence. They miss in us, too often, that nice restraint which one has a right to expect from those who enjoy an intimate survey of truth. They do not absent themselves from church and appear heterodox because they wish to dispense with religion, but, as Emerson hints, because our religion frequently seems profane to their delicate sensibilities. They seem to catch a false note in some of our garrulous devotion to truth.

Now, the difficulty of studying the attitude of genius toward organized religion is aggravated by the fact that the protests which come from men of exceptional ability, statesmen, artists, scientists, and men of large administrative talent, are as varied as their several temperaments. Sir Oliver Lodge, for example, in writing upon the alleged indifference of laymen to religion, bids the clergy study reality and sincerity; strive to say what they really mean, and to say it in such

a way that others may know what they mean. He frankly confesses that he is bored by the length of the *Te Deum*, the repetitions of the *Kyrie*; he tolerates the creeds because he finds no reality about the procedure of saying them. Lodge here expresses the mind of a considerable company of men of ability who lack the taste and capacity for corporate worship of any sort. I suspect that no tinkering with the liturgy could conciliate this extreme type of nonconformity.

But running through the testimony of the men who will have none of us, is a single strand of protest which indicates the temperament. It is essentially non-conformist, genuinely protestant and intolerant. A genius can rarely be held in social groups in such first-hand matters as faith and worship. His directness and intensity of vision are themselves limitations which narrow the field of comradeship. He sees further, but sometimes not so much as common folk. His short cuts to reality make him impatient with the more orderly conventional routes. With less pretense to frequent converse with God, he approaches Him, nevertheless, with a certain ceremony of the spirit after a liturgy of his own. The clear sweep he gets on the outside, unobstructed by the details which belong to the office-work of religion, appeals to his romantic temperament. Offensive particulars like heresy trials, the fussiness of dignitaries, and church controversies, fret his spirit. Out he goes to gather his most excellent beauty by the way.

If the church, by virtue of being a social organism, is inherently conservative, it must take the snail's pace in adjusting itself to new conditions; but genius, on the other hand, is irritable and impatient with dilatory, palliative methods. Imagine Darwin compelled to sit in a pew and listen to a generation of the harmonizing of science and revelation, or Wendell Phillips to bide his time while the clergy are mired in Biblical exegesis in getting at the mind of God on the slave question. But what a horrid protestant over-em-

phasis! There are the sacraments! Yes, but here again is the temperament of genius with its own sacramental relationship to God! One recognizes that happy distinction between the prophetic and priestly function of the ministry, and in seeming to give undue prominence to the irritation of genius over our leanness of prophetic gifts, we would not excuse him for neglecting our priestly ministrations. But the romantic element in genius has rendered him no more plastic in the hands of the priest than of the prophet.

Is there a catholicity obtainable which can keep this energy of spirit from kicking over the traces? I do not believe it. The eternal "antithesis of the conventional and romantic" types, neither fully comprehending the other, prevents the two temperaments from keeping house comfortably together. We are a bit too aggressive, I believe, in our ideal of catholicity, and we worry ourselves needlessly over the clever folk who will have none of our ministrations. Why not leave these exceptional persons to get to heaven in their own way, accepting in good faith their service to the Kingdom of God? If there is a goodly company of virtuous and able folk who do not want to say our creeds, why worry about it? Why not leave them in peace as members of the great Invisible Church, where no one is asked to define his beliefs or talk about them to his neighbor, or say them over and spell them out on Sunday mornings, or sing them if he does not like to sing them, or pray them out in words if he does not choose to pray in words? We might leave these men and women to their broad pastures, and, without malice, bury them if they ask it, or burn them if the public good demands it; but let us not harass our nerves, forever angling after the men who seem able to get to heaven without our help, and are annoyed by our impotency.

I am certain that any setting of things to rights will not win over the class to which Sir Oliver Lodge belongs. To them, organized religion will always re-

main stupid and uninspiring. The minority who are grieved at this or that in the churches, and contend that if things were different they would find themselves in hearty accord, are frequently self-deceived. Their explanation seldom reveals the real cause of their impatience. Bernard Shaw would like to go to church if the services would stop and give him an opportunity to worship. George Eliot can retain her spiritual integrity only by staying away. Carlyle wants a church that assails contemporary devils. Lincoln once wrote, "Whenever any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Savior's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, that church I will join with all my heart and all my soul."

It was doubtless measurably harder in Lincoln's day to find a relaxed theology than it is to-day, when one may select from the menu of the various churches a sufficiently genial diet; but I do not believe Lincoln, were he living, would be found heart and soul in accord with any of the easy-going creedless churches. Not every genius is so frank as Burne-Jones to admit that, while he likes to tinker with ecclesiastical decorations, even the carrying out of his scheme of color would not induce him to go to church. Genius has not fled in numbers to churches with an unoffending theology. It is not primarily a question of creed or liturgy, but incompatibility of temperament, which divorces a goodly number of persons from organized religion.

But the romantic temperament, insisting upon the free air of the Invisible Church, is frequently unjust to other spiritual climates, in which his brothers thrive. He forgets that conventional religion interprets the vision to the rank and file. When we are told with fervor that religion is not a creed or church attendance, but an expansive something else, we, who belong to the great middle class of the spirit, and go to church and say our prayers in uninspired fashion, may say that we have long known that; but why

overlook the psychology of the ordinary man, who, without a creed and a prayer-book, would perhaps have no religion at all.

It is, after all, not the business of the church to adjust itself to these unusual types. There is a certain carnal satisfaction to smaller minds in seeing a genius like Tolstoi, when he attempts, in *My Religion*, to organize his religious experience into a creed, nodding at times like ordinary laymen. The common man, when decently mellowed with humility, and willing to be conventional in his faith, is quite as likely to avoid saying foolish things about the mysteries of religion as these exceptional persons.

The average man has no wish to be niggardly with his creed. To believe more than is barely necessary to salvation, and to spread before the Lord a bountiful profession of faith, is his harmless indulgence in works of supererogation. Were we to cut him down to the meagre necessities of faith, we should cramp his willing spirit and rob him of the innocent pleasure of a generous gift of orthodoxy on Sunday mornings.

Organized religion, like organized education, must be democratic in its adjustment to the requirements of the majority. It prays as the average man would pray, worships as he would worship, and formulates its creed for his instruction, — else how should we explain the evolution of liturgies? Should we reorganize religion to key it up to the pitch of the rare spirits, we might divorce the rank and file, whose sorrows, burdens, and moral perplexities are reached by the evenly sustained tone of conventional worship. If the great majority find a congenial home in the churches, we may safely disregard the welfare of this distinguished remnant, who can be trusted to find God in their own unconventional way. The dream of including all humanity in one fold of orthodoxy is a high catholic ideal; but perhaps in the interim before the coming of the millennium we ought not to irritate our nerves be-

cause certain gifted persons do not require our ministrations.

Nevertheless the genius has a place in the economy of organized religion. We owe to his spiritual irritability and sturdy protestant temper that "variety" which, evolutionists tell us "is the indispensable element in progress." His insistent demand for freedom has developed, as it did with Isaiah, St. Paul, and Luther, new types of religion. Shall we complain that we cannot put the ecclesiastical bit into his mouth and harness his solid talents to drag our guilds, vestries, and diocesan conventions? The millennium would probably be no nearer were all nonconformists suddenly to become docile pew-holders, accepting the doctrine as the church hath received it. The genius, from the militant type of the reformers down to their kinsmen who administer the large affairs of the world, will ever remain the bulwark of protestantism to save us from sterile orthodoxy.

While we are solemnly debating Canon 19, the rubric and validity of orders, — all vital, no doubt, to social religion, — it is not for naught that this gifted company stand without, rebuking us by silence or disdain, and refusing to glorify our folly by sharing the debate. There is a tonic in the sight of able men holding critically aloof, abstaining from mental reservations, and telling us how it all looks to them. Were it not for them, religion again and again would have been sapped of its native vigor, and the reformation halted. Their protests in time become articulate in new creeds. Voltaire served us better laughing at us than paying dues to Peter's pence. No sham is secure while he is in Europe. The eviction of organized religion, in the person of the curate of Woodbridge, from FitzGerald's doorstep that day, though ungenerous and uncatholic in the seer and damaging to the pride of the man who believed he was speaking the whole mind of God, may have borne good fruit in after years in that Suffolk parish. For the rest of his ministry, perhaps, the curate struggled to fit the poet's

view into his scheme of salvation, an exercise by no means profitless to the clerical mind.

While we are affirming how "this church hath received the same," the genius dares to ask, "What of it? I happen to be interested, just now, in how my church hath received the same." Correlating the two revelations brings us a sane working basis for the average man.

This querulous foisting of a big ideal upon the priest's and prophet's vocation is not lost upon the cause. It curbs the arrogance of the priest, and stimulates the prophet. Perhaps the weekly sermon finds its highest incentive to excellence and reality in the protest of the man outside who refuses to hear it. He is the audience sometimes we try hardest to reach. I dare say we find that those five or six hyper-critical beings who are doing some of the world's best work, loyal men of the community, but who will have none of our sermons, have quite as much influence in keeping us to the right pitch as the receptive saint in the front pew who cherishes our very helpful discourses. This spiritual irritability, and this withal honest yearning for reality, are the solvent of much folly and uncritical certainty.

While we are militantly guarding our precious deposits of truth, it is good to think of the man who sits outside our doors, holding converse with the Father and from time to time reporting rapturous interviews with the God of things as they are. It is wholesome to be told that, for some wise and good men, our liturgies are not the final idiom of worship; that the creeds and prayer-books are only imperfect phrasings of faith; and that the church of to-day is not the sole agent of Christ in bringing in the Kingdom of God.

There is a place in the economy of the church for the man outside, with his insistent cry for reality, yet reverently conscious of human inability to attain it. Standing aloof, he goads us on till the thing we say is constant to the thing we mean; the symbol adequate to the fact; and the faith within us becomes articulate in creed, liturgy, canons, and organization, commensurate to the mystery and dignity of religious truth. Perhaps, as the church tries to satisfy this demand for reality, even though it fail to attain a catholicity which will include every temperament, it may divorce from its ranks only a minimum of gifted minds, while burnishing the faith for the rank and file

MARIA AND THE CONJURE-MAN

BY HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

FROM underneath the big china-berry tree, out by the quarters, where the wide-spreading branches made a grateful shade in the summer sun, came the sound of splashing water and of a voice uplifted in song:—

"Oh, Misto' Tukry Buzzd, len' me yo' wing,
Tuh fly 'crost de ribber tuh see Sally King."

Maria was doing her weekly washing in our back yard, with our soap and tub and wash-board, finding that arrangement more convenient and economical than to wash at home. As she worked she kept the half of one eye on Jacky, her charge, aged six, whom she pronounced "a nyoung vilyun" and "a debbil chile," and loved with all her heart.

"W'at kine o' ram-a-ting yo' call um a chicken?"

Lib een de yahd, an' he all-e-time pickin'."

"Enty yuh 'shamed, M'ri' Hahpeh, all-e-tam singin' dem good-fo'-nuttin', worl'y chune? W'y fuh enty yuh sing dem sperrituals, all-e-sem we?"

"Huh!" snorted Maria, scenting battle with her old-time foe, Big Lucy, the cook; "some folks wat I knows is got many face as a hick'y-nut: sing sperritual wit' one face an' play ole Satan wit' anurrah; an' wink at de niggehmann wat drike de groc'ry wagon wit' anurrah!"

"Hyeh, yuh 'omans, don' begin dat all-day squabblin' ergin. Cayn't git no res' count y'all quah'lin'. Des hesh right up!" The voice was that of Samuel Robert, the butler, a person having authority. "Yo' two 'omans kist an' made up no longer 'n yisteddy. Des remembeh dat w'en de hatchet buried yuh don' want tuh kick up de blade. Now go longer yo' wuk."

Big Lucy tossed her head, but retired to her own domain nevertheless; but

Maria, the unregenerate, giggled and cast an admiring glance in Samuel Robert's direction.

Maria's full name was Josephine Maria Sophy Ann Sophia Foxhall Harper; but we called her simply "Maria," because life is short, and that name carries far when one is calling an absentee, which Maria frequently was, and always when we most wanted her. She had drifted into our yard from somewhere "down 'pon tap Edisto" when a half-grown girl, had attached herself to our ménage, as negroes will, and, in time, had become "Da Maria" to all four of our children. She was now employing her energies in looking after Jacky, the youngest. She had contracted a good-for-nothing, trifling husband, who generally loafed in the sun, along the water-front; but who, when last heard of, was actually working on a government dredge-boat along the Florida coast. They lived in one of the negro rookeries somewhere in the region of Princess Street: old courts and tenements as full of communicating passages, runways, and occupants as any rabbit warren; and Maria made daily pilgrimage to and from our house, always accompanied by a covered basket, which came empty and returned full.

"W'at kine o' ram-a-ting yo' call um a dawg?"

Lib een de yahd an' he bite all de hawg," sang Maria, with a defiant glance toward the kitchen.

"Dar, now, dat's all dis one time, tanky Lawd!" Maria hung her last piece of dilapidated finery on the line. "Come hyeh, yo' Jacky. I dress yuh now, an' tek yuh up on de Bat'ry tuh play wit' dem odder chillens."

Two hours later, Jacky safely returned from the Battery, there was an outbreak

at the quarters, and Maria's voice, shrill with anger, rose above the babel.

"I'll git 'im! I'll git 'im! De good-fo'-nuttin' vilyun! An dem bes' clo'es jes' clean wash!"

"'W'at de matteh,' did yuh ax, Miss Molly? Matteh 'nuff! Some triflin', low-down niggeh mahn done t'ief all mah clo'es. Jes' natchally clum oveh de back fence an' clean de line; an' dese hyeh good-fo'-nuttin' niggehs ain't neveh see 'im. An' dese hyeh rags w'at I is got on mah back is ev'y livin' stitch w'at I is got lef!

"P'leece? No'm'. I ain't gwine hab no traffic wit' de p'leece; an' dey cayn't do nuttin' nohow. Tam dem p'leece done mek er move, dem clo'es 'ud be on some niggeh 'oman 'way oveh in Sawanny, lak as not. No'm, I ain't boddeh wit' no p'leece; I'se gwine right up tuh de conjuh-mahn, I is; an' den we see ef dat owdashus vilyun ain't git w'at comin' tuh 'im. Yas 'm, dat we will!" And off went Maria, in a fine African rage, to invoke the aid of the voodoo doctor.

Early next morning she burst into the house in triumph, laughing and chattering as she took charge of Jacky boy: "W'at I tell yuh, Mis' Molly? Conjuh-mahn done fix 'im. Enty! Dem clo'es out 'n de yahd dis blessid minute. Yas 'm', dey is so! All tie up een a bunnle. Conjuh-mahn fix 'im! Ain't no t'ief w'at kin keep dem clo'es afteh I set conjuh-mahn on 'im. No, ma'am!"

Sure enough, a bundle lay just inside the fence, where, apparently, it had been dropped from outside. We thought that the "grapevine telegraph," by which news moves so swiftly and mysteriously among the negroes, had warned the thief that the conjure-man was after him; but Maria and the rest of the servants knew that the spell of the voodoo had done its work. But Maria made no move to pick up the bundle.

"No'm, I ain't gwine tetch dem clo'es; not till de conjuh-mahn come. I done sont fer 'im now, ax 'im, say, please, suh, do come down hyeh. W'y I ain't tetch

dem? Law, Miss Molly, yuh know dat! Chahm on dem clo'es, Mis' Molly. Niggeh mahn w'at t'ief dem clo'es done put a chahm on dem. Yas 'm, he shorely done dat ve'y t'ing! An' ef I puts on dem cloes dat chahm been on me. Yas 'm! An' den, ef dat niggeh mahn hol' up he finge an' go dis-a-way, dey ain't nuttin' 'tall kin hol' me back; I jes' natchally got to pick up an' go whahebeh dat niggeh mahn is. Yas 'm, I does so! An' it don' matteh ef it day er night, day-clean er can'le-lightin', ef dat mahn hol' up he han' an' say, 'Come hyeh,' I bleegeed tuh go. Yas 'm! An' ef I layin' een mah baid an' dat mahn say, 'Come,' I jes' gotto git up f'om dey an' go tuh 'im, no matteh wut tam, deep-dus' er hag-hollerin'; an' no matteh wey he is, King Street er oveh tuh Jim Islant; I is bleegeed tuh go, hot er col', wet er dry, sto'm er shine, dry-lan' er watted; an' w'en I is dey, I gotto do w'at dat mahn duh want. Yas 'm! — But hyeh come de mahn w'at kin fix dat chahm, dis ve'y minute. Yas 'm, dat de conjuh-mahn."

He was little and old and black, the ashy black of extreme age; the skin tight-drawn across cheekbone and jaw, dull and leathery, seamed with deep lines. His little sparkling eyes, mere beads of dark, set in yellow, were sunk in cavernous hollows, overhung by a scant fringe of eyebrow, startlingly white against the dark skin. An old silk hat, tilted back, covered his head until it rested on his protruding ears. He wore a long coat, buttoned close about his withered body; and his hands, lean and long, clasped a walking-stick, fantastically carved with a writhing serpent, emblem of the voodoo and relic of a primeval worship. As he leaned upon his staff and looked about him, peering from the deep wells of his eyes, he seemed immemorably old; his shrunken figure, his seamed face, his snow-white wool, all were old, old beyond the years of man; he might have been a remnant of another age.

From the group of servants, huddled together by the kitchen door, there came

respectful, awe-subdued greeting, and Maria began an explanation of her need; but he took no notice of greeting or story, and they fell silent, following at a cautious distance as he walked slowly toward the spot where Maria's bundle lay. His lips moved with one knows not what incantations of a far-off day in far-off African forests, and three times he paced slowly around the tied-up clothing. His mutterings became louder, but in an unknown tongue — the mysterious, uncanny gibberish of voodoo spells. The frightened servants drew farther back. Who knew what spirits of evil, what hags and devils, might be hovering near?

With his snaky staff, the conjure-man drew a circle in the dust about the clothing, muttering still. From some inner recess he drew forth his snake-skin "conjure-bag," and out of it took a vial of white powder, which he scattered over the clothing, his bony hands outstretched, the serpent on his staff seeming almost to writhe and twist as he passed it to and fro in cabalistic signs, his incantation rising to a shrill chant. With a tremulous feather he found the direction of the faint breeze, and moved to windward of the circle in the dust. Stooping,

he extended his hand, and at once the circle was filled with flames, green and blue, twining and leaping in the air. A frightened murmur came from the group of dusky watchers as the flames sprang up, and a thick, white smoke hid the bundle in the centre.

"'Tan' de-dey!" commanded the conjure-man, pointing with his staff, and the servants shuffled nervously to the spot indicated. "No 'tan' een 'moke. Chahm cyar' een 'moke. 'Moke tetch yuh, chahm ketch yuh, all-e-sem lak put on clo'es. 'Tan' 'way bahk."

The blue flames leaped and ran; the incantation rose louder; the snaky staff writhed and twisted. Then the smoke lightened, blew away, disappeared; the flames dropped; the incantation ceased; the snake grew quiet. On the ground, where the clothing had been, was only a little heap of grayish ash and a circle in the dust. The conjure-man departed as silently as he had come; the servants drew a long breath, and a babel of chatter began, all talking at once.

Above the din rose the voice of Maria, shrilly triumphant: "I don' keer ef dey is gone; dat niggeh mahn ain't got mah clo'es, an' neiddeh is he got no chahm on me!"

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE ERA OF PREDIGESTION

ECONOMICALLY, we live in an age of electricity; morally, in an age of pepsin. A mania for predigestion has laid hold of our generation, and we have simply got to reckon with it.

We began by pepsinizing the instruction given in our schools. When you and I, my fellow antique, were children, we were expected to work. A problem was stated, which we were to find our own way of solving; or a page in a book was named, the substance of which we were to commit to memory, the function of the teacher in those days being to supply the digestive stimulant which would help us to assimilate what we had taken into our intellectual system in its crude form. To be sure, that required of us two processes; for the teacher, if he knew his duty, did no more than set the internal machinery in motion: we exercised the memory first, and the understanding faculty afterward; but although it meant, in a way, more wear and tear on the mental mechanism, it also meant increased strength and a more highly energized power of absorption and adjustment. The old system produced some pretty sturdy human material, too. Who ever heard of Gladstone, or Tyndall, or our own Mark Hopkins, having to cut loose from his larger activities to weather an attack of our now universal disorder, nervous prostration!

Under the "improved" system, the teacher does all the hard work, and does it in advance. The ideal is to make childhood, including the school period, a prolonged play spell. Far be it from me to cast reproach upon anything which renders life happier for any class of human beings; but are ease and happiness always synonymous terms? The champion

of the new system insists that the old one was economically wasteful, since to walk over well-cleared paths conserves force which would else be profitlessly expressed in hacking one's way through a jungle. Granted; and by the same token there is a shocking waste in our ordinary mode of eating and drinking, so why should not the whole race subsist on concentrated tablets and quench its thirst with vaporizers? Show me the person who has made such an experiment in scientifically sifted alimentation, and I will present him as a "horrible example" to illustrate the other side of the argument. When Dr. Tanner went a step further, and proved that a man could live for forty days with no food at all, he did so at the cost of a set of teeth, and some other sacrifices which few of us are yet prepared to make. If the end sought is the reduction of the problem of living to its simplest terms, why not model upon the wild Indian and be done with it?

What began in the schools has spread through every domain. Reading the advertising pages of a popular magazine, one is forced to conclude that the world is reaching the point described in the epitaph of the tired woman:—

Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me
never,

For I 'm going to do nothing forever and ever.

Here are a mechanical washer which will enable your wife to sit in a rocking-chair and read her *Atlantic* while the family linen is cleansed and wrung out automatically; an attachment to her sewing-machine which will absolve her from further thralldom to the treadle, and another with which she can mend your hose without handling needle or darning-ball; a vacuum cleaner which, in the hands of your youngest child, makes sweeping and dusting a fascinating pastime; a mop

which wrings itself, so that the woman using it need not wet her fingers; and a fireless cooker which renders you almost independent of Bridget.

Have you longed for a summer home in the country? Why waste money on a lot, and time on planning a house, when you can buy a portable cottage that you can put up or pull down when and where you will? The interior finish need not bother you, for here is a wall surface ready made which you can buy by the square yard and place in position as you need it, free from the nuisance of lath and plaster.

Is your work largely clerical? Provide yourself with a machine on which the bookkeeper has but to press a few buttons and his columns are footed; and a shorthand instrument with a phonetic keyboard, which prints pothooks as a typewriter prints letters. Even the daily trip to the bank may be cut out, now that we have banks which transact all kinds of business by mail.

Are you a genius? Behold an agency which advises you what to invent, procures a patent for your invention, markets the products, and collects the royalties; or another which, if you are of a literary turn, tells you how to write, edits your manuscript, and peddles it to the publishers; or still another which will read all the newspapers for you and sift out the articles on subjects that specially interest you.

Of course, you take more or less recreation? Look at this apparatus which will convert your row-boat into a motor launch in five minutes, and save you further slavery at the oars. If you are a wheelman, here is a motor-cycle which runs itself so that a legless man can ride it at his ease. Perhaps you have a fancy for photography? Buy this book and you need no practice, but become an expert in exposure at one reading; and in it is an address to which you can send your exposed films and have them developed and prints made from them for a mere trifle.

Possibly you have inherited a fortune. Well, you can escape the worry of hunting investments, by availing yourself of the information gathered by a company whose trade is the investigation of all sorts of enterprises. Or, if you are a man with an enterprise but no capital, read this book, and learn the whole secret of financing your scheme. Nay, let us go still further back, to the stage where you have neither money nor ideas, and here stands a professional "vocationist" ready, for a consideration, to tell you exactly what occupation you are best fitted for; while from a dozen sources — elaborate textbooks, or university extensions, or correspondence schools — you can acquire, in the shortest time and with the smallest expenditure of effort, a facility in your chosen calling which in the old days would have cost you a long and toilsome apprenticeship.

Why multiply illustrations? Are not here enough to show that the world is by degrees getting ready to lie abed all day and transact its business, from feeding the body to earning an income, by pressing a button or consulting a book? By and by will come a master mind which will invent an automatic reading apparatus, and a device for transmuting thought into force so as to do away with the need of even reaching for the button. The male citizen will then be able to buy his political conclusions already moulded, and have his vote cast for him by a patent polling machine; while for the mistress of the house will be contrived a set of appliances for driving tacks without the aid of her hair-brush, and opening tins when her embroidery scissors are mislaid.

THE ETHICS OF MISQUOTATION

THERE are certain persons abroad in the critical land who are bold to insist that the practice of misquotation has a charm not connected with the more scholarly habit of transcribing exactly whatever words of another may be used in an essay or bit of informal scripture.

When Montaigne, bathed in the Pierian springs of Latin literature from his youth on, turns his back upon duty to his readers and misquotes Lucretius or Livy; when Lamb, a very spirit of the fountain of Elizabethan drama, shortens at his sweet wayward will a passage from *The Mourning Wife*; when Hazlitt, that learned Gentile, plays pitch-and-toss with lines from Chaucer or Wordsworth, the contention is, that these stumblings are not the fault of absconded memory, but the smile-provoking, friendliness-encouraging oversight of minds in which great familiarity has bred a scorn of carefulness. O Accuracy, how art thou relegated to the cold study of the scholar, and asked to dwindle, peak, and die in attendance upon his studious pale! How art thou despised upon the public mountains where roving winds do shrilly pipe! Would that he might come who would chant thee a song of fullest praise!

If it should happen, indeed, that an essayist, some Robinson Crusoe of letters, were immured in a lodge in a vast desert, he might be forgiven for misquoting. For that matter, it is not impossible to allege on behalf of Montaigne and Lamb and Hazlitt and others who err, that they could not always verify the suggestions of a drowsy recollection. But for those who, in our day, steal phrases from their proper locality, unhinge the skeleton of sentence, — in short, transfer white gems to Ethiop ears, there can be no such defense. Is not Bartlett's *Quotations* in every library? Do not concordances spread like the banyan (the only genuine roof-) tree? No; misquotation will never do.

Even quotation is a dangerous expedient, and, as a result of its undue use, authors are becoming workmen in mosaic; but misquotation is a damsel who, as in Jenny's case, ought hardly to be named. Yet that she may not suffer summary salvation in both soul and body, it were well to indicate very soberly the point of ethics involved. Quotation can be introduced only to serve one of

two purposes: either to adorn the discourse with borrowed plumes, or to give readers the pleasure of recognition, — the source, as Plato says, of joy in art. In neither case need barriers be raised to the practice, if it exists only in a moderate degree.

A wise modern, who has no very handsome wit, but a servant memory, can often make his pages glow with the Orient pearl-and-gold of the masters who had a crown prince's share of both. When he finds the iron of his thought too cold to be hammered to the cutting edge that good phraseology demands, he can borrow. If his sentence will not soar, his rhythm will not heave, with the slow grandeur of multitudinous seas, or pant with the sweet unrest of "my fair love's budding breast," then he can seek aid in the prose of Milton or the verse of Shelley. If his thoughts grow prosy under a flagging afflatus, he can bring in the stimulus of a pungent stranger jest, or the magic of a jewel four words long. He must know his limitations well, and be a worthy pioneer in the morose voyage of discovery for virtues which he assumes, having not; thus he may achieve prose of distinction. The unique desideratum is a slender thread of something to say, with which he may begin. After that, his thoughts — or rather, the thoughts of his essay — will vary directly in excellence as his power to ransack. It is then a manifest presumption if he misquote. He thus advertises his belief that the emendation is a betterment. But he chose it because it was better than he could do. Sad, fatal inconsistency!

Or if, on the other hand, he will to present to his readers old precious stones in a new setting that they may joy in the re-vision, he is still within the bounds of propriety. However suggestive his own words may be, he knows that they have not the mellow ring of age, or the green ivy of familiarity that ancient saws possess. When his words are read, they do not conjure up the attendant fantasies that wait on the words of mighty poets

now long dead. When we read these, we remember pleasant orchards, or sleepy gardens, or cobwebby garrets, or arboreal sieges, or leather-smelling libraries, where our reading hours were spent, long ago. Once more we hear the tinkling bridles of old romance, the horns of hunters on the hill, the songs of bearded sailors home from the Spanish Main. We, we — half-scornful boys again, or girls whose foolish little hearts go jumping at the brave words spoken, — stand looking on at Henry and Emma plighting an endless troth under an aged oak. There are odors of Araby the Blest, the incense of heroism and devotion. At intervals come faintly through this murmuring seashell of the past which reminiscence has set to our ears, the part-discordance of merriment — for the gentlest humor was not always all welcome, — or the droning maxims of that sage experience which in subsequent events often proved to have had a prophetic strain.

Reading to-day as we do in this smart new book from the most modern press, we catch sight, through the sober words, — now all that restraint allows, — of older books and older pictures; and they are seasoned with the best sauce, the hunger with which we read when we did it still for pleasure, and were not doctors of philosophy who must perforce plough, wade, or swim through all the works of this or that dull poetaster whom it is our fate to explain to an age quite passive in the matter, already languid from much perusal. O ye who quote for recognition's sake, if ye would lift the drooping head of our interest again, tamper not, I pray, with those winged words that hover about the gates of the field where we once wandered, all readers, and none bored. Only for our sake do ye quote, that we, seeing again old familiar faces, may live again old familiar days! But if ye bring those faces masked or distorted, ye admit the wicked fairy to an otherwise perfect festival. When ye quote, be this your whole commandment: —

Thou shalt quote with all thy care, and with all thy skill, and with all thy judgment; and thou shalt not misquote, lest thou in turn shalt have visited upon thy head the like iniquity.

THE SORROWS OF A SCRIBBLER

THIRTY or forty years ago I wrote a set of verses — four stanzas of four lines each, as well as I remember — and sent them to a Boston newspaper. Being more or less modest by nature, and, for a wonder, considering my age, somewhat uncertain of my quality as a poet (a state of mind from which I soon recovered, and thereupon ceased rhyming), I appended to them a pair of innocent-looking initials, the first that came into my head, with no thought that they happened to be those of a well-known writer. It was only my second attempt at versifying, and its result, like that of the few experiments that followed, speedily passed, as I supposed, into lasting oblivion. But a few days ago I received a letter from a noted divine inquiring whether I was the author of these same verses, which, it appeared, to my great surprise, were still extant. They had been “widely attributed” to Bayard Taylor, he told me, but one of the copies contained in the Boston Public Library had my name penciled on the margin, and as he proposed to insert them in a hymn book soon to be published, he had thought it no more than fair to ascertain if perchance I was indeed their author. He desired to give me credit for them, as I understood, though not, I hope, being an old book-keeper, on the principle of our too generous base-ball editors, whose charitable habit it seems to be (for I am a diligent reader of this department of current literature¹) to “credit” a player with his “strike-outs” and “errors,” no less than with his “put-outs” and “base hits.” “I think it is one of the most

¹ Not included, I regret to notice, in President Eliot's courageous list of an intellectual man's literary requisites.

beautiful hymns that we have," he was polite enough to add. That was too much for my natural humility before mentioned (strange how perfectly sincere such compliments always sound to a modest writer!), and on the impulse of the moment, before my normal diffidence had time to reassert itself, I wrote a hasty note claiming the verses and authorizing him to append my name to them in his compilation.

So far so good. But presently came a second letter, in which my correspondent mentioned, as a thing of which he had supposed me cognizant, that these same verses had already been printed in a certain hymnal with the name of Bayard Taylor subscribed to them. The editors had been "misled by the initials," he supposed; a quite natural mistake, of course. Any man of a really judicial temper would almost certainly have come to the same conclusion. He would have reasoned thus — how *could* he help it? Bayard Taylor wrote verses; his initials were B. T.; these verses are signed B. T. *Ergo*: Nobody except Bayard Taylor could have written them.

Men less confidently logical in their mental processes, to be sure, might have been troubled by a doubt. After all, they might have said, how do we know but B. T. stands for Betsey Thompson, or Beatrice Titmarsh, or Benjamin Todd, or any one of a dozen "mute, inglorious Miltons," of whom the world is not worthy; mute and inglorious only because the obstinate editors of our best magazines refuse them a hearing?

For it is an interesting and encouraging fact that this great money-loving, success-worshipping country of ours is brimming with poets, as all editors of American periodicals can testify. In my own inglorious career in that capacity, now happily ended, I remember a day when one of my associates brought me a batch of ninety-four poems received that morning from a single new contributor; and a young lady of some literary pretensions not long ago remarked casually to a friend

of mine, himself a magazine poet of no mean quality, that she expected to be rather closely occupied for the next two or three days, as she contemplated writing a century of sonnets.

Oh, yes, the country is alive with poets, however prosaic life may look to the man in the street; and the poets, if the expression be allowable, are alive with poems; so that our hymn-book compilers might profitably consider that a simple coincidence of initials is hardly sufficient proof upon which, without an *if* or a *but*, to charge a great man's reputation with a small man's work. Jumping at conclusions is well enough on occasion; it has even been taken before now for a mark of genius; but there is such a thing, in logic, if not in athletics, as jumping too far.

But all this is not exactly to the point. I have cause for deep personal regret, I said, or meant to say, and let me hasten to state it; for though the cynical reader is certain that he already knows what it is, I would wager anything within reason that he has not yet hit the trail. Cynics are fairly shrewd judges of men of their own sort, but modest and generous natures (how many of my readers must have noticed it!) are apt to lie pretty much out of their ken.

Bayard Taylor's name is a good one. I have nothing whatever to allege against it, though the only metrical composition of his that I can recall at this moment is the "Bedouin Love Song," and even of that it must be confessed that there are many poems (not my own) which I read with greater frequency. But anyhow, be the name never so good, I still feel myself defrauded. It is poor philosophy, I think, to be satisfied with the good when, simply for the taking, one might have had the best.

For consider! if I had only had the wit, or the luck, to sign my verses — my "hymn," as I must accustom myself to call it — not B. T. but A. T.! It could have been done so easily. Only the change of a letter, a single step back-

ward in the alphabet, just the swap of a consonant for a vowel. And then these wonderful hymn-book men could have reasoned in only one way: Alfred Tennyson wrote verses. His initials were A. T. These verses are signed A. T. *Ergo*: Nobody but Alfred Tennyson could have written them. The evidence would have seemed (to these editors, I mean) absolute and conclusive; and not unlikely they would have been able to detect sundry striking resemblances between this newly discovered hymn (discovered by *them*) and certain of the choicer lyrics ("Crossing the Bar" and others) of the titled laureate. A theory, especially an original theory, as we all know, is an amazing help to perspicacity.

And now let the reader, if he can, imagine me in church — or "at meeting," as we used to say in my time and place — on some fine Sunday, my thoughts intent upon nothing more important than the lovely new hat of a charming young lady two or three pews in front of me (the present waste-basket style having gone out), when all at once the minister announces hymn number So-and-so. I turn to the place, and my astonished eyes fall upon my own youthful, almost forgotten verses (some things can never be *quite* forgotten) and the next moment upon the subscrip-

tion in lovely capitals, "Alfred, Lord Tennyson." Let the reader, I say, imagine my emotions. The minister might have taken for his morning text, "Blessed are the meek," but neither text nor sermon would have meant anything to me. I should have been listening to the angels; and after meeting I should have walked home with my head in the clouds, and pride, delightful pride, welling up in my heart. Meekness be hanged, I should have said, my verses are ascribed to Alfred Tennyson. And the very next day, since such work could not legally be done on Sunday, I should have added a codicil to my will, instructing my executor that my copy of that best of all hymn books, which long before that time would have come to open of its own accord at a certain place, was to be buried with me.

And all this glory and beatitude I have missed by the width of a single letter. So cruel a thing is fate. So suddenly doth tribulation fall upon the sons of men. Hitherto I have had a happy life, as human lives run. But now, as by a breath, my candle is gone out. As a poet of the olden time said, with less reason, "I go mourning all the day," murmuring to myself as I go, —

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, It might have been.